DRIFTING TOWARD DICTATORSHIP by MATTHEW WOLL

Liberty

APR. 29,
1939

5¢

PAINT
R. C. KAUFFMANN

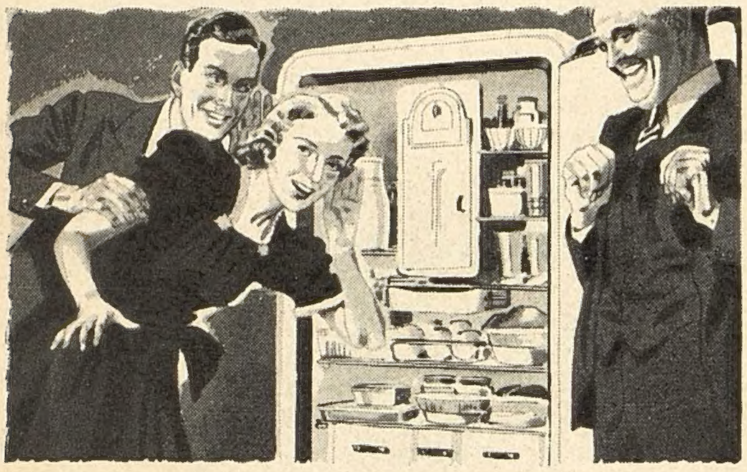
LOVE AFTER 40: PLAIN TALK TO ALL WOMEN

What Would JESUS Do About ANTI-SEMITISM? BY DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

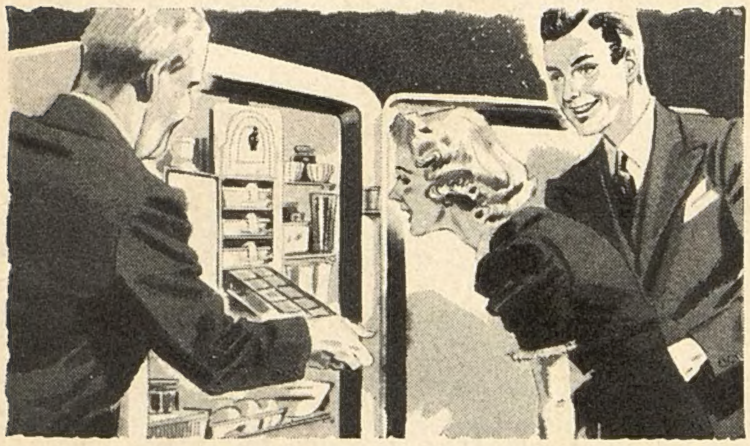
HERE'S ONE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD!

"You see," says the perfect father-in-law,
"Servel can't make a noise
because its freezing system has

NO MOVING PARTS!"



1 "LISTEN TO THAT, MY CHILDREN," beams the Old Boy, "and then take back your nonsense about 'all refrigerators are alike.' Trouble is you young folks spend so much time being in love, you don't get around. *Listen* . . . don't hear a sound, do you? And if you come back here on your silver wedding day, you won't hear a thing either. Servel *stays* silent!"



2 "AND TALK ABOUT SAVING YOUR MONEY—*this* is the refrigerator that *stays* economical, too! They all run for only a few cents when new, **and** Servel continues to run for just as little year in, year out. The folks next door had theirs for ten years and they say the gas bills don't vary from one year to another." With that he pulls out a tray of ice cubes with a flip of his finger. "Ever see an easier tray release . . . or more cubes?"

3 "NOTHING IN THERE TO WEAR . . . that's Servel's secret. The freezing system hasn't a single moving part to cause noise or get inefficient. And you can see the reason why. That tiny gas flame does all the work! I ask you . . . could *anything* be simpler?"

4 DON'T WAIT FOR FATHER-IN-LAW to put *you* wise to the only really *different* refrigerator. See Servel Electrolux this week . . . at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showrooms. Get the *whole* story!

Remember, more than a million families have proved that this modern *gas* refrigerator is permanently silent—and saves you more for more years—because it freezes with *no* moving, wearing parts.

And remember, too—your own gas company offers *prompt* service facilities for every Servel Electrolux refrigerator it installs.

MORE PEOPLE EVERY YEAR ARE REPLACING OTHER REFRIGERATORS . . . *with the refrigerator you hear about—but never hear!*

"Especially when you've already owned another type of refrigerator, Servel's silence and freedom from wearing parts are certainly appreciated. I've never been more pleased with anything."—*Mrs. E. Rokosny, 405 John St., Harrison, N.J.*

The
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas Refrigerator

For Suburban and Rural Homes,
Models Run On
BOTTLED GAS, TANK
GAS OR KEROSENE
Write for complete details to
SERVEL, INC., EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*

TO PROVE THAT ZONITE DANDRUFF TREATMENT ACTUALLY DOES THE JOB!

BECAUSE we are absolutely convinced that you will be delighted with results from the Zonite Dandruff Treatment, we make this generous offer:—

Go to your drug store today and buy a regular medium size bottle of Zonite and you will get—ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE—a 50c bottle of Barcelona Castile Shampoo. Enough Zonite and Shampoo to last from 5 to 6 weeks! What's more—if at the end of this period you are not completely satisfied that the Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment does a real job, *we will refund your money IN FULL!*

The Zonite Dandruff Treatment does what skin specialists say is necessary. (1) It kills dandruff germs at contact. (2) It gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing. (3) It stimulates the circulation. (4) It relieves itchy scalp. (5) It helps to prevent dryness.

This Zonite Dandruff Treatment is easy to use. Just follow the simple directions in the package. And remember, for best results, use the Zonite treatment twice a week at first . . . then later, once a week.

Be sure to ask for your FREE bottle of Barcelona Castile Shampoo when you get your Zonite.

BARCELONA CASTILE SHAMPOO

To enable you to get the *very best results* with the Zonite Dandruff Treatment we wanted to give you a *high-quality* liquid shampoo. After a long and thorough search we finally discovered Barcelona Castile Shampoo—a preparation of excellent quality, used in the *most exclusive* of New York's beauty salons. What higher recommendation is there!

Barcelona Castile Shampoo is made with the purest and finest imported olive and other vegetable oils. It has a splendid cleansing action on hair and scalp. Used (as directed) in the Zonite Dandruff Treatment, Barcelona Castile Shampoo will beautify the hair and cleanse the scalp pores.

Be sure to ask for your FREE bottle of Barcelona Castile Shampoo when you get your Zonite.

*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . .

Use Zonite for:—DANDRUFF . . . FIRST AID . . . SORE THROAT . . . BAD BREATH . . . ATHLETE'S FOOT.

100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE YOU'LL BE SATISFIED

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

FREE

50¢ SIZE BARCELONA CASTILE SHAMPOO *FREE* WITH 6oz. BOTTLE OF ZONITE

YOU GET THIS FREE

BARCELONA
CASTILE
SHAMPOO
of pure olive oil imported from Spain
BARCELONA

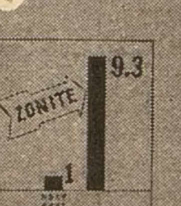
Bottles Shown Are About ½ Actual Size

Zonite
The Modern Personal Antiseptic
A Powerful Germicide
An Efficient Deodorant
Entirely NON-CAUSTIC AND NON-IRRITATING in all its indicated uses
ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
New Brunswick, N. J.—Ste. Therese, Canada
Six Fluid Ounces

WHEN YOU BUY THIS FOR 47c

MADE WITH OIL FROM OLIVES LIKE THESE

Barcelona Castile Shampoo is made with imported olive oil and other fine vegetable oils. It is free from alkalies or caustics which can irritate the scalp. Used (as directed) in the Zonite Dandruff Treatment, Barcelona Castile Shampoo makes your hair lovely, lustrous and youthful!



ZONITE WINS GERM-KILLING TEST 9.3 TO 1

To find out the germ-killing powers of the nine popular, non-poisonous antiseptics, a test was made. The results show Zonite is 9.3 *times more active* than the *next best* product. (Method used — standard laboratory tests.) Save money by using the Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment.

APRIL 29, 1939 Liberty VOL. 16, NO. 17

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

THE WPA POLITICAL SWAG

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Again we have before Congress what might be termed the WPA relief racket. And doubtless but little can be done to change this sad situation.

Almost every business and profession seems to be suffering from rackets of some sort at this time and I suppose political rackets are naturally the order of the day.

What is everybody's business rarely bothers people individually . . . and when billions are freely flowing from our Treasury, the recipients naturally make every possible effort to continue this extravagance.

People throughout the country have seen the make-believe work that the WPA officials have pread everywhere, and the many jokes that we ar clearly indicate the views of the general pub- as to the nature of this imitation work.

he story is being passed around in the Middle West that a WPA worker fell and broke his leg. While leaning on the handle of his shovel, the termites ate away the handle.

Another story relates that a certain WPA foreman wanted additional shovels. He wrote to the official in charge and the shovels did not arrive. He became very much irritated and sent a telegram for more shovels, and the wire came back quite promptly telling him to let the workers lean on each other.

A certain amount of facetiousness is doubtless not out of place occasionally, but this WPA relief situation has become an unspeakable scandal that reeks with graft and political chicanery beyond all possible description.

Relief should have been handled entirely by the states and by the local communities, which was the method emphatically recommended by the Executive of the present administration before his first election. Relief from Washington at the present time means but one thing, and that is political influence by the administration . . . it cannot mean anything else. Every community, every city, every state will have to pay the indebtedness incurred by Washington on these WPA advances. The Washington administration has no other way of paying these debts. No state or municipality is gaining anything whatsoever by accepting these Washington handouts. They are simply mortgaging their own homes, their own streets . . . the municipal lighting or water plants or whatever property they may own.

Therefore, why allow Washington to borrow the money? Why not borrow it locally in each state?

Washington is borrowing on the credit of property of all kinds throughout the land, and every community, city, or town must assume its share of this mortgage.

And what represents a sad situation indeed is that every homeowner who is paying out of his wages for a home must assume part of this huge mortgage and pay it off, as has been stated in this page on various occasions, in hidden or other taxes. And furthermore, if this money had been invested profitably and if it were being used intelligently and honestly, the objections to this relief measure would not be so severe; but when we all know that a large part of it is being wasted . . . that vast sums are being spent unnecessarily . . . that relief could be secured far more reasonably . . . then naturally such spending is open to serious criticism.

But relief from Washington is the easy way out. It has been established, and doubtless to discontinue it will be impossible; but it represents a disgraceful situation that every member of Congress should make an effort to remedy.

One change, however, should be demanded before everything else. The spending of these vast sums should not be the responsibility of one man. The President should not be allowed to spend this money in accordance with his personal judgment—which means in every case in accordance with the views of his official assistants and his political advisers. Such a power should not be placed in the hands of any political party. Automatically it will be used for political purposes. This result could not possibly be avoided under such circumstances.

Bernarr Macfadden

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THANKS for the job!

Multiply him by a million . . .

Happy child . . . meeting his father, as dad comes home from his new job . . . one of the million jobs that beer brought back.

One million jobs . . . a job for *everybody* in a city as big as Cleveland.

That's one way to visualize what beer has done in six short years.

A MAN WITH A JOB . . . heading home and head up. Happy man, happy boy, happy home. It has been going on, all over America . . . beer has helped in this great re-building job.

Beer pays huge taxes to help keep *your* taxes low. It also uses the produce of 3,000,000 acres of farm lands.

Most people regard beer as a wholesome beverage. The brewers want to protect your right to continue to enjoy beer under proper conditions.

Beer should not be blamed for abuses that may surround the sale of alcoholic beverages in a small percentage of retail outlets. It is not the brewers' responsibility to enforce the law . . . you have public officials for that. However, we insist that retailing abuses be eliminated, to protect our industry and your privilege for the future.

So . . . in cooperation with enforcement authorities in a number of test communities, the brewers are working out a program of self-regulation that is proving successful.

This plan is being extended as rapidly as facilities permit. This is the brewers' program to protect the public's right to enjoy beer, and our right to make and market it.

THE JOBS THAT
BEER
brought back:

Brewery Workers
Farm Workers
Maltsters
Building Trades
Metal Trades
Glass Workers
Can Makers
Machinists
Lumbermen
Coopers
Railroadmen
Box Makers
Restaurant, Hotel and Tavern Workers, etc., etc.

In more than a hundred industries, at least 1,000,000 people are working today . . . off the relief rolls or in better jobs . . . because of beer!

SENT FREE ON REQUEST: *A booklet giving interesting facts about beer, and discussing the brewers' self-regulatory program. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C2, 21 East 40th Street, New York.*

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Beer . . . a Beverage of Moderation

SEX is only temporary

A whirlwind of mirth! A riotous tale of a runaway husband and a Hollywood siren

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

MR. SPUD BILLINGS clunked down to breakfast in his best manner. Whistling. Panther, the hilariously awkward spaniel, leaped upon Spud and together they caromed off the banister and knocked a big vase of flowers galley west. Not a care. Happy as a lark. He had forgiven Louella completely about last night. In fact he had no idea that within the next hour he was going to run away from Louella forever.

He just wanted to reach the office as quickly as possible. Without argument. And get to work and make some more money. Last night's dance at the country club was over and Spud didn't want to hear any more about last night. If Louella didn't mention last night, neither would Spud. Not during this new sun-bright morning.

Spud snagged the paper off the table in the hall and went into the breakfast room, kissed Louella, and sat down. The twins doubtless had already finished and gone to the woods. Spud didn't really see Louella yet because he was still full of sleep. Like many other men, Spud took considerable time to wake up. He could rise, bathe, shave, breakfast, and exit. But he didn't completely wake up till he'd been safely inside his office half an hour. This is biological: a self-protective psychological lag peculiar to the male. That way, your wife can start bawling you out at breakfast, but you won't hear her unless it's something special.

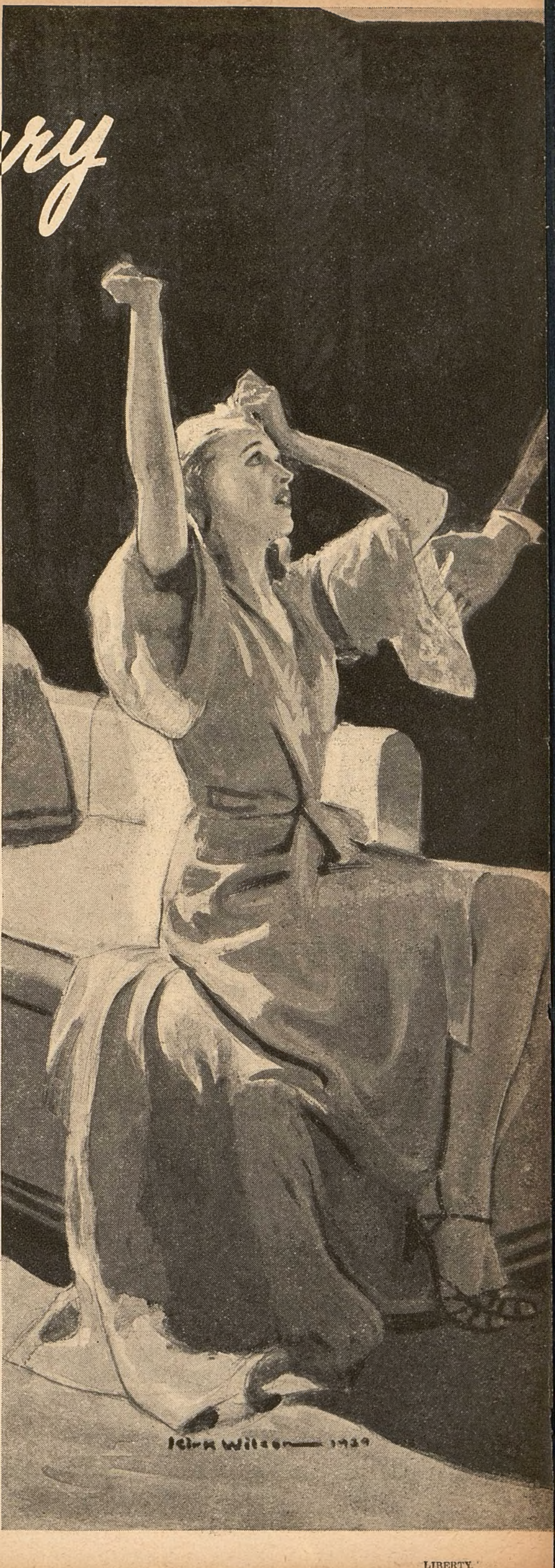
Celestine, the colored maid, brought Spud a big glass of mixed orange and lemon juice and some jellied consommé and sweetbreads and scrambled eggs and currant jam and toast and coffee, and Spud opened the paper. At peace with the whole world, understand.

Which, from Louella's point of view, was one of Spud's most infuriating characteristics. He never had a hangover. Of course the fact that Spud never went to bed after a binge without first drinking a full quart of milk had considerable to do with this. Louella couldn't bear milk. And right now she felt pale. Downtrodden. Personally she felt like the dickens—and like raising it.

"Spud!" she said.

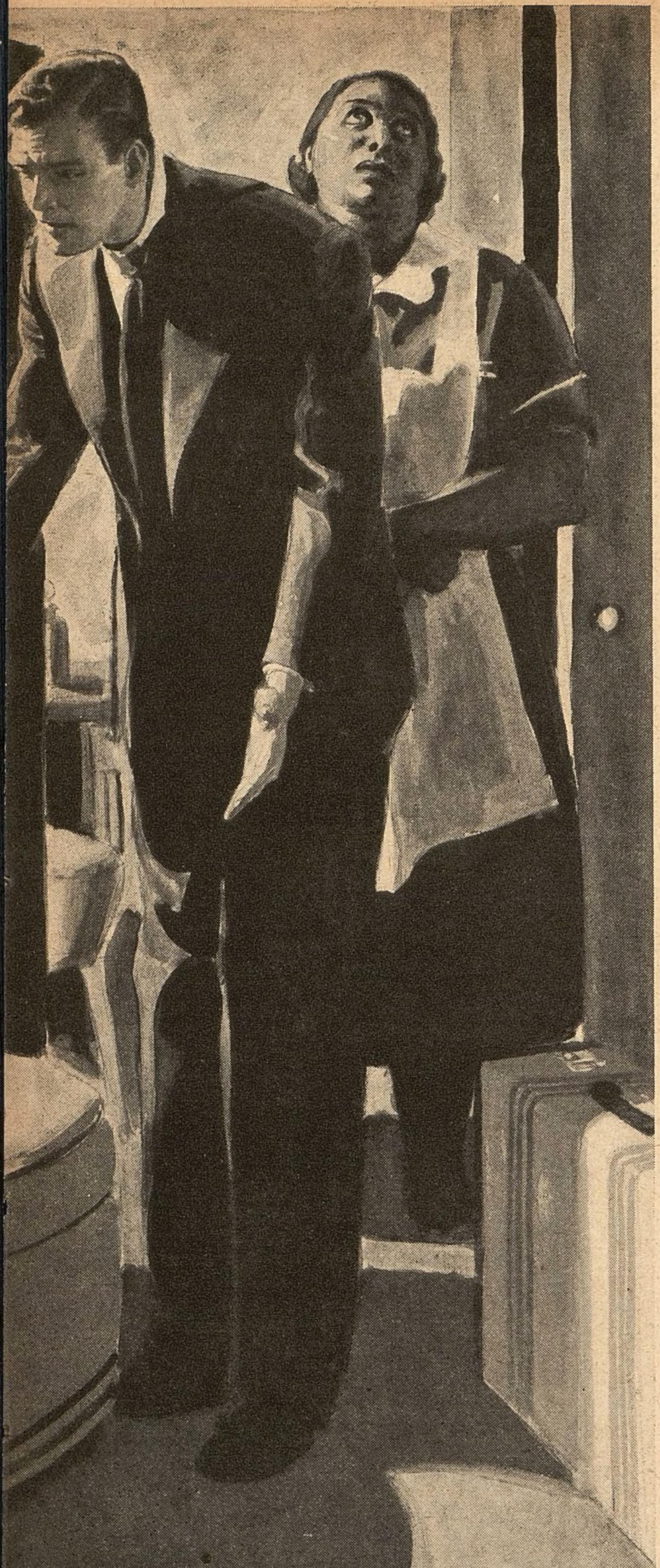
Spud jumped, without leaving his chair. He knew that tone. She should have sounded contrite. Instead . . . Spud peered over the top of his paper and saw the pale, resigned, stubborn look on Louella's face. Spud knew that look only too well.

The tone and the look meant this particular day was shot to pieces, practically before the day began. They meant Spud Billings could now stop thinking about making a living, and exclusively consider the problem of getting Louella back. For Louella was running home to mother. Again. And Spud would have from three days to three weeks of unadulterated Hades, battering his spirit against the hard, beautiful, spoiled shine of Louella's mulishness. Pleading foolishly with Louella not to wreck their home.



BY ROBERT NEAL LEATH

ILLUSTRATED BY KIRK WILSON



Lately Spud and Louella Billings hadn't been getting along with each other so very well.

Red rage began to burn in Spud Billings' mind. He regarded his wife in a detached sort of way.

She was blonde and shapely—far more seductive indeed than twelve years ago, when they'd married. Both in college, and Spud only twenty and Louella eighteen.

And marriage at first had been so ecstatic. In those days Louella wouldn't have dreamed of criticizing Spud. He was sort of a god. Not because he already had his own money, some two thousand a year inherited from his grandmother. Not because he was a campus big shot, student editor of the literary monthly, the blossoming of a distinctive literary brilliance already evident in his own writings. But due to the young unexplored wonders of possession and intimacy and, most of all, his sturdiness and his wickedly clear male eyes and his ears that had a hint of points, like a faun's.

The arrival of Jackie and Jerry, the twins, had been wondrous too. Wondrous, and more than a little awe-inspiring, that the love of Louella and Spud had formed these tiny mites.

But eventually, as the twins got into sun suits and corduroys, Louella became careless. Or perhaps she and Spud, too, became careless. Or maybe each merely had begun to see that the other astonishingly was only a human being after all, subject to perspiration and small lies and occasional outbursts of temper. Bickerings. Quarrels which would leave a desire to fight back, to hurt. Little tricks of speech and action which were sure-fire for causing hurt; tricks which, once discovered, had been remembered and developed and used.

Louella, like most women, was a mistress of tricks. One of her best was the coin trick. She could never become reconciled to the fact that Spud's male attraction, which had sold her upon the idea of becoming his wife, would continue to sell other women on similar if more devious ideas nearly so long as Spud might live.

TAKE last night. Louella had come upon Spud standing a Scotch-and-soda to that strange new Vilma Drake at the bar. Vilma was poised, sleek, redheaded, and a widow. She wore white roses in her hair, vivid lipstick, and was a guest of the Van Ettisches, down the brook.

Louella said to Spud, " Pay your check or sign it, dear, and let's go home. I'm tired."

Not asking, first, whether Spud also wanted to go home. Without thinking, he shoved his right hand into his pants pocket and brought his money out and looked at it. Then Louella did her coin trick.

Her cheeks were flushed. She had roses in her own hair, too, but they were red. She hated Vilma Drake with all her heart. Vilma was a wolf. A widow. Widows were much more dangerous than floosies. Widows know their way around. Widows know about rent and grocery bills.

Louella brought her own left palm up and did her coin trick: she knocked all the coins out of Spud's hand and they sailed upward and came down, bouncing on the bar and the floor and rolling and scattering.

Spud looked surprised and startled, as he always did; and then he just stood there, very still, and Louella, in her pale blue evening dress with her hair piled high, was giggling uproariously, as *she* always did when she got high enough to do her coin trick. Spud had asked her several times not to do her coin trick, not ever.

But Louella still could think her coin trick was funny. With the coin trick any woman could carve a man down, unless, of course, the man slugged her, because a man scrabbling on the floor for coins didn't look much like a man any longer, but rather resembled some strange overgrown animal the woman could kick in the face at will, without danger to herself. And if Louella happened to be a little angry and a little Scotched she could knock Spud's hand up and send the coins flying, no matter where they happened to be. And Spud, being a gentleman, couldn't slug her.

But last night, for once, Spud hadn't picked his money up. He'd left it there, scattered. The redheaded Vilma Drake was watching, and just now he'd been outside beside the brook with Vilma. . . . Spud had taken Louella by the hand, marched her out to the car, and taken her home without her wrap. . . .

"What, dear?" Spud said, controlled, across the breakfast table.

Louella said, "I'm starting Celestine's vacation this afternoon. There's plenty of food in the refrigerator. But you'd probably be more comfortable at the club. You won't need to worry about Panther or the twins. I'll be taking them all with *me*."

Spud nodded quietly, although he was seething inside. "I see. Home to mother again. . . . Why?" Spud said, and waited for the explosion.

Instead it was more like the vicious hiss and crack of a whip.

"If you *must* philander," Louella said, "I should think you'd have the decency and consideration to select some one better than a cheap little redheaded tramp!"

SPUD put his paper down. Suddenly he felt blown apart and more than a little sick. So that was it. Somehow Louella must have seen or heard him kissing Vilma Drake last night, even though he'd been quite discreet, strolling Vilma down to the brook, into the shadows of the big acacia. Perhaps Louella even had followed them.

Practically any wife will battle to the death supporting her right to point out to her husband that he really shouldn't go around necking strange females. Nevertheless, this particular morning, Louella made a mistake in exercising this right.

Because Vilma Drake, regardless of the proprieties involved, had done Spud Billings a lot of good.

Lately Spud and Louella hadn't been getting along with each other so very well. Spud's trust-fund income long ago had shrunk tremendously. Louella always became unmanageable when she didn't know where their money was surely coming from. She had taken to quizzing Spud upon his current work, and passing judgment in advance as to whether or not it would make money. Which also was possibly her right. But for a long time now Spud had been wondering, without entirely admitting this to himself, whether Louella really liked it when he kissed her.

There had been no doubt whatever about Vilma Drake. She'd definitely kissed him back. And gladly. Her kiss had said he'd been the grandest guy at that dance. When Spud had taken Vilma Drake back to the bar, his spirit, made uncertain by his wife, had been refreshed and he'd been cockily holding up his chin again. . . .

Because Vilma Drake, Spud remembered, was none of the things Louella had called her. Vilma stood straight, a high-breasted Aphrodite nearly as tall as Spud himself. So she wasn't little. And heaven knows that strapless Hattie Carnegie originals like the black one Vilma's been wearing don't come cheap, nor square-cut diamonds in old gold. And as for the tramp part—

Spud burned. Because he had truly married Louella for keeps and all the Vilmas in the world could make no difference in their marriage if Louella could only accept that possibility. For, after all, Spud told himself, sex is only temporary. And Vilma was sex. But marriage lasts a long time, if you'll let it. And Louella wasn't letting it. She was questioning even his taste in women—the same taste which had picked out Louella herself. An error made monstrous by the fact that Vilma Drake, contrary to Louella's opinion, was a fastidious and authentic honey, as any male could see. . . .

Spud took his newspaper and found his hat. The station was only a quarter mile up the brook, so, as usual, he walked. When the train arrived he got on it and sat down. In his rage he thought he was reading the newspaper, but he wasn't. He wanted to let Louella go home to mother and rot there, before he telephoned. But he knew he wouldn't. He'd go into the usual routine. Telephoning the first day, and the second, and the third, and finally on the fourth day driving out to Louella's mother's farm and having a shocking scene, and at last bringing Louella home. A tear-stained, limpid, soft Louella.

Somebody said, "If you'd turn the paper right side up, Spud, we could read it better."

Spud glared. He saw the little spectacled guy sitting beside him was Ollie O'Neil, as usual. Ollie was a bookkeeper in a sweater factory. Ollie subscribed to the newspaper, too, but he never brought his own copy to read on the eight ten. His wife liked to read it at home. Ordinarily Spud was a kindhearted guy. But today was different. Today he was a savage. He snarled.

"A real man," he announced belligerently, "would bring his own paper, even if he had to sock his wife in the nose to do it!"

But then he began to feel uncomfortable, because little Ollie O'Neil was regarding him in a stricken, shocked, incredulous way.

And Ollie was gasping, "You know my wife, Spud, and you can still say that! Excuse me," and Ollie was rising. An awful image of Ollie's wife Daisy rose before Spud's eyes. Daisy was an enormous female with a mustache. Suddenly shamed, he grabbed at Ollie.

"Aw, sit down, Ollie," Spud said. "I'm sorry. I got indigestion or something today."

Spud turned the newspaper right side up.

"For goodness' *sake!*" Ollie said. "Imagine that! It says this year one hundut thirty thousand husbands just disappeared in the United States of America and their wives never heard from them since! They just got tired of being husbands and—and"—Ollie said enviously —"ain't that something!"

Spud stiffened. "Is this a fact?"

Ollie pointed. "Right there, corner of the page."

Spud read it for himself. It was there. Police statistics.

"One hundut and thirty thousand husbands"—Ollie breathed devoutly, his pale eyes shining behind their glasses as though they glimpsed some South Sea paradise—"is a lot of husbands! And just think! Maybe one of them is one of us husbands right on this train!"

INFECTED by Ollie's enthusiasm, Spud inspected him. "You seem interested," he observed. "Don't you love Daisy?"

"Oh, sure," Ollie said in a dispirited way. "Madly. What has that got to do with it?"

"Men," said Spud, "do not desert the women they love."

"Are you bats?" Ollie said, amazed.

"You mean you'd disappear from Daisy?"

"Like a shot!"

"Then why don't you?"

Ollie's sigh started at his instep and eventually came out of his mouth. The gleam behind his spectacles had died. His shoulders had sagged.

"Bookkeepers need references to get new jobs," he sadly said. "And how can you remain disappeared from your wife if you furnish references? . . . Judas!" Ollie said, gleaming again. "What I'd give to be lucky like you! A guy like you don't need references, never."

"But he needs train fare," Spud said coldly.

After they reached the city he went to his lonely office and started staring at his typewriter. For Spud Billings was one of those incredible phenomena of the modern age, a fiction factory. He turned out one and a half million words of entertainment a year, or the equivalent of a short story every day. Provided, that is, that Louella didn't interfere.

This morning while shaving he'd had a swell, tough idea for a yarn about a Panama slavey who fell in love with a gunrunner. But now the idea refused to jell. Ollie's suggestion hung in his mind. Its possibilities were obvious. Theoretically, nobody can disappear so completely as a writer, because a writer need merely put a different name on the top of his articles and keep on getting the same checks—after, perhaps, a short period of drought while the new name is becoming established with editors.

He thought, violently, that if he could just run away from Louella right now and forever—before his purpose had collapsed into abject jelly about noon—he might save his immortal soul. Or anyway teach Louella a lesson she'd never forget.

But of course he couldn't. The money in their joint account could be counted in good round hundreds—but not in the thousands it would take. Spud didn't even dream of any exit via boxcars and lousy hobo jungles. He thought in terms of air liners and the best cafés.

Some mail dropped through the slot in the office door, and Spud's glance veered to the floor. One of the envelopes was yellow. A telegram. Sent through the mail instead of delivered by the telegraph company because yesterday had been a holiday.

Spud grabbed the yellow envelope and tore it open. The telegram had come from his Hollywood agent. Spud had never been to Hollywood:

RECEIVED INITIAL OFFER THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM WARNER BROTHERS FOR FILM RIGHTS TO YOUR NEW LIBERTY NOVELETTE QUOTE SEX IS ONLY TEMPORARY END QUOTE STOP BUT I HELD OUT FOR FIFTEEN GRAND STOP NOW HAVE JACKED THEM UP TO SIXTY SEVEN FIFTY STOP URGE ACCEPTANCE WIRE ANSWER TAKE IT EASY KID WOOFIE

Spud Billings reached for the telephone book.

Four days later he was engaged to be married to the magical Miss Gretl Swenson of Hollywood.

LOUELLA BILLINGS turned into her mother's manicured driveway and, blatting the horn, whished round the house.

In the sunny kitchen Mrs. Margaret Smith had been placidly smoking a large cigar, shelling new peas, and supervising the concoction of a cake by an Afro-American named Hattie who was even jollier and fatter than herself.

Margaret had beautifully brushed white hair and cheeks like apples. Eleven years ago, when Louella's father had been painlessly executed by a railroad train for haste unbecoming a gentleman at a grade crossing, Margaret had wept the proper number of heartbroken tears. But quickly thereafter she'd settled down, sighing secretly and pleasantly with relief. All passion spent, she'd retired to a manless house in the country as into a feather bed, to a farm which produced vegetables and fruits and chickens for her own consumption at only about four times the cost of similar foodstuffs in the market, and to unlimited calories, bridge, the Methodist sewing circle. For the late Samuel Smith, regardless of how desperately Margaret used to love him, had been a roaring lot of bother.

Hastily Margaret freed her lap. Despite her bulk, she executed a couple of antelope leaps to the kitchen windows. There her worst fears were realized and she let out a heartfelt moan.

Hattie asked, "Miss Louella—come to visit?"

"Yes."

"And Mistah Spud ain't with her!" Hattie guessed.

"But the twins are!"

"Oh, cripes!" Hattie snorted in despair, then sharply added, "Hide that *seegar*, honey, afore you goes out!"

So Mrs. Margaret Smith doused her cigar in the sink, hid it among the garbage, assumed her most benign and motherly smoothness, and went forth in dismay into the back yard. For although Louella was her one and only beautiful chick, and she loved her chick with all her heart, she more than occasionally suspected Louella also was an A-1 simp.

Screaming with delight, the twins flung themselves upon their grandmother, gave her a few pecks, Panther provided a wet slurp, then the three promptly shrieked away toward the enchanted wonders of the hayloft.

"Now what?" Margaret demanded.

Louella made a tragic gesture. "He has—another woman!"

"Fix your hair," her mother said. "It's straggling. And you've left Spud forever!"

"Tomorrow," Louella said throatily and with an effort, "I shall consult an attorney. After I—after I've rested. I'm so very, very tired."

ROBERT NEAL LEATH

used to work for newspapers, but now spends all his time writing short stories and novels. Born in Alabama, he spent his boyhood in Colorado, went to Harvard, and now lives on a mountaintop near Hollywood with his wife and two dogs.

"Oh, poppycock!" Margaret breathed—she thought—in her mind.

"What?" Louella demanded.

"Nothing, dear. Come on in and sit down and have some cider and nice fresh doughnuts," Margaret said briskly, bustling her chick toward the house, and secretly cussing, after the expert fashion of elderly ladies.

For she knew from experience that Louella had no intention whatever of consulting an attorney. Mrs. Margaret Smith was acquainted with the routine of the three days as thoroughly as Spud and Louella themselves. This afternoon Spud would telephone and Louella would refuse to talk to him; tonight he'd phone again, and Louella would weaken and talk; and tomorrow, and the next morning. And finally Spud would show up in person, and there would be a two-hour knock-down-and-drag-out scene which would leave everybody emotionally and physically exhausted, including Panther and the twins and Hattie and herself, and then Louella would herd her family into the car and off they would go, Louella puffy-eyed, soft, and snuggled against Spud, and Spud himself resembling something which has been caught in a mangle.

All this regularly gave Mrs. Margaret Smith the jumping heebies. Of course she personally used to conduct herself in much the same way, but if she had her life to live over again, she'd never take sex so serious. She'd kind of relax. Because sex was so very, very temporary. And carrying on, the way Louella carried on, running away from her husband—well, you might run away once too often. And for once your husband might not run after you, and neither might he be waiting at home when you tried to run back, and then what?

Spud usually began telephoning by three o'clock. Between three and six Louella became steadily more high-strung and hysterical, broke two Wedgwood plates, spanked the twins, and upset the normally placid Hattie so thoroughly Hattie burned the steaks.

"We'd better go to bed, dear," Mrs. Smith said at midnight. "Spud evidently won't call tonight."

"I hope he *never* calls!" Louella said furiously. "I never want to hear his voice again!"

"Of course not, dear."

"And just what," Louella suspiciously snapped, "do you mean by that?"

"I mean maybe the phone's out of order."

Louella snorted. But she slid between the crisp sheets of her girlhood bed with an uneasy sensation of betrayal, and betrayal by her own mother, at that. When the house was silent she sneaked downstairs and made a test.

"Operator!" a girl's voice said immediately.

Louella lasted till lunch on the third day, then abruptly let out a sharp wail, bent her head forward into her hands, and wept. Spud never, *never* had failed to phone.

Mrs. Margaret Smith, herself a nervous wreck by this time, took a deep breath. The situation called for stern measures. Margaret was fed up.

"Don't you fret, dear," she said, wickedly comforting. "A clean break is always best."

"Sho!" agreed the black Hattie, wide-eyed and hovering for the soup plates. "Nothin' to fret about. He ain't botherin' you none, honey, like befo'."

"But—" Louella lifted her stricken face, which suddenly came farther apart—"Wah!"

It seemed she didn't care for not being bothered.

"Mebbe," Hattie hastily said, aghast—"mebbe he only happened to an acident, honey. Or kilt himself."

"*Killed* himself?"

"Bosh!" said her mother. "Probably he just at last actually ran off with that newest new person—that Vilma Drake. What did you expect, dear? Bound to happen sooner or later, when you're not at home to keep an eye on him. But it'll make your divorce a lot simpler."

Abruptly, however, Louella's sobs had stopped. She sat bolt upright and she glittered. "*Is—that—so?*" she snarled, then jumped from the table.

"Maybe," her mother said distinctly, "you pulled this stunt once too often, dear."

Louella stared, piteously as a slapped puppy. She ran to the phone. She called her own home and Spud's office. The operator rang and rang at both places. At last she turned.

"He—there's no answer."

"Two can run away as well as one," Mrs. Smith said.

Louella bawled. She ran for her suitcases and her twins. She flung all of them into the car, added Panther.

"M-mama," she howled, "I h-hate you!"

The Billings car whisked out of sight.

"Praise Jee-rusalem!" observed Hattie, then collapsed on the back stoop.

HOW, meanwhile, Mr. Spud Billings had managed to get himself engaged to another woman, he was never afterward able to remember with complete precision. Things happened too fast. Mixed up in it were airplanes, large numbers of sunburned people, a yacht, Mr. A. J. Wellington Worcester, and, of course, Gretl Swenson.

Reaching for the telephone book, Spud had figured that when you're running away from your wife forever you'd better do it fast and far and before your wife can catch you. . . .

Haste, he was informed, would place him safely aboard an American air liner for the Coast.

Spud hastened. At the bank he withdrew exactly five hundred dollars, leaving all the rest for Louella. Otherwise he tarried not for necktie or toothbrush. Yet even as the great silvery transport began to move, with himself inside, he remained uncertain and uneasy. Only after they had gained their skyway and were racing steadily westward did he even look down. But then the checkered fields far below, the dots and green lines that were farmhouses and barns and the tree-bordered courses of brooks, the knowledge that each minute took him miles definitely farther away from the now insignificant Louella Billings, suddenly slipped the moorings of his conscience. He shook himself. The falling shackles made nearly an audible clank. Free as a bird, he thought. Free at thirty-two for the first time in twelve years of marriage. He leaned into the aisle. The opposite chair was occupied by a fattish gentleman of morose mien, but Spud looked upon him with a convivial eye.

"Would you care," Spud proposed, "to join me in securing two other gentlemen and rendering a short program of fifty or seventy-five songs?"

The morose gentleman started.

"Not right now," he said. "However—" He opened a briefcase and produced a square bottle filled with an amber fluid. "However," he warmly repeated, "if you will first join *me* in lubricating the rusty vocal cords—"

"With pleasure," Spud said. . . .

IN Hollywood, Spud bought a zipper leather bag, a toothbrush, razor, handkerchiefs, two polo shirts, some loud shoes, threw away his hat, registered at the Knickerbocker, and took a bath. Then he went out and ogled the girls and swaggered up and down the Boulevard and Vine Street and in and out the bars. The girls were even lovelier than the Hollywood guaranty. He thought he'd never seen so many lovely redheads, especially, in his life.

Although A. J. Wellington Worcester was the gent's actual name, he used nothing but "Woofie," even on checks. A large and loose-jointed young man, he hid the soul of an irritated man-eating shark behind a sunny, innocent smile. Nevertheless Hollywood loved him because his gags were always large and sometimes even good. He made more dough than any other literary agent in town.

"You got here quick," he observed when Spud arrived at his office. "What's on your mind?"

Spud said, "I want a job."

"O. K., baby, O. K.," Woofie largely promised. "I'll get to work and leave you know. Meantime take it easy, kid."

Spud didn't budge. "The old run-around," he said coldly. "The job I want is now."

Woofie relaxed on the small of his back, puffing cigarette smoke. Considering. Here before him, he reflected, was just another writer. But what a writer! Ten thousand published stories. Only two had sold to Hollywood. But what of that? Hollywood merely hadn't been impressed by the pulp magazines in which Spud's stories had appeared. Maybe—

"This case," he decided, "calls for you should be introduced. Around. You got to know people."

"All right," Spud said. "Have you any redheads, such as Crawford or Rogers or Stanwyck?"

Woofie sat up. A gleam appeared in his eyes which would have prompted one who knew him better to run, not walk, to the nearest exit. A gleam such as that which must have appeared in Nero's eyes while patting a Christian on the back just before tripping him over the edge of a den containing large hungry lions.

"Not them," Woofie breathed. "But oh, my, yes, yes, yes indeed. Come on."

Maybe he could really turn Mr. Spud Billings into a property and peddle him, if everything went right.

They drove to Santa Monica and turned left down the beach, the long but easy way to the harbor. There Woofie hired a seaplane. Spud was excitedly overwhelmed. The large Hollywood manner, of which he'd heard so much. Woofie evidently was taking him to a party. Spud didn't think about Louella at all. Catalina appeared below almost immediately.

"This joint is sort of inelegant and on the informal side," Woofie said. "But you got to go *some* place."

"You sure do," Spud agreed.

"Especially when you got a yacht," Woofie said. "You got to go some place in it when you got a boat."

THEY came down on the blue bay, very fast and exciting. Boats were everywhere. Mostly at anchor, but some of them moving. Woofie pointed at the second biggest, and the pilot taxied over there. This boat had sort of a stairway down the side. A girl who looked like Carole Lombard or Gretl Swenson or Claudette Colbert or somebody showed up just when Spud and Woofie reached the deck. You had to blink at least once before you saw she was wearing anything at all, and then you saw it was a sun-tan bathing suit. Her hair was loose and long and authentically auburn.

"I despise airplanes," she told Woofie. "Especially before lunch. Too much racket. Do you want me to scream? And who's this hillbilly?"

"An author," Woofie said.

"I despise authors," the lulu said.

Then Spud realized that Woofie had left him and was clambering awkwardly back into the plane.

"Hey!" he cried.

"If anybody insults you," Woofie called with a wave, "insult her back!"

"The stinking rat," the girl said with disgust. "He knew my boat was already full."

It was, at that. People swarmed on it. But Spud burned.

"I'll swim ashore, if you like," he said with dignity.

"Will you?" the girl said, interested. "Go ahead."

Suddenly Spud realized she not only looked like Gretl Swenson. She was Gretl Swenson in person.

"Stop goggling!" she snapped. "You resemble a fish!"

"That," Spud hotly said, "is a lie!"

Who did she think she was anyway?

"All authors resemble a fish!" she said, and miraculously produced a compact from somewhere and shoved its mirror into Spud's face. "See?" And then she started insolently away.

This, somehow, was too much. In wrestling there is a trick in which you grab one of your opponent's wrists, suddenly turn your back, lift, bend, heave, and throw—and the opponent sails neatly over your head. Spud had studied wrestling. He grabbed, turned, bent, heaved, and threw—and four hundred annual thousand dollars' worth of movie star went sailing over his head and over the rail of the Changeling, smacked a belly-buster on the water, and sank.

A yacht, a beautiful movie star, and the blue Pacific—it's a dream come true for any husband! Thrown by Fate—and Woofie—into the lap of glorious Opportunity, will Spud make the most of his new freedom? You'll find out in the hilarious concluding installment—next week!

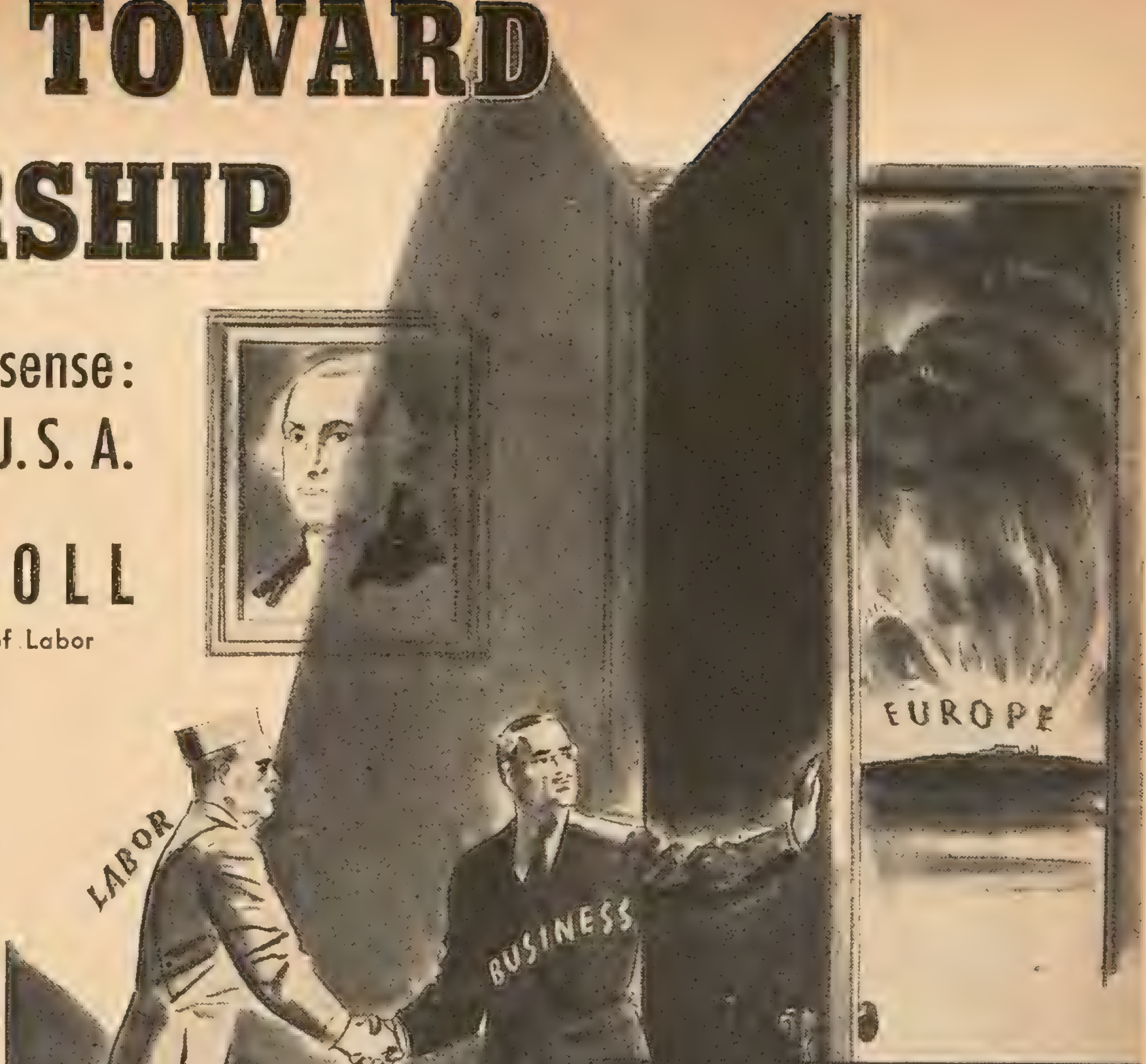
DRIFTING TOWARD DICTATORSHIP

For liberals with common sense: One man's warning to the U. S. A.

BY MATTHEW WOLL

Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



THE Old World seems to be plunging toward war, bankruptcy, or social revolution. The cause threatening these alternative evils is nationalism run riot, or the "totalitarian" idea, the dictator state.

These were vivid convictions from a European trip, which events of months since only strengthen. I'm asked if this "reads a lesson" for Americans. Definitely, yes; and a grave one, because of trends affecting your jobs and your lives.

For better understanding, glance first at the world picture. The dictatorships as commonly thought of are Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan. Their dramatic and ruthless actions hold the eye, thus tend to obscure a vital truth, which is the fact that so many other nations have become, in varying degrees, superstates. Depression crises, fear of war, actual economic wars—such things have led to successive extensions of power. Peoples have yielded up rights in exchange for the *hope* of "security."

Even great democracies, such as France and England, depart from tradition—as in nationalizing or managing war industries and in many new kinds of "control." This trend sweeps the earth, and we are both startled and concerned to find its manifestations among neighbor republics of South America; while, in Mexico, what is essentially the totalitarian idea stands at our very doorstep.

This puts a question: Can we stand against this world trend to supergovernment? Another: *Have* we done so?

I have no fear of dictatorship in this country. When the idea is personalized—as in thinking of Hitler, Stalin, or Mussolini—of course it is distasteful to us. We want no such absolute "boss." We dislike what we see of the brutal methods of dictatorship. Our attitude is, It couldn't happen here.

However, I think the time has come when we should, and must, stop to see how far along that road we have traveled—*before it is too late to retrace our steps.*

We became the richest and most advanced nation, sustaining the highest general standard of living, during a century and a half of growth while having the *least* government of any people. That kind of freedom gave us the greatest initiative and enterprise.

Then, in the midst of a great economic crisis, our people were desperate in their desire for safety and recovery. They were willing to accept almost any proposal involving more government power and authority.

Understand that I am not questioning motives. The whole drive to extend the authority of the state has had as its aim bringing greater opportunity to the masses of the people. Let us be clear about this, too: Labor, agriculture, industry, Democrats and Republicans alike, turned to government for help—for "solutions."

Like the peoples of Europe, we surrendered rights in exchange for the hope of security. No more than they did we realize the relentless thrust of government power, once it is permitted to start growing. I believe we begin to see more clearly now that we were too willing to accept promised gain at the price of loss of liberty and self-reliance.

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MATTHEW WOLL

Not many years ago we were being warned of the peril of "big business." We were told it was a great invisible power which sought to control the processes of government. We now see the menace of *big government.* It seeks to control business, agriculture, labor. It seeks self-perpetuation. It expands through newly created agencies; and these constantly extend government power by functioning as judge, jury, and prosecutor. Thus increasingly it tends to make the individual the pawn of the state. Here as in Europe, among the outward manifestations of "big government" are mounting deficits, swollen budgets, increased tax burdens; and where this may lead us no one can tell.

I know from my journey through Europe that business enterprise was paralyzed there by such bondage. We know that business here is alarmed at the intrusion of government into so many parts of our economic life.

But, some say, has not labor fared well under "big government"? Ostensibly, yes; but let's examine that.

Samuel Gompers constantly preached to us that labor unions should not appeal to the state. He warned employers of the dangers of *their* use of the powers of the state to balk the labor movement. But employers persisted in their opposition to unionization until finally, in the great distress of a few years ago, labor did appeal to government. As a result, in the Wagner Act there was enacted as a law what *should* have been an operating principle of industry. The use of government power proved to be a two-edged sword. Because government, which in the past had been a buttress for the employer and an oppressor of labor, now has become a buttress for labor. The shoe is on the other foot. But should we rejoice over that? A growing number of workers recognize that if labor's destiny is to depend upon the whim and fancy of those temporarily in power, that control may be prolabor today—and something else tomorrow.

How much better it would have been if employers, by giving recognition to labor as copartner in industry, had made it unnecessary to pass the Wagner Act at all!

American labor knows what growing bigness of government may mean to the labor movement. That lesson is written large in Europe.

IN old Germany there flourished one of the greatest labor-union organizations of the world. The great change there may not be generally recognized. You read of the "Labor Front" today; and it is represented to be the union of *all* the workers enthusiastically behind the Nazi cause. The truth about that heroic title is that the German worker is virtually the *slave* of the state. He has lost all voice in determining where, at what kind of a job, and for what pay he will work! With these basic human rights the old living standards also have vanished. A trained mechanic is paid only twelve or fifteen dollars a week. The average wage for less skilled workers—after deductions, including social insurance—is less than is paid to prisoners in many states in this country.

In Italy there were some powerful labor unions which had won partner status, sharing in industry's profits. Mussolini first "directed" them, then absorbed them into his "corporate state"; and the worker today obeys Fascist edicts like a good soldier—or else. The first workers, railroaders, to strike in Soviet "Proletarian Paradise" were shot. That was insurrection against the state. Only recently a Moscow dispatch reported that in a large sector of Soviet industry a general wage cut *and speed-up* had been ordered. In Japan the worker apparently gets enough rice to keep him reasonably efficient; that and the glory of serving the emperor-state.

Such conditions arise under the banner of National Socialism, of whatever brand. Personal and property rights are either vastly diminished or extinguished.

I would like to point out that American organized labor never has asked for anything which would disturb the basic structure of private property, private industry, and private profit. We do not want all industry to become a federal any more than a private monopoly. The American workingman does not want this country to become another Russia, controlled by a vast bureaucracy. He wants no traffic with *any* type of European despotism. All of these have destroyed free trade-unionism and freedom of private enterprise, as well as freedom in social, political, and religious fields.

The totalitarian idea, the *system*, makes despotic oppression necessary and inevitable. That kind of a system, all-powerful government, cannot endure if free expression of independent thought and critical viewpoints is permitted. From what sources or groups is critical thought likeliest? Why, from the press, the church; from business or social organizations, or a cohesive racial minority; or from independent trade-unionism! The totalitarian system must not be questioned; therefore all free institutions must come under control or be suppressed. It is simple logic. We should understand it.

Haven't we seen strong trends of that logic in the intolerance and despotic acts of some of the bureaucrats of our own self-expanding "big government"? It is inherent in the very nature of supergovernment that such trends will grow—*unless we stop them.*

I would say that the positions of workers and employers in the face of encroaching government power should be, and in fact are, *identical.* Both are threatened.

Equally with business, organized labor views with alarm the spread in this country of boards, commissions, and committees; of rules, regulations, restrictions, and limitations. Control of industry inevitably affects workers in industry. If labor is ruled by edict, that reacts upon the rights and interests of employers. Such control means that deadening precedent and red tape retard the vital processes of the nation. Initiative and enterprise are strangled. When employees or employers, or both, must goose-step, industry cannot flourish and produce a greater wealth of goods for the use of all. Low living standards in totalitarian states prove this.

Workers and employers should unite to protect each other—and our industries and our people—against the autocratic usurpation of power by "big government."

Unless both are alert in common defense against such aggression, we may find later that the time has passed in which we can retrace our steps. Because, when trends like this are given headway, they increase momentum at startling speed. The peoples of Germany and Italy saw no great changes in the beginning; but the conditions of their lives were made over in two or three years.

Happily, within the last few months there have been increasing evidences that American public opinion is becoming aroused to the potential dangers surrounding us and is drawing nearer to unity upon the essentials of a program for recovery and the safeguarding of democratic institutions.

Perhaps most dramatic is the statement of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, issued February 15, 1939, giving complete recognition of the large area of interest which employers and workers share in common. Here we have a demand for the reversal of the notion that the national salvation lies in deficit spending and business baiting, and the call for a government attitude of trust, good will, encouragement, and co-operation toward industry as well as labor.

ANOTHER encouraging sign is the apparent change of governmental representation, as expressed first by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace in his appeal for a joint council of labor, industry, and agriculture, voluntarily organized, and designed "to map a united program for the general welfare of the nation." The omission of governmental regulation and control is especially significant. And finally, there is the recent appeal of Secretary of Commerce Harry L. Hopkins for "recovery" and a dramatic change in the government's attitude toward business.

In all of this there is to be found much of encouragement and hope. However, pending performance, I would like to say something that may seem surprising, coming from a labor leader. I would like to see in this country bigger, better, and stronger organizations of employers. *But* I would also like to see bigger, better, and stronger unions of workers. Then let the two sit down together and solve problems in the democratic way: through discussion, use of simple common sense, and in fairness to each other and all the people, with government co-operation but *without* government dictation.

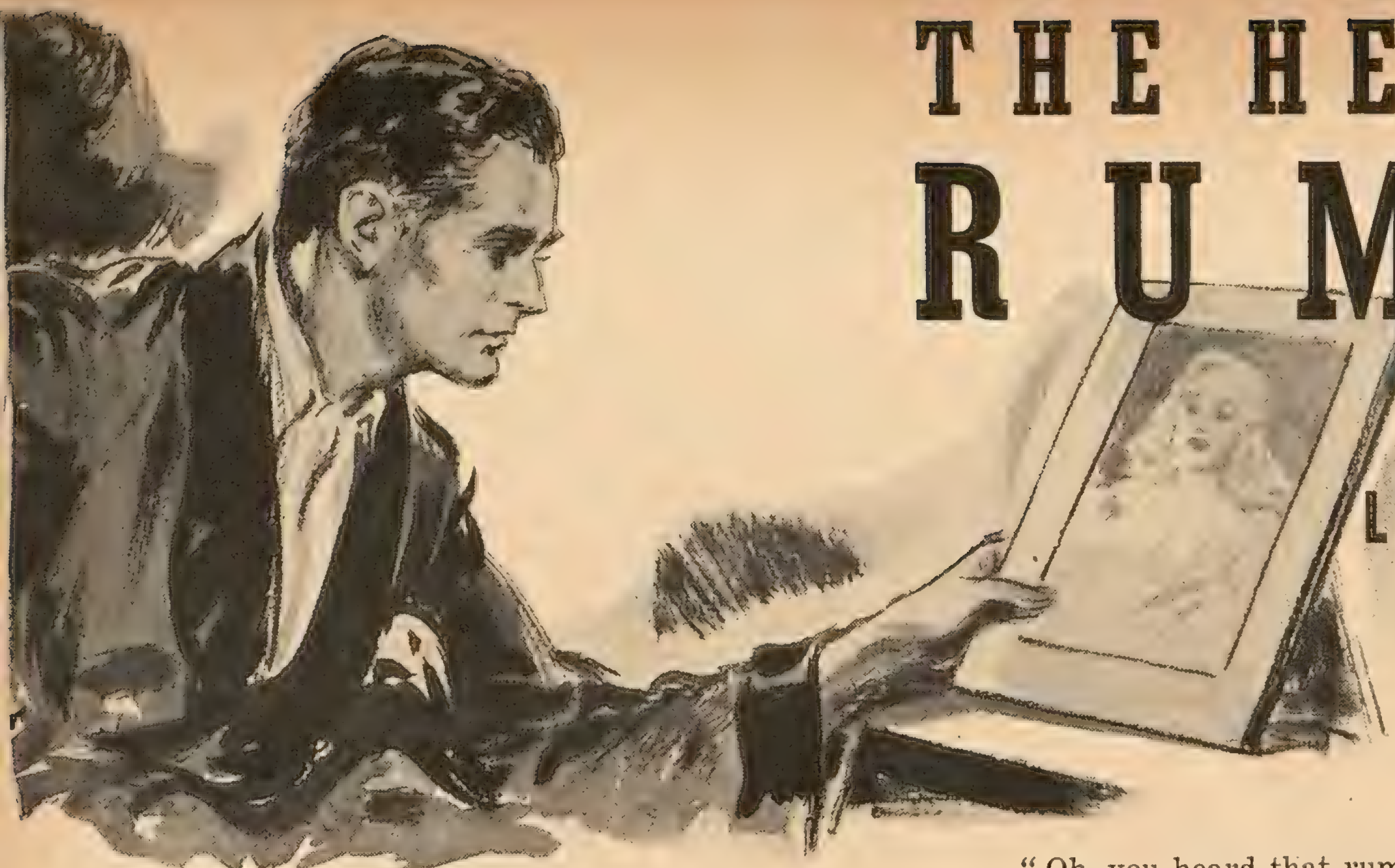
But if some employers feel they must still oppose collective-worker action, let them consider. If workers feel forced to make further appeal to government, they can always win—because they have the votes. But that would mean yet bigger government. Ultimately we would find ourselves quick-stepping along the road which leads to autocracy; to the downfall of private enterprise, the collapse of rights and liberties.

I plead for a return to the American way, the democratic way, the common-sense way. Through intelligent collective co-operation, let's make big-government as well as big-business domination unnecessary and impossible, and avoid the calamities which seem to face Europe.

THE END

THE HEEL OF RUMOR

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES



ILLUSTRATED BY
VINCENTINI

A flaming drama of love and death that was locked in two haunted hearts

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE Windsor Club, Hollywood, around 1.30 A. M.! Sable arrives to snub ermine, diamonds outshine emeralds. English drawl mingles with New York idiom, low laughter with high-pitched squeals. Babble, gurgle, gasp, whisper, and raucous greeting. Cream, golden-brown, satin-olive shoulders, all lovely to behold. Faces launching a thousand envies, quickening as many desires.

"The newest screen sensation, yesterday's favorite, the hope-to-be, the has-been; producers, directors, writers, agents—most of whom wouldn't be recognized a mile beyond Hollywood and Vine—they're all here, my hearty! And I defy a stranger like you to pick the wife from the mistress, the saint from the hedonist, the star from the society extra, the happy from the damned!

"Good! Must use that expression in my column sometime. Meanwhile, what's it to be? Scotch and soda? I'll have a Bourbon and ginger ale.

"Gaiety! That's your entrance ticket to this night club, my boy. You haven't a care in the world! At whatever cost, be gay. Back of it you may have heartbreak, burning jealousy, disappointment, vaulting ambition, and prayers—not to God. But laugh! Laugh although you know your contract won't be renewed, although you'll be 'out' again tomorrow, although you can hardly afford to pay for the drink in your frozen hand.

"Who? Fellow with the eyeglass? Oh, the couple at the next table. Chinchilla wrap. Carl Radley and his wife.

"Certainly you've heard of him. Ace director, and one of the swellest guys in the business. The same friendly, generous, and softhearted guy ever since he started in pictures. Began as assistant cameraman, worked his way up to his present position—eighty-five treble-o per picture, four a year—without fawning down a stiff neck. The stars of yestereve thank the stars above for him. He can't keep all of them from the pawnshops, but in every picture he directs he finds bits for two or three of them and a day's work for others.

"His wife? Lovely thing, isn't she? No, she wouldn't go near a camera. Had plenty of offers, but smart enough to stay home, content herself with being a wife.

"Oh, you heard that rumor, did you? Which goes to prove what I've been saying. In that Chilean mining district where you've been keeping yourself the last few years—nitrate or whatever it is you're after—I'll bet the natives don't know the name of the present King of England. But they know who Charlie Chaplin is, and Shirley Temple—even if they can't pronounce the names. And they want to learn about 'em. News from Hollywood. Drum-telegraphy through the dark forests and over storm-swept mountains.

"Yes, there was a rumor of sorts, hints of estrangement, whisperings of Reno. But it came to naught, went whistling with the wind. Look at them now. They're still in love. It's swell to see them here again. They've sort of passed up the music since Hollis Pierson—

"Yep, that was the name. Hollis Pierson. Everybody thought he was straightened out at last—and then, wham! Women beat Hollis as much as drinking. Divorced four times. That's no record, but he wasn't exactly mooning by a lonely fireside between nuptials.

"Women fell for him by the cartload. He preferred the ones who didn't. He'd put on the act of the desperate lover for 'em, threaten to kill himself with a gun. Only a few of them told. All in fun, he'd grin; all in fun. Lothario's heel! I never had the slightest use for him.

"Definitely through in pictures until friend Radley over there took pity on him. Gave him a small scene in Torpedo Destroyer—four days' work at most. Pierson tucked the show under his wing and flew clean away with it. Radley then got him playing squash and tennis until some of his bloat disappeared, gave him the second lead in a new picture, and a year ago the critics were unanimous: Hollis Pierson makes a comeback! Best acting of his career! Congratulations!

"The guy had it in him when he wanted to buckle down, I guess. Doors formerly closed to him were opened again. He began leading a reformed life, sans liquor and women. You know how long that lasted.

"No, I don't believe Pat Radley had anything to do with it. Natural enough for them to be friendly, she the wife of the man who had yanked him out of cold storage. Pat wasn't the kind to fall for any actor, but the reformed-sinner angle won her sympathy—and that's dangerous for any woman.

"It was said that she was the guiding spirit behind his rehabilitation. Hollywood admired her for helping him, and kept an eye open. But whenever you'd find them at parties or night clubs, Carl Radley was along to make it a threesome.

"Oh, there were a few straws showing which way the wind may have been stirring. Pierson didn't hide his adoration for her, and there was sensibility of that adoration in the soft gray eyes of the lady. Look at them! Aren't they beautiful? Anyway, he was a stunning-looking guy at any time, and she admired him for the fight he had put up quitting the bottle, and the new success he had won. I guess that's about all there was to it.

"Except for that last evening. The Westerleys gave a party on their third anniversary. Pat Radley and Pierson were there—the first time they had gone out together—and he was drinking again.

"It was said that Radley was away on location, somewhere in Mexico. Unknown to us, he had returned. In view of what occurred that night, some of us tried to check up on why he remained home. No dice. He had heard the news before we saw him. We expected to find him shocked, the customary affability gone. What we found was a man we'd never seen before. Carl Radley was mortally afraid of something that night—something that touched himself. We never learned the answer . . ."

THE answer? Turn back the clock six months or so. On a night in December a thin rain was cutting across the Glendale airport. As the plane glided in, Carl Radley's directorial eye likened the scene to a Tannhäuser background: a silver broadsword of rain thrust obliquely into the golden shaft of light flooding the runway. An impression he was to recall.

The wheels touched and then ran smoothly to a stop. Presently Radley's feet felt the comfortable security of the ground, and he marveled that not more than five hours earlier they had been as firmly planted on the hot sands of a Mexican desert.

It was, he saw by his watch, 11.17 P. M. He tipped a farewell hand to the pilot and walked to the administration building. There he went to a pay-station telephone, dialed a number. An old man's voice answered:

"Mr. Carl Radley's residence."

"Yes, Barton. I'm in Glendale. Let me speak to my wife, will you?"

"Mrs. Radley isn't in, sir. She went to the Westerleys' for their wedding anniversary."

"Yes, of course—I'd forgotten. Well, we won't disturb her. I got through on location this afternoon. Just flew in here. I'll grab a taxi."

It was not far to his house on Los Feliz Boulevard, and in a short while Barton was opening the grilled-iron door to a long pearl-carpeted hall.

"Glad to see you again, sir."

Carl Radley, absent from Hollywood about three weeks, smiled pleasantly at the white-haired butler, refusing to let him take his kit bag.

"Too heavy for you, Barton. Got some film in it, hunting kit and stuff. What luck in the icebox?"

"There's a cold chicken, sir—tomato aspic, and your favorite cheese."

"Good. I'll first treat myself to the luxury of a shower. I need it. Needn't stay up, Barton. I'll wait for Mrs. Radley."

"Thank you, sir—you're most considerate."

Kit bag in hand, Radley went up the stairs, and without pausing asked casually: "She went alone?"

"Mrs. Radley? No, sir; Mr. Pierson called for her—in his car."

"Fine."

"About two hours ago, sir."

"Swell. How is he?"

"He looked very handsome, sir. I never saw him in better spirits."

"Good."

In his rooms he flung off his clothes, turned on the shower, soaped himself vigorously.

He stepped on the scales and weighed himself. One fifty-three. Just about right for his height, five feet nine and a half. Towel around slim waist, he shaved meticulously, bathed his dark-brown face in lavender water, brushed his thick hair until it burnished. Getting more gray, particularly at the temples. Forty-three years old. Not much to look at. Never had been. Barton's words came back to him:

"He looked very handsome, sir."

In his room he slipped into blue silk pajamas, slippers, and dressing gown. This done, he reached for a photograph. The face was heart-shaped, the eyes shy and large as those of a fawn, the golden hair arranged in charming carelessness—soft as fleece to the touch.

Pat.

His lean brown hand trembled a little as he replaced the photograph, his favorite, taken shortly before they were married. Patricia Marchant she had been then, daughter of the Rev. Brook Marchant, vicar of the Episcopal church in Ryder, New York, up in the Adirondacks.

He, Radley, had been making a picture there. Lord! That was one picture the name of which ought to come easy to memory. Made so many of the things before and since. Song of the Mountains! That was it. It had been all of that for him. Patricia Marchant had almost instantly filled a prosaic world with song. Until then it had been work day and night.

This twenty-year-old girl, utterly removed from the Hollywood milieu, her wind-tossed hair and slim figure in daily attendance as they ground out film, had, like a flash of lightning, struck home to him the emptiness of his existence. How blundering, amateur, had been his preliminary steps. An offer to put her in pictures! She had laughed delightfully, the mere thought of it apparently absurd to her, her gray eyes challenging him. She wanted to do something far more useful in life, she smiled. Teach at school, or be a nurse.

He lacked the courage to tell her of his love; had returned to Hollywood, the memory of her unspoiled beauty before him every waking and sleeping hour. His so-called genius for direction wavered, escaped him entirely, resulted in censure and replacement. There was but one thing to do. Wiring her that it was a matter of life or death, he asked her to meet him at Ticonderoga, flew East, and with his first impetuous words asked her to marry him.

Seven years ago!

Radley found himself in the library downstairs, absently regarding the supper prepared for him on a small arranged table. He couldn't eat. Appetite gone.

Pat!

He dropped on the divan, stared at the burning logs, his hand straying to the telephone receiver. Should he call her? To say what? He didn't want to check up on her. Yes, he did. Oh, Pat, did it ever occur to you that I'd shed every drop of my blood for you? Then telephone her! Dress and drive over to the Westerleys'. Not without first letting her know he was coming. Why was that necessary? Why, why, why? Carl Radley fought off the answer.

HE poured himself some whisky, sipped it. Hollis Pierson, he told himself aggressively, was a swell guy. Any man making the comeback he had done had the right kind of mettle in him. He'd kill Pierson! Tear him limb from limb with his bare hands! Radley paced the floor like a caged animal. No, Pierson was all right. It was monstrous to heed rumors, items in the columns:

"Will Carl Radley's newest directorial venture take place in Reno?" "What former screen idol is already biting the hand that fed him?"

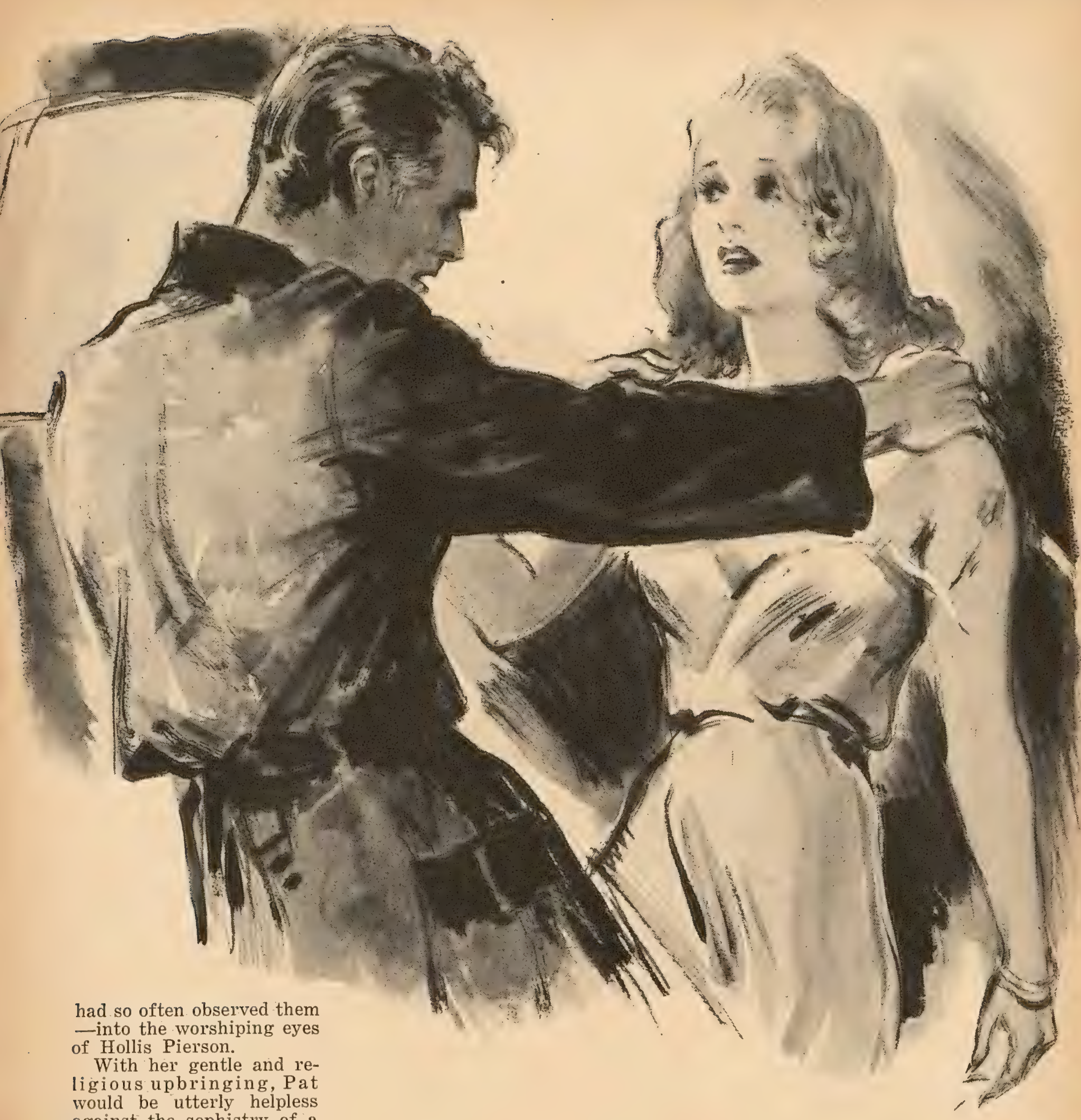
He stopped in front of the library shelves, selected a book. Had Pat heard or seen those damnable innuendoes, he wondered? No. Otherwise she would have brought them up for discussion and analysis. Good heaven! after seven years of marriage he ought to be convinced of her candor, her inherent loyalty, the simple decency of her mind, a devotion to him he could liken only to a miracle.

Against his fears, and for the millionth time during the past few months, he tried to balance her continually revealed contentment with him at home.

"Don't let's go out tonight, Carl. Let's stay home and work on that script of yours. I do so want to help you if I can—make some little return for all the happiness you've brought me."

Happiness? Wasn't her happiness quantitative? There had been no children, a happiness he knew she yearned for. Was her deepest love still waiting to be claimed by some other man? Was she searching for that happiness?

He finished his drink, threw some logs on the fire, returned to the divan, tried to read. He could see nothing but two gray eyes, infinitely sympathetic, gazing—as he



With a superhuman effort Carl Radley got to his feet. "In heaven's name, Pat, what are you saying to me?"

had so often observed them —into the worshiping eyes of Hollis Pierson.

With her gentle and religious upbringing, Pat would be utterly helpless against the sophistry of a man like Hollis Pierson—

The library clock struck the hour of two, its faint chime lifting Radley's nodding head.

He shook himself, tried to concentrate on the picture in production. There would be an additional two weeks' direction at the studio, and then—without the Bermuda trip he had promised her—a rush job on a novel that had swept the reading world. Hollis Pierson had been considered for the leading part in it, but after deliberation Radley had telephoned the studio deciding against him. Pierson must have heard that news yesterday!

No, it was not retaliation! The rumors had nothing whatsoever to do with it. Pierson needed a few more pictures under his belt before he was thoroughly reestablished with the public—

Radley's head dropped on his chest. Pat! Suddenly he was dreaming that he had lost her, not so much to another man as that she was beyond his reach forever. Vanished from the world. He was in the depths of a primeval forest, exhausted by his frantic search for her, himself utterly lost, his wretchedness profound.

Something, some one, was shaking his arm, pulling at his shoulder.

"Carl! Carl! You're here—thank God!"

He roused himself, opened his eyes to the familiar surroundings of his library. Pat was on her knees in front of him, trembling, eyes stark with fear.

"Something dreadful has happened, Carl."

One of her shoulder straps had come undone. No! It had been torn, and part of her evening dress with it! Her golden hair was loose. There was a long scratch on her arm. Pat! Dully he put out a hand to touch her, to make sure that she was real.

“Carl! Don’t you understand what I’m trying to tell you?” She was terror-stricken, her hands trying to shake the last vestige of sleep out of him. “I took the gun he’d laid down—took it from the table—hoping to get to the door before he—”

The import of her dry, beseeching eyes froze the blood in his veins.

“Pat!” His fingers gripped her bare shoulders.

“I kept warning him—but he wouldn’t listen. I didn’t mean to—to— But he only laughed—kept his back to the door—suddenly grabbed me in his arms again—”

With a superhuman effort Carl Radley got to his feet, lifting her up with him as he gazed into her eyes. “In heaven’s name, Pat, what are you saying to me?”

She clung to him. “I—I shot him—”

“Pierson?”

“Yes.”

“You mean you—killed him?”

“I don’t know.”

“Where?”

“In his home—bungalow.”

“When?”

“Just now. A few minutes ago. I ran all the way from there.”

“You say you took his gun—”

“First he threatened to kill himself—then he—”

“Pat, tell me what happened—clearly.”

“I was struggling with him—he seemed to have gone insane. He kept saying he loved me—ever since the moment he’d seen me—he said—the one and only woman he’d quit drinking for—” She was unable to explain things coherently. “And all the time he kept laughing at me. But I was afraid of him, Carl—terribly afraid.”

INSTINCTIVELY he looked at the clock. 2:35 A. M. Pat was a dead weight in his arms, and he half carried, half dragged her to the table, poured whisky in a glass, forced a little between her lips.

“Pat,” he was saying, “you must tell me everything—clearly and quickly. How did you go to his bungalow?”

“I—I drove him there.”

“Drove him?” He strove desperately to pin her story to a logical start from which he could follow it intelligently. “Did you go to the Westerleys’ with him?”

“He called here for me.”

“In his car?”

“Yes. I didn’t see him until after midnight. Madge Westerley came and told me he was drinking heavily.”

“Go on.”

“I thought of you. I didn’t want him to let you down before every one. I tried to talk to him—in the garden—the Westerleys’ garden. I thought the air might—”

Radley couldn’t contain himself. “But what took you to his bungalow?”

“I’d always tried to help him. I hated to see him go under after the way he’d come back. He said he’d go home if I’d drive him. He couldn’t manage it himself.”

“You drove him home. In his car?”

“Y-yes.”

“Well”—he could feel her heart pounding against his—“well, what then?”

“I kept honking the horn for his servant. Nobody came—and I had to help him into the house.”

“He made love to you?”

“He’d planned everything to get me there—sent his man away, pretended to be more drunk than he really was. I thought he was joking at first. But I had to resist him—fight with him. Then I got his revolver from the table. He dared me to defend myself. Carl”—she wept piteously—“I didn’t mean to kill him! Even when I had the revolver, I kept struggling with him before I—before I heard the shot. Even then I couldn’t believe that I had—” A tremor ran through her. “But the gun was in my hand,” she sobbed.

Up to this moment Radley had been able, mentally, only to listen to her and ask questions. Now one consuming thought clarified itself in terms of action. In so far as he was able he must protect her.

“Did any one see you leave the place?” he began.

“I can’t say—I don’t know.”

“What happened when you—when the gun went off?”

“He dropped to his knees—collapsed on the floor—”

“Did he say anything to you?”

“I don’t remember. I was—was—”

“The gun? What did you do with that?”

“It fell from my hand—beside him.”

Fingerprints! The sweat on his upper lip felt like drops of cold rain. Again his eyes were captured, held, by her torn shoulder strap. Running through the streets like that she must have attracted attention.

“Your wrap—coat! What happened to that?”

She tried to concentrate on it, eyes staring. “My wrap?” she repeated vaguely. “I don’t know what became of it. I must have left it there—where it fell—”

She began shuddering violently now, in his arms. But this, he realized, wasn’t the time to comfort her, much as he longed to do so. The enormity of what had happened lost, for Radley, some of its bludgeoning force. Pierson had gone back to his ways. But he had picked a woman proof against his erotic theatrics. Pat had defended herself—

Automatically he pressed his lips to her cheek.

“Go upstairs to your room, dear. Don’t see any one until I return.” He rushed to the hall, put an ulster over his dressing gown and pajamas. “Wait till I get back. Don’t talk to any one—until you hear from me—”

In the garage his fumbling hands dropped the keys. Twice the car failed to start. When it suddenly roared to life he narrowly missed a tree on the way out.

The house on Mercer Avenue, the last on the left, was surrounded by eucalyptus trees. As he swung into the drive he saw that the rooms on the lower floor were lighted, the front door wide open. Pierson’s car stood in front of it, headlights blazing, the motor running.

Radley got out and went into the silent house. He walked through the drawing room to the study beyond.

Pierson was not lying on the floor. He was slumped in a chair at his writing desk, head resting on it, right arm outstretched. In his fingers, firmly clasped, was a revolver.

The scene was so different from that expected that Radley took his eyes from the inert figure and glanced about the room. Some of the rugs were askew. A chair was overturned. A cigarette box had fallen, spilling the contents. There was a small pool of blood near the sofa in front of an unlighted fire—and just beyond, partly hidden by the fallen chair, a chinchilla wrap.

He picked it up, hesitated, then walked to the writing desk. Pierson, he knew, was dead. Looking down at him, Radley saw something that immediately changed all his hectic and still uncertain plans.

A written note was propped up against an inkwell. For a while Radley stared at it, motionless. Then he went outside, left the chinchilla wrap in his car, and returned. He straightened the rugs, replaced the chair and fallen cigarettes, and telephoned the police.

MAYBE that’s all the answer there was. Radley’s story bore out his usual consideration for people in trouble—picture people, at any rate. He said his wife returned from the party around two thirty and said that Pierson had started drinking. So he drove over to his place to see if he couldn’t pull him out of it.

“When he got there he found him dead, a note stuck up in front of him. ‘I’m taking the only way out,’ it ran. ‘Thanks for the applause, the patience with me, and the many forgivenesses. I wasn’t worth any of it.’ Something like that.

“Radley then phoned for the cops, waited for them.

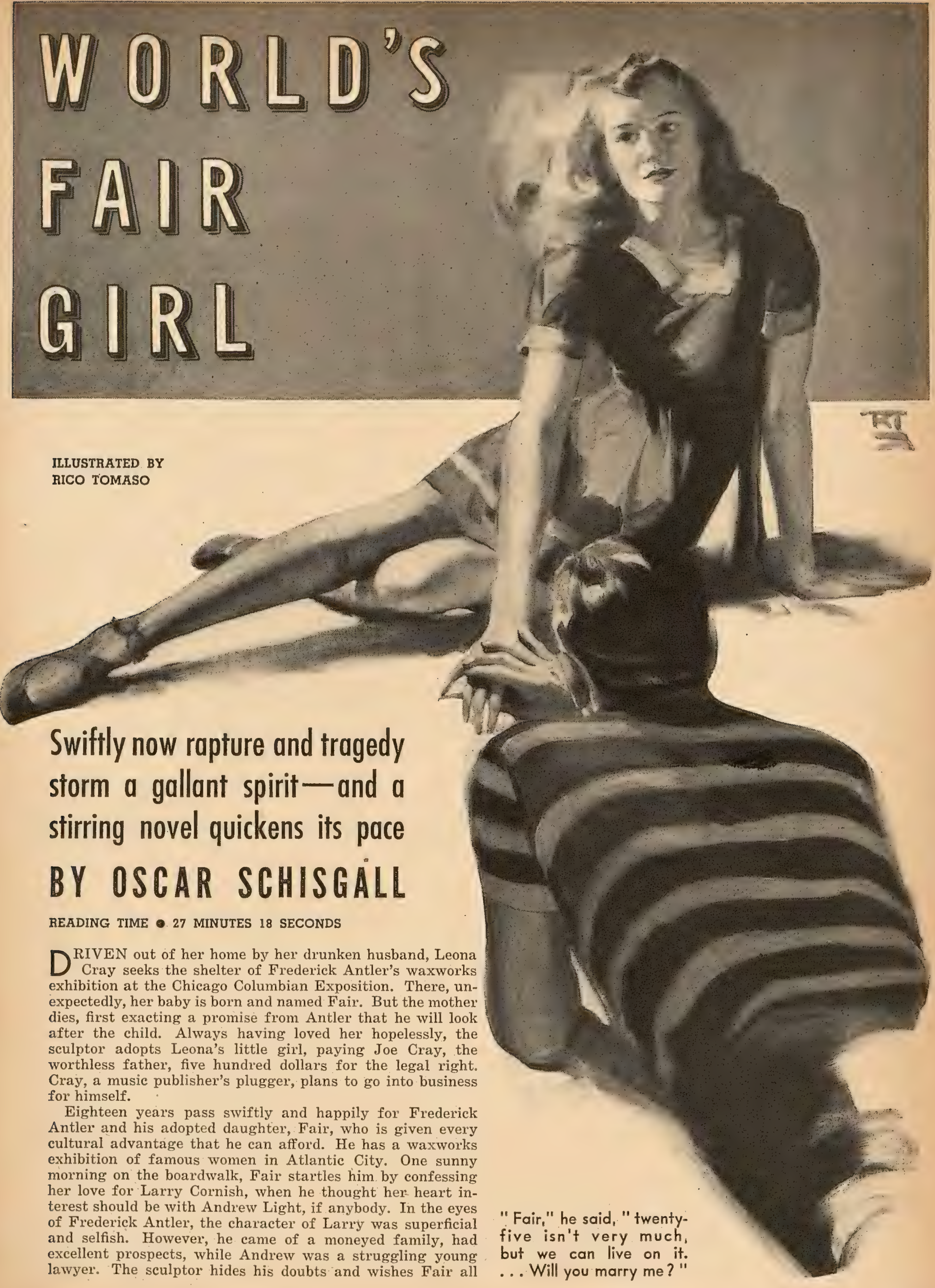
“There seemed to be a bit of mystery as to how Pierson had managed. The bloodstains proved he had done the trick while standing near the fireplace. From there he had walked, or crawled, to his writing desk to write the note.

“That must have taken a terrific effort on his part—Wait a minute, waiter—the Bourbon and ginger ale is mine!— and he had written it fairly legibly for a man with a bullet in his guts. It didn’t seem to make sense. But that was like him.

“Anyway, he suicided. *Hic jacet Hollis Pierson!* Well, here’s to better days!”

THE END

WORLD'S FAIR GIRL



"Fair," he said, "twenty-five isn't very much, but we can live on it. . . . Will you marry me?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
RICO TOMASO

Swiftly now rapture and tragedy storm a gallant spirit—and a stirring novel quickens its pace

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

DRIVEN out of her home by her drunken husband, Leona Cray seeks the shelter of Frederick Antler's waxworks exhibition at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. There, unexpectedly, her baby is born and named Fair. But the mother dies, first exacting a promise from Antler that he will look after the child. Always having loved her hopelessly, the sculptor adopts Leona's little girl, paying Joe Cray, the worthless father, five hundred dollars for the legal right. Cray, a music publisher's plugger, plans to go into business for himself.

Eighteen years pass swiftly and happily for Frederick Antler and his adopted daughter, Fair, who is given every cultural advantage that he can afford. He has a waxworks exhibition of famous women in Atlantic City. One sunny morning on the boardwalk, Fair startles him by confessing her love for Larry Cornish, when he thought her heart interest should be with Andrew Light, if anybody. In the eyes of Frederick Antler, the character of Larry was superficial and selfish. However, he came of a moneyed family, had excellent prospects, while Andrew was a struggling young lawyer. The sculptor hides his doubts and wishes Fair all possible joy in her choice of lovers. She is in seventh heaven.

As if prompted by the devil, Joe Cray, seedy but breezy, appears on the scene and enters Antler's workshop one morning. Frederick is compelled to see him, and Joe worms out of him the main facts of past and present history. Blandly he tells the waxworks artist that he has been in jail for years, is hard up, and must have a couple of hundred. Frederick assures him he can't lend him a cent. Then Cray suggests that perhaps Fair's rich fiancé might be able to stake him!

PART TWO—FATE . . . AND A NIGHT IN FRANCE

IF this man revealed his identity to Fair, he perceived, all her warm sympathy would pour out upon him. Frederick understood her well enough to realize she would consider Joe Cray her responsibility. She knew, of course, that she had been adopted—to conceal that from her would have necessitated too much lying. But, to avoid the dangers of encounters such as this, Frederick had invented a fictitious name for her parents: Barnaby. He had never mentioned Cray.

He pushed trembling fingers through his hair. He had, actually, some three hundred and fifty dollars in the bank. Most of it was to have gone for Fair's second year at Barnard; now, however, he had decided to use it for her wedding gift.

"Look here, Joe," he said grimly. "I haven't got much. But if I can squeeze out two hundred dollars, will you go away? Will you leave for good?"

"Certainly," promised Joe Cray, grinning. "Why not?"

Frederick said with sudden harshness, "If I thought you were going to blackmail me like this for the rest of my life—"

"Well?" chuckled Cray. "What would you do?"

"Never mind." Frederick Antler stripped off his smock and reached for the jacket that dangled from a peg. "Come on," he snapped. "We'll go over to the bank."

SATURDAY afternoon Fair went gaily to the station to meet young Lawrence Cornish. He looked more handsome than ever as he came toward her, a porter following with his bag. He was tall and slender, and he wore a new gray suit and new yellow shoes with fashionable bulldog toes.

"Fair," he declared, his gaze full of admiration as he held her arms, "you're prettier than ever. You ought to be on a magazine cover." Laughing, he gave her a quick kiss, then led her hastily out of the station. "Come. I'll drop my bag at the hotel."

"I wish you could stay with us," she said helplessly. "But we have such a small place—"

"Wouldn't dream of putting you out." He lifted her into a carriage, and as he settled beside her Fair hugged his arm. She shut her eyes, wrinkled her nose, and made a shuddering little grimace of sheer delight. It was wonderful to be with Larry.

"You don't know how I've been looking forward to this," she confided. "I—I've already told dad about us, you know."

She saw dismay seize his dark face. He stared down at her. "*Told* him?"

"I—I just had to, dear. I—" For the first time, then, she became aware of the strain in his features.

"I—I wish you hadn't told your father."

"But it doesn't make any difference, dear."

He nodded absently and patted her hand. The horse was clattering along at a monotonous jog. For a while he didn't talk at all, and Fair became uncomfortably conscious of some definite change in him. Something was lacking. His usual gaiety, perhaps. He was worried, and his handsome young face, so perfectly modeled, so like an Arab's, was pale.

"Larry—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Aren't you *well?*"

"Oh, I'm all right." He nodded jerkily at the driver. "Wait till I get rid of my bag—till we can talk alone."

Fair sat quite still after that, looking ahead in wonder. She didn't question him. Yet she noticed, with a slight pang, that when she released his arm he didn't try to recapture her hand, as he always did. . . . Yes, something was definitely wrong, and it frightened her.

Her love for Larry was like adoration, full of confidence and faith and pride. And she knew he loved her, too. Hadn't he said it a hundred times, a thousand times, with ardor that had made her heart sing? As long as they loved each other like that, she assured herself, nothing could be really wrong.

But it was. He told her about it after he had left his grip at a hotel. They walked arm in arm toward Frederick's boardwalk museum, and Larry's head was lowered. He frowned uneasily, sucking in his lips.

"I don't know how I can say this to you, Fair dear," he began terrifyingly. "Still—I guess I'd better get it over with before I see your father."

She looked at him in confusion. "What *is* it, Larry?"

"Well, I—I told my folks, too, about our getting married, of course." She could feel terror gnawing at her more and more furiously. And Larry, who had always been so merry and so glib, was finding it difficult to talk. He said, "It's too bad you never met my folks. Perhaps you could understand them better if you had. They really mean well."

"Are you trying to say," she whispered, stunned, "they *object* to me?"

"It isn't that they object to *you*, exactly. Not knowing you, they couldn't make a personal issue of it, don't you see? It's simply—" He swallowed hard. "Well, it seems dad has his mind set on my marrying Angela Craig. You remember my mentioning Angela."

Fair couldn't speak. Her dazed eyes were fixed on Larry's face in a trance. There was a sudden vicious clamp on her throat; it hurt dreadfully. . . . Angela Craig, she remembered, was the daughter of Wilfred Craig, who owned one of New York's largest department stores.

"What—what did you tell your father?" Fair finally managed.

"What *could* I say?"

"Larry!" It was like a cry of prayer.

"Oh, I argued, of course. But it all boiled down to his saying I'd lose my job and every other claim on him if I went ahead. And what would we do without my job?"

She blurted, "We'll get along, Larry! There are other jobs. I'll get one myself!"

He shook his head. "Fair, I can't just cut loose from the family. You've got to see that. My—my whole future—"

She stopped right there in the middle of the boardwalk and faced him, pallid and incredulous and trembling. "Larry," she forced out, every word choked, "are you trying to tell me that you want to—to call it *off?*"

He seemed miserable. "Don't you see I need dad's help? Without him, what have I got? Nothing. I can't marry you that way, Fair. I've got to look ahead."

"And marry Angela Craig?"

"I honestly can't see," said Lawrence Cornish, staring wretchedly at the ocean, "how I can help it."

What happened after that Fair Antler didn't know. Her mind was atrophied. There was a storm in her heart beyond all endurance. In a kind of horror she left Larry there—left him despite his protests—and ran all the way home. Tears blinded her.

In her room, she flung herself headlong on the bed and yielded to the anguish. She wept into the pillow.

But by the time Frederick came up from the museum at dinnertime, two hours later, her white face was set in lines of determination. Her eyes were dry, though still inflamed, and she stood looking out of the window at the sea with an expression so bitter that it alarmed him. He stammered, "What's happened? Where's Larry?"

When she told him, her low voice was unrecognizable. She stood erect, and he had the fantastic feeling that his daughter had aged years in a few hours. This was no girl of eighteen; this was a woman. . . .

Later Frederick attempted to console her, but he spoke with a sense of futility. "I know how it must hurt, dear." He sat beside her, patting her hands. "But pain passes quickly when we're young. You'll forget Larry. And you're probably better off *(Continued on page 20)*

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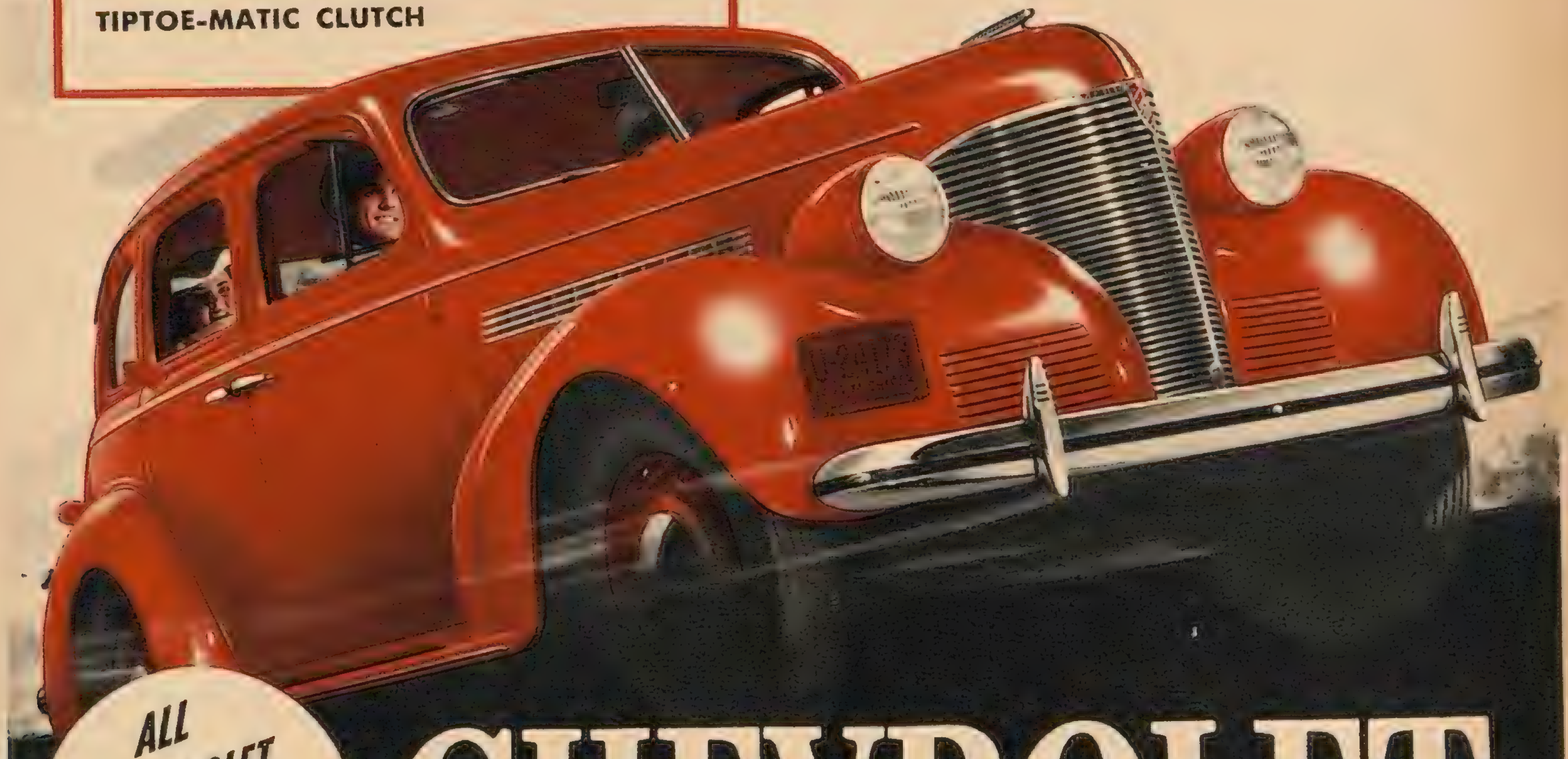

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(*Continued from page 18*) for having lost him. There'll be other young men—"

"No, dad."

"Nonsense."

"I don't want any others, ever."

"In six months you'll change your mind," he predicted. "You'll marry some decent young—"

"Dad, I'll never marry!"

She sounded so resolute that he stared at her in wonder. Then he smiled. After all, he saw now, she was still a girl, still a child of eighteen. He started to murmur something paternal and reassuring, but she interrupted.

"I've been doing some serious thinking in the past hour." She spoke through tight lips, her bright eyes fixed steadily on the wall. "No man is ever going to have the chance to do a thing like this to me again. . . . If a girl did it to a man, he wouldn't stand for it, would he? He'd fight, or you'd say he wasn't much of a man. But when it happens to a girl, she has to remember she's a lady. She has to take it sweetly and quietly, avoiding all acts that may lead to scandal."

"Now, Fair—"

"That's the trouble with women," she drove on. "We're too—too reticent. We're *afraid* of men. We've been trained to think of ourselves as somehow inferior, dependent altogether on men's wishes and whims."

"Darling," Frederick protested, amazed by her earnestness, "you're exaggerating something that—"

"Oh, no, I'm not! I can see now what they mean when they say this is a man's world, when they speak of women's rights. Those were always just phrases to me."

"But women have rights," Frederick argued. "In fact, men have put them into a sort of shrine." And then he tried to assuage her with generalizations. "Why, just look at the many women who have risen high in the world—the women I mold in my museum, for instance—"

"Yes, look at them!" Fair jumped up with astonishing fervor, her eyes flaring in her white face. "Are they famous in their own right? Have men given them a fair *chance* to become famous? No! They're in your museum, dad, because they happened to be the *wives of famous men!* . . . Well, I won't be one of them. I'm not going to be humiliated by any man again, ever, in any way. I'm going ahead alone—*alone*, dad. I mean it! If any one ever makes a wax figure of me, it won't be because I'm somebody's wife. It will be because I'm Fair Antler!"

And the thing that appalled Frederick was her terrible earnestness.

OPENING
GAME
TODAY

FAIR seemed to be the only one who found nothing incongruous or amusing in the idea of a girl of eighteen renouncing all thoughts of marriage in order to devote her life to fighting for woman's equality with man.

Toward the end of summer, Andrew Light, whom Frederick considered the right young man *par excellence*, came to Atlantic City—a stalwart figure with unruly blond hair, merry gray eyes, and determined jaws.

Fair went bathing with him. He looked powerful in his orange-and-black-striped cotton suit. For a long time, while they lay on the beach, he was merry and casual. But at last he straightened to look at her seriously.

"Fair," he said, "my firm has promised that when I finish clerking I can come in at twenty-five a week to start. That'll be next year. Twenty-five isn't very much, but we can live on it. . . . Fair dear, will you marry me?"

He reached across the sand for her hand. She met his gaze with a quiet smile. Everything about her was quiet and subdued these days. She answered him very gently:

"I'm sorry, Andy, but I must say no."

That stupefied him. He stared awhile, incredulous and floundering. "But, Fair, I—for heaven's sake, don't you realize how I love you? I've loved you ever since I can remember. I—I've sort of built all my plans around you. I thought we—well, understood each other about that."

"I'm sorry, Andy," she repeated, frowning at the sand. He looked so dazed and crestfallen, however, that she was prompted to add, "It isn't that I don't like you. I do. Enormously. I think you're splendid and I'm sure you'll go far. But I'm not going to marry at all, ever."

"Ridiculous! You're far too lovely to be allowed to live alone." Somehow Andrew Light, like Frederick, was unable to believe in her seriousness. This was not the same gay Fair he had always known. His dismay became a deep ache that showed in his face. "What on earth *are* you planning to do?" he demanded.

"First, I'm going back to finish college," she declared without hesitation. "After that I'll see."

He could not dissuade her, though he argued for hours. Nobody could dissuade her. He tried again and again, for weeks and months, but it was futile. And still he couldn't believe it.

THAT fall she returned to Barnard, plunged back into its curriculum, and emerged eventually with a degree and a *summa cum laude*.

That was in 1914, just before Germany flung her might across Belgium. That was, also, the year Fair Antler accepted an offer of a hundred and twenty dollars a month, together with board and lodging, to teach English literature at the fashionable Arleigh Academy for Girls on Riverside Drive, under the direction of Mrs. Marjorie Newcomb.

"Not that I intend to remain a teacher forever," she explained to the somewhat bewildered Frederick. "But I feel I've cost you enough, daddy. Financially this will be a relief to you, and give me a chance to study law evenings."

"Law?" he repeated, as if it were the only word he had caught. "What in the name of common sense do you expect to do with law?"

She smiled wisely at the wax figure he was molding in his New York workshop. He planned a Coney Island exhibit this year.

"Dad," she said, "I've been studying the work of women like Susan B. Anthony and Alice Paul and Lucy Stone. They've started a campaign that the rest of us must carry on. Some day we're going to get the vote. You just watch. And when that time comes we're going to *need* women who know law. I intend to be ready."

Frederick put down his tool. "Listen, Fair," he objected. "Do you realize what an injustice you're doing to yourself and to Andrew? That boy has been as patient as a god—"

She replied, "I've told Andy again and again that it's no use. He's the finest man I know—yes; but I'm determined that no man is going to shape my life."

So she taught English literature at the academy and studied law at New York University—her auburn head in the class of men attracting more attention than did the professor. Another girl soon joined the class—vivid black-haired Kate Lanier, tall and slim, as shapely as a Diana, and fervently enthusiastic for women's rights. Fair liked her at sight. Together they joined women's clubs and the National Woman Suffrage Association; and because they were never reluctant to rise and utter demands for women's enfranchisement in fiery tones, the national organization soon began to send them to address local women's clubs. (*Continued on page 22*)

Directions for finding a life-long friend

1. **FIRST,** scurry around amongst all the people you think *should* know about whiskey, asking them to name a truly DRY whiskey—that is, one utterly lacking in *sweetness.*

2. **YOU MIGHT** well ask your most understanding bartender, too...

3. **THEN,** because it's ten-to-one they'll all say "Paul Jones," get yourself a bottle of this grand DRY whiskey.

4. **OF COURSE** the next problem is to get a glass. But if you've really got your heart in this matter, it shouldn't be *too* hard.

5. **NATURALLY,** you *can* also get ice and soda, or plain water if you like...

6. **BUT ALL** that's actually *necessary* now is to pour a spot of Paul Jones into your glass—and *taste* it!

7. **THERE!** What did we tell you—what did *everybody* tell you! Isn't Paul Jones a truly DRY whiskey—without the slightest *trace* of sweetness?

8. **AND** hasn't this pleasant investigation proven that Paul Jones' delightful DRYNESS is only one of *many* fine qualities—that it deserves to be *your* friend for life? We *thought* so!

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY

DRY means not sweet

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(*Continued from page 20*) But not for long. National tension rose. In 1915 the Lusitania went down. Less than two years later the United States declared war on Germany. Voices which had been singing I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier were overwhelmed by military bands blaring Over There and Tipperary and Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag. The Red Cross needed volunteer women now—needed them desperately to nurse men who went off gaily singing Good-by, Broadway—Hello, France, and Where Do We Go from Here, Boys?

So, on a night early in July, 1917, Fair Antler, quite smart in her new uniform, kissed the pale and shaken Frederick good-by and sailed away overseas. . . .

A NURSE glanced into the bedroom door. " Fair," she said, " there's a Lieutenant Somebody-or-Other asking for you downstairs."

Fair Antler, in starched white, lay limp on a cot, one arm thrown across closed eyes. After long duty she was exhausted; too spent to find relief even in sleep.

" What does the lieutenant want? " she asked wearily.

" Haven't the faintest idea. Better go down."

Fair rose with an effort. There was a small mirror in the room, and when she had drawn the shade and turned the light of the dim bulb on herself, she combed back her hair. Then she put on her cape and went down the dark steps on her toes. The château converted to a hospital was unusually quiet tonight. Nobody in it was moaning. For that matter, the entire village of Chambert-sur-Marne was silent. Some nights you could hear the distant growl of cannon, like a threatening thunderstorm; and if you looked eastward you could detect faint flashes, as of heat lightning, over the horizon. Fair had known eight months of it.

But tonight everything was hushed.

There was no longer any reception room in the hospital; it had been filled with cots for the wounded. Visitors had to be greeted now in the small garden which was carefully, even fondly, tended by those invalids who could move among the flowers. When Fair stepped out of the door, she saw no one. Faint moonlight poured through a sieve of scudding clouds that promised rain, and the garden was shadowy, laden with the fragrance of early roses. Then from under a tree a man approached.

With a wild start she recognized that big silhouette; recognized the easy swing of his walk, the way he held his head.

" Andy! " she gasped.

Lieutenant Andrew Light took off his overseas cap. She saw now that he was smiling; not his old carefree grin, but still a smile. He whispered in his deep voice, " Hello, Fair."

They stared at each other, and her heart suddenly hammered. He caught her in his arms, softly laughing.

" Andy! " she repeated, breathless. " Oh, Andy, *Andy!* How did you ever—"

" I used most of a ten-day furlough to hunt you up. Had to go all the way to Paris to find out where they'd sent you. And here I am—with only four days left."

" You've been at the *front?* "

He nodded, still smiling.

" Wounded? " Anxiety trembled in the word.

" Not even a scratch. They overlooked me."

She gazed up yearningly into his muscular face, and realized then, beyond all denial, that she loved Andy Light. She had loved him for years. Always. . . . Or was she mistaking this ecstasy of seeing an old friend for love? . . . Oh, what did it matter! What did anything matter? Take happiness. Don't question it. They sat down on a stone bench—the same bench that was the favorite spot of grinning, one-armed Private Cliff MacDonald, who made a point of humming every time Fair passed:

" I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse . . ."

While they studied each other with a kind of joyous eagerness, there seemed to be no words quite adequate to this occasion. Andy's face, she saw, was graver and older than it had been. One aged quickly during a war. . . .

"It's more than a year," he said, taking her hands in his, "since I last saw you—since I last asked you to marry me."

She urged, "Tell me about yourself, Andy. Oh, tell me *everything!*"

He seemed reluctant to talk about the battles he had fought in, but he spoke quite freely of the days before he'd gone to the front. . . . They had been sitting there half an hour before he glanced at his wrist watch.

"Look, Fair," he said. "When do you go back on duty?"

"Not until six in the morning. Oh, let's forget time! I want to hear all about—"

"Would you mind hearing it"—he grinned in his old-time way—"over some vegetables? I haven't seen food since seven this morning. I put up at the little hotel in the village when I came an hour ago, and the woman promised to cook me some dinner. Will they let you come down there?"

"Of course!"

She rose at once. She no longer wanted sleep. As she walked along the dark road with Andy, buoyantly, her arm in his, her cape swinging, she wanted nothing but to hear his deep, pleasant voice. A few drops of rain fell, but she hardly noticed them. It was June, and the night was warm, and the scent of roses seemed to follow them even under the few remaining trees.

Here and there, in the shadows, they passed uniformed men, all Americans billeted in Chambert-sur-Marne. They saluted Andy. Most of them were walking back from the village. But when they entered the dining room of the small hotel, it was still crowded with doughboys who had made a canteen of the place. They smiled at the newcomers and Lieutenant Light waved at them. Fair saw one or two fellow nurses and a Salvation Army lassie who was passing out cigarettes. At a toneless piano in a corner a quartet was singing K-K-K-Katy, and followed it immediately with Mademoiselle from Armentières.

ANDY scarcely glanced at his food. Now that they were in a lighted room, he seemed intent only on her face. It was pale, yet lovelier than ever, he thought. More thoughtful, wiser. At twenty-five Fair had attained the beauty of young maturity.

"You know what I feel like doing?" he said suddenly. "I'm going to propose again."

She laughed, "Don't, Andy."

"Still the uncompromising feminist?"

"More than ever. After this war America will realize that women have *earned* their right to equality. And some of us will have to make America listen. That's to be my job."

"Couldn't you make America listen if you were married?" he chided.

She gazed at him earnestly. If he had only guessed it, she was nearer to yielding at this moment than she had ever been before. Her nerves were tingling; she was unutterably happy beside him. Had he dragged her to the village *maire* and demanded an instant wedding, on the plea that he was returning to the front, that this might be his last chance . . . But Andy didn't. Such tactics probably didn't occur to him. And Fair found herself thinking again, for a fleeting instant, of Lawrence Cornish. It made her remember her determination to go on alone, rising by her own efforts, without benefit of any man's help. . . . She shook her head.

"No, Andy, no. Let's not spoil tonight by arguing it all out again."

"If only you could know—could *feel*—how I love you—how I've loved you for years—"

"I—I'm pretty fond of you, too, Andy. But I can't let it change my mind."

The men around the piano had become quite noisy. There were a dozen of them now hoarsely wailing, "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!" Andrew Light could endure no more of it.

"Let's get out of here," he pleaded, rising. "I—I want to talk to you. I can't in this bedlam."

"You haven't finished eating—"

"I've had enough. Come on."

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He reached simultaneously for his cap and her hand and all but pulled her out of the room. They emerged in a small dimly lit foyer with a desk in a corner and, on the wall beyond it, a picture of Marshal Joffre. The place was empty. Rain hammered on the window. Before she could draw a full breath, Andy took her into his arms and pressed a hard kiss on her lips. It was a kiss that made her reel and sway. It seemed to melt her knees, to numb her mind. . . . When at last he released her, he was husky.

"I've dreamed of this for more than a year," he whispered. "I've held you in my arms like this a thousand times—in dugouts and trenches and mud, and once even in a shell hole when I thought I was kissing you good-by—and the fellow beside me kicked me and told me to shut up because I was saying your name aloud . . ."

She looked into his tortured face and thought desperately, Andy, dearest Andy, if only you knew how hard it is for me to remain so determined! I love you, too; I do—oh, I do! I think I've always loved you. And I don't want to be cruel to you. But I've got to go on alone. I've got to be faithful to myself. . . .

He turned and opened the door. Outside it was pouring. A heavy, vertical rain. They looked out together, silent. They couldn't walk in that. And they couldn't find a place to talk in the hospital. And they couldn't go back to sit among the noisy doughboys in the dining room.

Andy shut the door and took her hand. "I guess my room is the only place left," he said.

Tears threatened her eyes as she went up the stairs with him. It wasn't that she felt unhappy. On the contrary, she knew a sense of joyous elation that sent a wave of warmth through her whole being; it was joy that actually hurt. For merely to be with Andy was glorious.

In his small room, he drew down the window shade before switching on the tiny light. You had to do that as a precaution against air raids. As she watched him, Fair let her cape fall into a chair.

At last he turned to her. He started to speak, but the words died. He simply looked at her, as if to let his eyes luxuriate in the spell of her loveliness. After a time Andy raised his arms, and Fair slowly went to him. She felt herself crushed in his embrace.

"Fair," he whispered, "Fair darling."

She had to close her eyes, for the weakness that assailed her made her dizzy. Maybe war intensified your emotions as it intensified everything else. You lived desperately from minute to minute, holding nothing back. You thought always, This is the end. And perhaps it was. In a few days Andy would return to the Argonne. What if this hard, fierce body of his was shattered by a Boche shell? What if this *was* farewell? You couldn't know. You had to cling to every little bit of life that was left. You had to make the most of it.

She began sobbing as she buried her face against his chest. She didn't know why. Tears of despair came despite all her efforts to crush them back.

Andy lifted her chin and kissed each of her wet eyelids. Then he kissed her lips.

"Please, darling. There's nothing to cry about."

"I—I know. I j-just can't help it. I'm b-being silly."

"I love you so . . ."

This, she felt, was the climax of all life. This was the moment, it seemed, toward which every other moment of her existence had been yearning for twenty-five years. She knew, suddenly, that nothing mattered any more, except that she and Andy were here together, in the grip of a happiness that was as choking as anguish.

ALWAYS, in these past months, she had read casualty lists with a sense of bitter compassion. After Andy returned to the Argonne, however, it was different. She studied the lists with terror. Her heart beat furiously every time she read through the L sections.

But Andy's luck continued throughout the summer. In truth, she received reassuring letters from him—as many as she had from the worried Frederick in New York.

And of course she wrote to Andy. She wrote cheerfully and often. But she mentioned nothing at all about the thing which came to fill her with wonder and awe and a touch of panic. It would be futile to burden him with that while he was in the trenches. She wrote only, by way of preparing him for what was to happen, "I think I'm to be transferred to some other hospital this winter."

One morning Miss Porter, the chubby white-haired head nurse, summoned her into the office. Looking at her keenly, Miss Porter asked:

"Fair, what's the matter with you?"

At the beginning Fair attempted to appear perplexed. "Matter?" she repeated. "Why? What do you mean?"

"You've been sick every morning for weeks."

Fair's face lost color. So Miss Porter had noticed. She looked away, out through the window where men in wheel chairs, some holding crutches, sat in the garden.

"Tell me—" Miss Porter's voice was gentle and friendly. "You're going to have a baby, aren't you?"

And after a moment Fair, very pale, nodded.

She went to the window, stared out blindly. Queer little chills assailed her. Presently, to her astonishment, she felt Miss Porter's plump arm slip through hers. The elderly nurse, too, smiled out at the invalids.

"You poor child," she said. But there was neither pity nor censure in her tone; only understanding. After a long silence she added on a sigh, "Well, I'll be sorry to lose you. We'll have to arrange a leave."

FAIR faced her quickly. "Please—not yet. I'd like to go on here as long as I can. With so many men pouring in day after day, I just *can't* quit."

"Still, my dear, I can't keep you on indefinitely, don't you see? You won't like the feeling that men stare after you as you walk past, lifting their brows, maybe winking at each other. No. We'll have to send you home."

"Could I work in Paris awhile?" Fair's words were hurried. She didn't want to go home now. She wanted to be where Andy could come to her on his next furlough. "Perhaps some desk job for a few months? I could do that."

Miss Porter reassuringly squeezed her arm. "I'll do what I can," she promised.

It was heartening to encounter an attitude like hers. Women, Fair told herself with new courage, understood these things. They were infinitely more understanding than men. Miss Porter had the tact not even to question her about marriage. . . .

So, early in October, Fair sat at a desk in a Paris building that had been turned over to the American Red Cross. Her work was not difficult. She and a red-haired Miss Kennerly shared an office in which, principally, they kept records of the posts to which new nurses were assigned. It was a quiet task, but from the outset Fair had been warned by Miss Porter that she could not hope to keep the job very long.

"I won't want it for very long," she had answered, with a smile. She wanted it only until Andy could come to her here in Paris. Those were the days in which her resolution wavered; she used to lie in bed at night thinking, He'll want to marry me when he comes to Paris. And I'll say yes now. For the baby's sake and Andy's—and for dad's, too. I couldn't hurt any of them. She had, of course, written Andy about her transfer to Paris, but she hadn't yet mentioned the reason for it. So she waited patiently to learn how soon he'd have his leave.

On a morning in mid-October the news came.

Miss Kennerly, working in the office, heard a curious little sound like a gasp. She glanced up, startled, to see that Fair, at her desk, was utterly white. Her eyes were stunned. She sat staring at a paper.

"What's the trouble?" asked Miss Kennerly.

Fair didn't reply. She couldn't. Her throat felt paralyzed. She could only point.

In quick concern Miss Kennerly rose and crossed the office. She frowned over Fair's shoulder—at a casualty list. It was a list of men killed in action. Fair's finger still lay under a name in the L section. The name, Miss Kennerly saw, was *Lieutenant Andrew Light.*

What will be the effect on Fair of this tragic news? Can her courage surmount her despair? How will her promisingly brilliant career be affected by a "war baby"? Ahead of her there lies a tremendous mental and moral struggle, beginning in next week's Liberty.

DEAD ARMS and the LIVELY BALL

A revealing diagnosis of disaster on the diamond. Will '39 bring it again?

BY RED SMITH

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

IN the fifth inning of a game between the Boston Red Sox and Detroit Tigers on July 14, 1938, Robert Moses Grove halted abruptly in the middle of a wind-up. He stuffed his glove into a hip pocket and trudged toward the Boston dugout, the fingers of his right hand gingerly kneading the muscles of the most gifted left arm in modern baseball.

While Dr. Edward J. O'Brien, Jr., strove in vain to detect a pulse in the arm that had pitched 271 major-league victories, Grove grimaced at the newspapermen flocking into the clubhouse.

"Boys," he said, "she's dead as a herring."

It was the password admitting Lefty Grove to membership in the growing Society of Spavined Soupbones.

In virtually every major-league city similar scenes were enacted in 1938 as the renowned and inglorious, the rookies and veterans, joined the march toward partial or complete disability.

In New York it was the incomparable Carl Hubbell, drum major of the Giant pennant parades of 1936-37. The Yankees' Monte Pearson divided the summer between the pitching mound and sick bay. Brooklyn lost Van Lingle Mungo of the blazing temper and scorching fireball.

Cleveland's Johnny Allen, leading pitcher of the majors in 1937, went down with torn pronator radii teres muscles, otherwise described as a "muscular fracture" of the elbow.

Almost at the very beginning of Bob Feller's spectacular career there were long periods of inactivity while the Iowa adolescent fretted about disappearance of his fast ball.

On the Chicago Cubs' bench Dizzy Dean nursed his $185,000 arm while a teammate, Tex Carleton, with a wing that was possibly just as sore but vastly less celebrated, labored to such extent that the Cubs, as a mark of esteem, sent him to Milwaukee after the season closed.

Chicago's White Sox felt the loss of Monty Stratton, the promising youngster destined to lose a leg in a winter hunting accident, who suffered a pulled pitching muscle in a spring training game.

Schoolboy Rowe sat idle while his Detroit colleague, Tommy Bridges, pitched all season with the miseries cramping his money arm. In Cincinnati it was brilliant young Lee Grissom. In Houston, Dizzy Dean's brother Paul toiled up the comeback trail after a year and a half on the shelf.

Solemnly doctors diagnosed each ailment, gave each a different name —adhesions, ossefied cartilage, chipped bone, torn muscle, bursitis. But they all added up simply to this: As 1927 was the Year of Ruth, so 1938 was the Season of the Sore Arm. And 1939 will be no different, for whatever the causes were for last year's plague, nothing was done during the winter to remove them.

It is the opinion of many baseball men that there is a direct relation between the era of Ruth and the age of anguished pitchers. Ever since the Babe's home runs started drawing thousands to the box office, the accent has been placed on hitting, the burden shifted to the defense.

Scouts comb the shrubbery for broad-backs who can massage that potato. Baseball legislation in recent years has been designed to help the batter at the expense of the hurler. Umpires are instructed to discard slightly scuffed balls, substituting glossy new ones, which the pitcher finds harder to control, the batter easier to see. And, despite long agitation, nothing tangible is done toward decreasing the explosive content of the ball.

Club owners know pitching represents at least 70 per cent of their teams' success, yet in their eagerness to draw more at the gate they persist in placing an intolerable burden on their pitchers. Take it from managers and players, they're killing the goose that throws that golden egg.

President Ford Frick of the National League made this point last summer. The lively ball, he declared, was ruining pitchers. Knowing that even ordinary hitters could drive the rabbit ball off the premises if they met it squarely, the pitcher must "bear down" with every delivery, putting into each pitch more than the human arm can spare for long.

Gabby Street, a veteran of thirty-

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"Even a flyweight can have a heavyweight breath! Score a knock-out on yours with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"

"There is something new under the sun—and I don't mean me! It's the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS—try them!"

"When I want a different flavor, I go for BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. They're SO refreshing! So GOOD! So butter-rummy!"

"Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!"

13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢

nine baseball years who hadn't then been fired as manager of the Browns, thought another by-product of the profit motive was partly responsible. In his day, Gabby said, a man really had to powder the ball to reach the distant fences. But in modern times accommodations for paying guests have been expanded. Now pop flies drop into the encroaching stands for home runs.

"And they've got to ease up on pitching restrictions," contended Street, who as a catcher handled the spitball, the emery ball, the mud ball, and the shiner. "If the spitter isn't given back to the pitcher, they'll have to dig bigger graveyards every season for dead arms.

"The spitball would give pitchers a dependable weapon in the clutch. They could ease up now and then. At times they could fake with the spitter, and throw something else. It's got to come back."

Most ailing major leaguers visiting Philadelphia consult Dr. Charles J. Van Ronk, successor to the late "Bonesetter" Reese in the esteem of baseball's rank and file. The epidemic, predicts this intimate of the biceps and carpus, will continue as long as pitchers must bear the threefold burden of the lively ball, overwork, and their own ignorance of how to protect themselves.

Why have the stars been the chief sufferers?

"Because," Dr. Van Ronk says, "of the scarcity of good pitchers, the absence of balanced staffs. You can count on one hand the managers lucky enough to have more than one pitcher capable of winning consistently through a season. When injury to one arm further reduces the staff, the load becomes heavier for the able-bodied few who are left. In virtually every case I treated last summer I discovered a condition of fatigue induced by the strain of overwork."

Twenty-eight muscles, large and small, the doctor explains, share the job of putting the hump on the high hard one or the spin on the curve. The smaller muscles require the longer rest to recover from fatigue, and if even the smallest is overburdened while fatigued, injury may result.

"Pitchers," he warns, "should quit at the first twinge. But they don't. They want to stay in there and win."

The venerable Connie Mack added his bit:

"I always tell a young fellow to hold back about a quarter of his stuff until he learns to mix his pitches," the dean of managers says. "If he pitches 'all out,' he stands a chance of wearing out the arm before he really knows how to use it."

BUT Connie is unmoved by the current furor. Arms of veterans like Grove and Hubbell have to go sometime, he says. As for the complaints of mill-run hurlers, he smiles tolerantly.

"You know how human nature is. When a young fellow gets a few good lacings, he has to find something to blame his troubles on. We're just having a shortage of good pitchers these days. A few years ago we were all looking for third basemen; today the woods are full of 'em, but we can't find pitchers. A few years from now we'll have plenty of pitchers and no shortstops."

So you can't be sure. The managers whose livelihood depends to a large extent on the success of their pitchers, aren't of one mind. Casey Stengel of the Boston Bees, Del Baker of Detroit, and Bill McKechnie of the Cincinnati Reds, agree with those who believe the ball is at least partly to blame. Jimmy Dykes doubts that pitchers warm up sufficiently before starting to bear down. All know the problem is not new. It wasn't new the day in 1897 when Amos Rusie—of whose whistling pitches awed young John McGraw said, "You can't hit 'em if you can't see 'em"—tried to trap Lange of Chicago off first base with a quick trick throw.

He heard something snap in the arm that had pitched 224 games in four seasons, the arm that had set an all-time strike-out record of 345 in one summer, the arm that was celebrated on every sports page in the country. He was done as a winner then and there.

Scores have followed his route out. Greater than ever before was the exodus of 1938. Greater still, perhaps, will be that of 1939. Will it be Johnny Vander Meer, "Red" Ruffing, Bill Lee? The fear of it is on them all.

THE END

ROBERT A. CAMERON

"WE WON'T FIGHT," say COLLEGE YOUTHS

BY BETSEY BARTON

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WILL American youth fight for America? Here is their answer—secured through a national college poll at the height of the most recent war scare.

HOW DO *YOU* FEEL ABOUT WAR?

Here are the questions answered by the students in over fifty of the nation's leading colleges and universities. How would *you* answer them?

1. If the United States became involved in a war in Europe or Asia, would you (*a*) volunteer, (*b*) wait for draft, (*c*) or refuse to fight? Why?

2. If the United States were invaded, would you (*a*) volunteer, (*b*) wait for draft, (*c*) or refuse to fight? Why?

3. Do you think there is going to be another World War? When? What will be the underlying cause? Will the United States be actively involved?

4. What, in your opinion, is the best way for the United States to stay out of war?

5. What do you think the last World War proved?

6. Which of these would you fight for; which against: (*a*) Fascism, (*b*) Communism, and (*c*) democracy?

7. Please write your general comments on the present European situation.

"Will you fight if we get mixed up in another war?" I asked my brother, who is just out of college.

"That depends on what the other guys do," he answered. "I'll refuse if they stick by me and refuse too."

"How about the other guys?" I asked. "How do they feel about war?"

"Why don't you ask them?" my brother said.

So I did.

I enlisted the help of William Sloan. He is a young member of one of the country's leading advertising agencies.

We made up a sample questionnaire and tested it at

A Congressman's daughter assembles some startling views on going to war

Northwestern University. It wasn't right at first. We made changes and tested it again, until we found seven key questions that would give us the answer. We sent these questionnaires to representative colleges of the country. Replies came back from over fifty of the leading colleges and universities. They were signed by students from every state in the Union.

Here is what we found out:

The echoes of the last war have torn the veil of blind, unreasoning patriotism from the eyes of future young soldiers. For if we are drawn into a foreign war, only *18 per cent* of the students polled will volunteer. *Thirty-nine per cent* will wait to be forced to go by draft. And the largest number, *43 per cent,* will refuse to fight.

Seventy-eight per cent of the students believe there is going to be another World War. They believe it will come within the next five years. More than half of them believe we will be involved. A fourth of them believe we will not be. And *18 per cent* hope not, or don't dare say.

The majority of these American college students believe that this new war will be caused by the greed of militarists and munitions makers. And that it will occur when the democracies can make no further concessions to the dictatorships.

HERE are other causes given for the next World War:

"The race for armaments."

"Propaganda."

"Conflict between Fascism and Communism."

"World revolution in dictator-oppressed countries."

"Competitive, capitalist systems."

"Unreasoning nationalism and imperialism, both political and economical."

"Complications developing from World War treaties."

"European nations playing power solitaire."

Thus the attitude of college youth toward war. It is knowing and apprehensive. It is different from the attitude of the last war generation. The world seemed secure then. Personal liberty had never been so great. This continent was expanding rapidly. It was prosperous. Men were setting up new businesses every day.

In Our Times, Mark Sullivan says: "America was self-contained and self-contented. Our sense of remoteness from Europe, habitual at all times, our preoccupation with our own concerns, had been accentuated during several years. . . ." Americans were busy with "forbidding labor by children, limiting employment of women in factories, prohibiting the sale and manufacture of alcoholic drinks, giving women the suffrage, and enlarging the direct participation of all citizens in the mechanisms of direct government."

War shattered the altruism of that generation. It found America mentally unprepared for it. The next World War will not come as a shock to this generation. They know, better than any generation before them, what war means. Ever since the armistice the youth of today have had the horror of war drummed into them through the press, radio, movies, books, lectures, and professors. They know the unheroic stupidity of trench warfare. They know that modern wars prove nothing.

They say: "Modern war is victoryless and futile. Everything that was supposedly accomplished by that world conflagration twenty years ago has since been undone. The armies and navies that were decreased have been rebuilt and increased. The partition of Europe at Versailles has furnished the powder for another explosion. The League of Nations has been derided and humiliated in its every major decision, so that now its sanctions lack teeth.

"Another World War would kill democracy. Democracy cannot be saved by war. Crushing the defeated Powers results in political feeling contrary to the possibility of freedom for the individual and peace for the world. Since that momentous four years of battling, three of the greatest dictatorships in history have come into being."

Are the students who refuse to go to war all pacifists? No. They are simply opposed to war.

There are many pacifist and peace societies in colleges and universities in the United States. One of the largest of these is the American Student Union. Its purpose is mainly to discuss subjects such as labor, capital, strikes, war and peace in preparation of material for the classroom. Pledges taken by students not to fight for any cause, such as the Oxford Oath, have been dropped. The peace societies are operated by small quiet groups of students. They become campus leaders only when the newspaper headlines scream out a war scare.

Most of the students find peace societies ineffective. Here is what they say in the Variety News at the University of Detroit:

"Students joyfully assemble about some convenient stump . . . orators regale . . . splendid speeches born of and nursed upon hate, ending every other curse with the refrain, 'Do we want war?' A chorus of 'nays,' 'merciful-heavens-noes,' and 'I-should-say-nots' is raised in vehement answer . . . a collection is taken up for war refugees or other Union expenses, some resolutions advocating peace at all costs are passed. Then everybody calls it an intelligent day and goes back to class with the warlike conviction that the only thing in either hemisphere worth fighting is Fascism."

"This is the most fertile land for peace societies. Yet in the World War they were among the most persistent lobbyists in favor of our entrance." *Yale.*

"The Amherst Peace Council is most sincere . . . but confined in its effectiveness . . . students may attend peace rallies every day and shout 'Something must be done.' Yet dictators will arise and threaten the world with war and armies will march against nations." *Amherst.*

Is there anything American college youth would fight for? Yes. They would fight for democracy. *Thirty-one per cent* would fight against Fascism. This same group would fight for the Communistic ideal, not Communism as practiced in Russia. And *6 per cent* would fight for Fascism. The hatred of Fascism is shown to be much greater than that of Communism.

The students polled believed that the ideal of democracy should be carried out in our foreign affairs. They think we should not meddle abroad, however, until we have cleaned up our own back yard. And we must do everything to try and prevent being drawn into war. The majority favor isolation and neutrality for this purpose. *Twenty-one per cent* are against the isolationist policy.

"THE best way for the United States to stay out of war," say most of the students, "is to remain neutral. Refuse to supply warring countries with materials or money loans. Have a strong Chief Executive who is determined to keep us out of war. Refuse to protect United States citizens who will not leave war zones. Confine economic activities to the Western Hemisphere. Do not try and save our foreign interests. Keep the public informed of both sides of the actual situation through a press which, though free, will not overplay alarming news. Have propaganda identified as such. Educate public opinion against war and propaganda. During war adopt a self-sufficient trade policy. Have the government control munitions and all productions to prevent war profiteering. Maintain a strong army and navy and strongly fortified bases in the Pacific. Have a national vote on war before allowing Congress to make any decisions."

"We believe the United States could not stay out of war anywhere," say the rest of the students. "We consider keeping America out of war necessitates keeping war out of the world by strengthening democratic institutions everywhere and placing the influence of the United States, in co-operation with other nations and alone, to correct economic, social, and political injustices, to oppose aggression and persecution by every possible peaceful means, and to build an international law and order which will be permanent, just, and unselfish."

The plans stated above are for the nation. If the United States were involved in another foreign war, many individuals would still try to get out of having to fight. In a poll conducted by the Buffalo Bee at Buffalo University, *21 per cent* of the students polled said they would marry to avoid the draft. Other subterfuges given were: "Join an antiwar league." "Cut off two fingers." "State my views." "Get a government position." "Stand pat."

" Change my name and address."
" Close the door."

This survey uncovered a remarkable knowledge of foreign affairs among the students. They view the European situation with intelligent concern. Their opinions are various. I quote:

" I believe Chamberlain took the only course possible." *Yale.*

" The effect of the Versailles Treaty is a mere excuse for war." *Northwestern University.*

" Europe will never have peace until there are just a few large states." *University of North Dakota.*

" We must guard ourselves against trouble at home and watch quietly for the present." *University of Colorado.*

" Countries should be formed by cultures and peoples, not statesmen and economists." *Duke.*

" Hitler is aiming at European supremacy. The Ukraine is next destined for annexation." *Smith.*

" There is no clearing up in sight unless Hitler dies. Then the outward appearance of Germany will crumble and the rotten economic set-up will cause ruin." *Princeton.*

" We will never attain the status we had before the last world war. Instead of attempting to put things right from that angle we should carefully examine what we have on hand and try to cope with the situation, using different methods." *Bucknell.*

OUR duty is to rally public opinion to force our government to put a stop to the wars which are going on in the world today and to prevent further aggression. The principles of the League of Nations must be applied." *University of Maryland.*

" If we had gotten together as the League of Nations intended, the bluff without bloodshed would have been stopped. Mussolini, then Japan, and now Hitler would never have dared attempt it." *Sarah Lawrence.*

" If England goes to war she wants to win, no matter what the cost. She has chosen a relationship with a government she despises and left France on her own." *Villanova.*

" Man is happiest out of war. If it is necessary for him to gain that happiness by enduring political embarrassment, he must submit to the domination of another." *Southern Methodist.*

" Who cares? We are over here, not over there. Take care of U. S. A." *Loyola.*

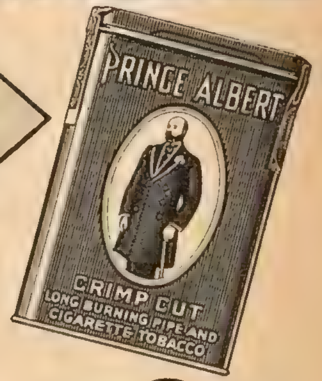
Perhaps the general feeling of American college youth toward the European situation is best expressed by the gentleman from Brown University who said: " It stinks."

Although they think invasion improbable, these students are willing to fight if any foreign nation should attack our shores. *Sixty-nine per cent* of them would volunteer immediately; *22 per cent* would wait for draft; and only *9 per cent* would refuse. This attitude is important. The Monroe Doctrine ties us up to help defend South America. We might well consider an attack upon South America

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
HIGHWAYS AND HORIZONS EXHIBIT
THIS IS A MOST SPECTACULAR EXHIBIT, JUDGE. IT TAKES ONLY 15 MINUTES TO SEE THE AMERICA OF 1960 ALONG HUNDREDS OF MILES OF EXPRESS HIGHWAYS—
ARE WE IN A HURRY? I'D LIKE TO STAND OUT IN THE SUN A WHILE AND ENJOY A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
THAT'S A GRAND IDEA. I'M GOING TO LOAD UP WITH P.A. TOO!
THIS EXHIBIT IS IN MODEL FORM, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING FROM THESE ELEVATED MOVING CHAIRS
YOU MEAN WE'LL HAVE HIGHWAYS LIKE THIS IN 1960?
WELL, THAT'S JUST ONE IDEA OF WHAT THEY MAY BE LIKE
MECHANICAL VOICE IN BACK OF CHAIRS
HERE, THE EXPRESS HIGHWAY OF 1960 PASSES AN INDUSTRIAL SECTION
—BUT THINGS MOVE SO FAST, IT'S HARD TO PREDICT EXACTLY WHAT'S TO COME IN 1960
THANK GOODNESS THERE'S ONE THING WE PIPE-SMOKERS CAN ALWAYS BE SURE OF—THAT'S A MILD, TASTY SMOKE EVERY TIME WITH PRINCE ALBERT
NOW THE HIGHWAY SPANS A DEEP GORGE
WELL, I'M GLAD TOO THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL 1960 FOR THE PLEASURE PRINCE ALBERT PUTS IN A PIPE
ON ELEVATED SIDEWALK — CITY OF 1960 (ACTUAL SIZE)
WE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS HAVE A BIG EDGE ON THE REST OF THE WORLD. WE'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO PUT A LOT MORE ENJOYMENT INTO OUR DAY
YOU BET, JUDGE! THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.

THE "THEME" FOR SMOKING JOY

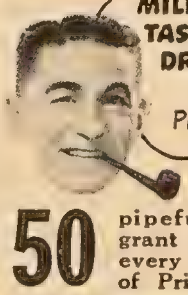
SO MILD—SO TASTY


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

NO-RISK OFFER STILL GOES

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.


WHETHER YOU TALK MILDNESS, RICH TASTE, OR EASY DRAWING YOU'RE TALKING PRINCE ALBERT!

P.A.'S ONE SWELL 'MAKIN'S' PARTNER TOO. ROLLS FASTER, SMOKES MELLOWER-AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Swing's Super Saxist—
JIMMY DORSEY
says

I CAN'T 'SEND' WITH A HEADACHE, JITTERY NERVES. BROMO-SELTZER BRINGS A SWEET RELIEF TO BOTH—HELPS ME TO GET 'IN THE GROOVE'

STAGE SHOWS, radio, night-club dates keep Jimmy Dorsey and his band on the jump. "Add rehearsals," says Jimmy, "you'll see why I appreciate Bromo-Seltzer."

Headache strains your Nerves

Headache puts a real strain on your nerves. That's why it is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . ease *pain* —steady your *nerves*. Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors proved this.

Take Bromo-Seltzer.* Keep it at home always. Buy it at any drugstore—soda fountain.

**For frequent or persistent headaches see a doctor. For ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

BROMO-SELTZER
Relieves **Headache**—calms your **Nerves**

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

an invasion. And the threat of Fascism would then be a reality.

This survey was made at the height of the last war scare. It shows a surprising lack of hysteria. This is to the good. For an opinion or a conviction, to be of any value, must stay firm in time of stress. The importance of this was shown too clearly by the last war. America was in a key position then. Appeals from the Allies were addressed to us. We didn't hear much of the other side because Germany was unable to communicate with us. We heard only English propaganda. We were regaled with atrocity stories.

And our press did not help our resistance any more than that of England. For after the sinking of the Lusitania, our writers went wild. They aroused public opinion.

In the next war the resistance of youth to this propaganda will have to be strong. For the same appeals, more efficiently organized, will be used again, as will our love for democracy. The mistreatment of minorities will be cited. Nobility and religion will be again invoked. And our war will be called a crusade for an ideology this time, with us in front as knights in shining olive drab.

What do all these convictions of youth show? They show that American college youth has been educated as much as possible for continued peace. Even military training, our survey found, does not make willing soldiers. More than a third of the students polled are members of the R. O. T. C. Yet they dislike the R. O. T. C. They call the course a " cinch " or " pip " and take it rather than take something in which they might have to use their brains.

SINCE pacifist societies are unconstructive, these young people must find another means to prevent war and to keep an attitude of war from seeping into this country. Humor is often indicative of deeper meaning. The time is ripe for a constructive movement, a unified movement for peace preservation. This movement must be seated among the college young. Although they constitute but *5 per cent* of the young people in the United States between the war ages of eighteen and thirty, this 5 per cent will be the thinkers and talkers among their less educated contemporaries in the event of any crisis.

How can these young people deliberately organize peace? There are two approaches: through the individual and through the nation.

First of all, the individual must be awakened to the fact that government comes from within, and that democracy depends on him as a responsible and self-sufficient person. Individuals are not pugnacious when it comes to modern impersonal warfare. They have to be drafted before they will go. The draft has to be disguised as the " will of God " before it is palatable. And even then the drafted try to get out of fighting, as did 11 per cent of them in the last war, by deserting. The kindness in men should be catered to rather than their latent warring instincts.

The importance of peace education comes in here. For the minds of the young are easily molded. Tests conducted at Purdue University last spring by Professor Remmers found that attitudes can be measured and changed. He says: " Measurable and significant changes in socially important attitudes can be produced in upper elementary grades and at high-school level in as little as fifteen minutes of instructional activity. Factors influencing the incidental acquisition of attitudes (such as attitudes toward political decisions) can be evaluated, and the attitude toward such decisions is much more favorable under pupil self-government than otherwise. Once changed, an attitude persists as changed."

INCIDENTAL learning, not classroom propaganda, was proved by these tests to be more effective. There are several organizations at work trying to make that " incidental learning " into peace learning. The Syracuse Peace Council and its sister councils are working for the introduction of more peace education in schools. World Peaceways reached 20,000,000 people last year through their antiwar advertising campaign running in newspapers and magazines. The Committee on Militarism in Education works against the establishment of new R. O. T. C. units. It has helped discontinue 20 per cent of them since 1923. The World Youth Congress is internationally represented by the young and works for peace.

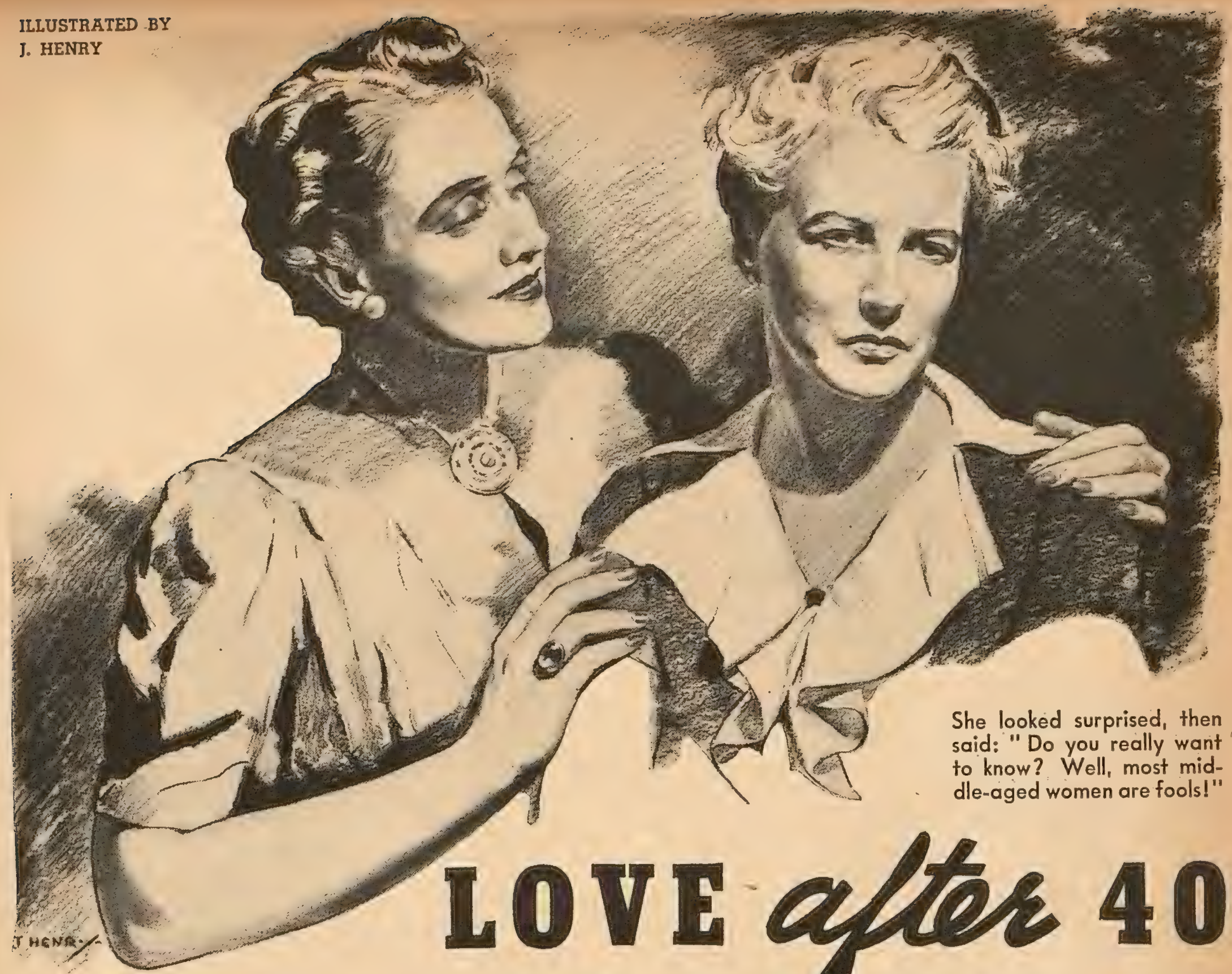
What youth wants in the way of peace insurance is well expressed by George Skinner, editor of the Miami Student. He and his friends don't expect youth to be allowed to vote on war. He says, " What we would like to see is an organization of the youth of America into a vast lobbying group which could exert its influence on issues affecting young people as directly as does the war question. It might be likened to a glorified labor union bargaining for *lives* instead of wages."

The second approach to planned peace is taking form in the activities of the nation itself. Our trade agreements with Great Britain, with Cuba, and with the states of South and Central America are hopeful signs. Our geographical position is always helpful. It enables us to hold off from war anywhere and deliberate our course.

The nation as a whole recognizes the terrors of war. It recognizes that civilians in wartime are no longer sacred. And it must recognize the voice of young America, the voice raised against war. The young lost in war are irreplaceable. America wants no more " missing generations." Recognition by the nation of youth's stand for peace will strengthen it. And it should be strengthened. For every one knows that the next war will be like the last one—only more so.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. HENRY



She looked surprised, then said: "Do you really want to know? Well, most middle-aged women are fools!"

LOVE *after* 40

As told to CLARA BELLE THOMPSON and MARGARET LUKES WISE

Plain talk to women of all ages! The eye-opening, candid chronicle of a wife's rejuvenated romance

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THREE months ago I stopped being a fool. I know now that married life after forty is not wrecked by any dictate of Dame Nature, working to the detriment of women. One day I woke up to myself.

Joe was in his usual pre-breakfast mood, dour, grim, with little to say. For ages there had been no early-morning small talk. If I happened to be awake, I might make a remark or two, but they seemed scarcely worth the bother. Joe stumbled over my slippers and kicked them out of the way. Still muttering, he shot the window blinds to the top. "We are just habit to each other, aren't we, Joe?" I threw in bitterly.

"No!" answered Joe. "We're a pain in the neck!"

I was now wide awake, and it was true. Why, I did not even take the trouble to like that man whose breakfast I was getting and who presently came barging down the stairs for it. I was glad when he had to fly to Chicago or when business took him to Toronto. Yet here I was, brooding over the fact that, because I was falling heir to the fate of every middle-aged daughter of Eve, I was losing my husband.

The thought struck me forcibly for the first time. Was Joe drifting away because Lady Nature puts a jinx on women in their middle years, or was I pushing Joe right out the front door with both hands by my stupid indifference?

That morning I determined to stop leaning on old wives' tales and begin research on new wives' points of view. I began to study myself.

I was a fretful, discontented woman over forty—typical, I might say, of several million mature American wives whose children were grown and had interests of their own. I did not for a moment contemplate divorce. Single blessedness has no illusions for me, and the thought of having to be coy and beautiful and desirable at my age until some other man might want to marry me seemed a job too big for me to handle. No, my problem was not that. It was myself and Joe.

To my husband I was *a pain in the neck.* And I had twenty or thirty more years to live, years that stretched ahead like forever. I sat myself down in a straight-backed chair and figured it out honestly. Here I was, with one husband making a perfectly decent salary; I intended to hang on to him; I wanted a little fun, but most of all I wanted him in love with me again. But how to do it? And right away I thought of Emily.

If there is one woman in our club whose husband adores her, that woman is Emily. And she has been married at least five years longer than I.

I called her up and asked her to tea that same afternoon. I put my problem up to her right away, and told her why I had called her. Emily looked a little surprised, then said: "Do you really want to know? Well, don't get mad when I say it, but most middle-aged women are fools!"

Then Emily went to bat. She said that so many women talked about the forties being a difficult time, they coddled themselves, worried themselves sick. "That is all pure bosh," she said, and then she told me about three women we both knew. And every one of them had saved her home, and every one had had problems just like mine.

There was Alice Moore. I had never known that she came near to losing Jack to his stenographer downtown. And I had never known that her family doctor gave her the worst bawling out of her life the time when she went to him for sympathy.

"The idea of any woman your age and of your experience letting her husband walk off with some young whippersnapper! There's no physical basis in the world for believing that a woman, just because she has reached middle age, must resign herself to being a sister to her husband while he marches off with a younger damsel. It's all in your mind! Why do you think the Peggy Joyces keep on marrying? Why did Jack marry you in the first place? Because he loved you! He was attracted to you. And that's what love is—attraction, part physical and part spiritual. Now, young lady, just you forget your nerves and your health. You march right back twenty years to the first year of your marriage, and become again the alluring creature that that man won. And stay that way!"

So that's what cured her case of over-forty nerves!

BUT a bigger surprise was Edith. If any woman ever made a home attractive for her husband, she did. She slaved for Bob! Why, she was practically worn to the bone. Now what? Well, Bob came home one day, picked up cigarette trays and threw ashes all over the rugs, shouting: "Oh, hell! You're so tired and worn out you don't even know I'm home! I can afford help. Get a girl—get two girls if you need them! But, in heaven's name, be alive! Get some pep! I'm sick of this coming home every night to a morgue!"

It could easily have landed in the divorce court. And if it had, Emily pointed out, every one would have said that success had gone to Bob's head. Instead of appreciating Edith, he was shelving her now for a younger woman. The truth was that it was Edith who had flunked. Like most men who win success in business, Bob demanded success in love. The fact that Edith was growing older figured in this marriage fiasco not at all. Blind to the needs of her brilliant, vital husband, she was letting everything slip away.

But it did not slip away—because a stunned Edith frenziedly did a right-about-face. New clothes, a permanent, elusive perfume, a book-review club—and a maid. That combination gave Bob a wife more charming by far than she had been ten years before.

Then Emily told me about the third woman. It was herself. "You never would have believed it," she said. "But one day George told me to my face that I was the coldest woman he had ever met in his life."

It was another case of the horse-and-buggy days and of the old taboos. A reticence in her parents, a skirting around the subject, and a feeling that there was something basically ignoble in love. Not only did this clouded, untutored attitude color her whole marriage, but by the time she reached forty-five it was heading it straight for the rocks. That was why she was willing to be so specific with me.

Well, she read, she studied, she talked to specialists, and what she learned completely changed her attitude of mind. She now saw beauty in the marriage relation, and dignity and fulfillment. So the happiness of Emily and George is today not a surface happiness but one that motivates their whole life.

That was not all, though; for before Emily left I said: "Tell me, just what would you do if you were I?"

And for a starter she told me this. She said: "First, I'd make a point one night each week of pretending that it is not Joe who is coming home to dinner, but some fascinating stranger whom you have been dying to meet. What would you say? What would you do? Well, let everything you do and say be directed toward getting this man interested in you and wanting to come back."

I had asked for advice from an expert, and there it was. It was up to me to take it. So I decided that this coming Wednesday Joe was going to be my date. And the big point in my favor was that I knew his every weakness. For one thing, he was a nut on current events. He almost ate his newspaper up.

So on Wednesday afternoon I bought the night extra edition of the Daily Herald. It was hard going, but I made myself dig over that front page and I got a pretty good idea of what those headlines meant.

That night, instead of jumping up from the table and starting to clear away the dishes as I always did, I turned to Joe and said: "What do you think is going to happen, Joe, with this new ban the Spanish government has just clamped on?"

And right that minute there vanished from the table the usual food-filled husband, and in his place was a man eager, alert, and brimful of news and facts. And I listened, too!

When I finally got around to clearing the table, Joe was up too, carrying out the dishes so he could still keep on talking. All of a sudden he said: "Listen, honey. Let's let these dishes go! There's a newsreel at the Princess that will give you the real dope on this Spanish situation. Shake a leg and we'll see it!"

Since it was a date, I went, and the dishes waited.

Maybe, with Joe so vivid and alive, it made me that way, too. For when we got home he took me in his arms and kissed me in a way he had not kissed me for years.

WELL, that's the moment I woke up! I realized that in this man I had married I had the most wonderful husband in the world. He was not just a meal ticket, a charge account, or my social security. Neither did he care whether I was twenty or fifty. It certainly was up to me. His whole future and mine lay there in my hands. I could either make him irritable, grouchy, tired, bored, maybe even drive him to some other woman, or I could make him happy. But the reconstruction job was not in Joe but in me. If I did this thing right, I could turn Joe loose with any younger woman anywhere and he would come straight back to me.

As soon as I started hard on myself, I found plenty wrong. There was no use dodging the fact: I was getting flabby. Last year's dresses were too tight, and my mind was definitely slower than Joe's.

I started setting-up exercises and hiking every day. And I put in a good hour reading the type of book and news items that Joe would be interested in.

It wasn't long before my whole pace in life seemed to be changing, to be keyed higher. I found that I was talking more to Emily and women of her type, not to the old stodgy dames I had had around me before. Women that knew about politics and government and trade barriers and fortified islands.

And what about Joe?

Well, a couple of weeks after I started this business, Joe said: "Say! Have you been dieting? You look much better!"

Then I told him—about the walks and the exercise. He could hardly believe that I was walking two miles a day. And he said: "Listen here. That walking is a good idea! How about meeting my train at night and we could start walking home together? I sit around the office entirely too much. Just tell Junior not to bother about the car. You and I ought to manage fine alone."

(And that to me, the pain in the neck!)

But that is just part of it. Joe's whole attitude was changing, just like mine. He wasn't grouchy or gruff any more. He began to laugh and joke. He not only seemed like another person but he was another person.

But the prize package of all came last night when Joe sprang the Detroit convention on me. Ten whole days, and I am packing for it right now!

Me—forty years and all!

THE END

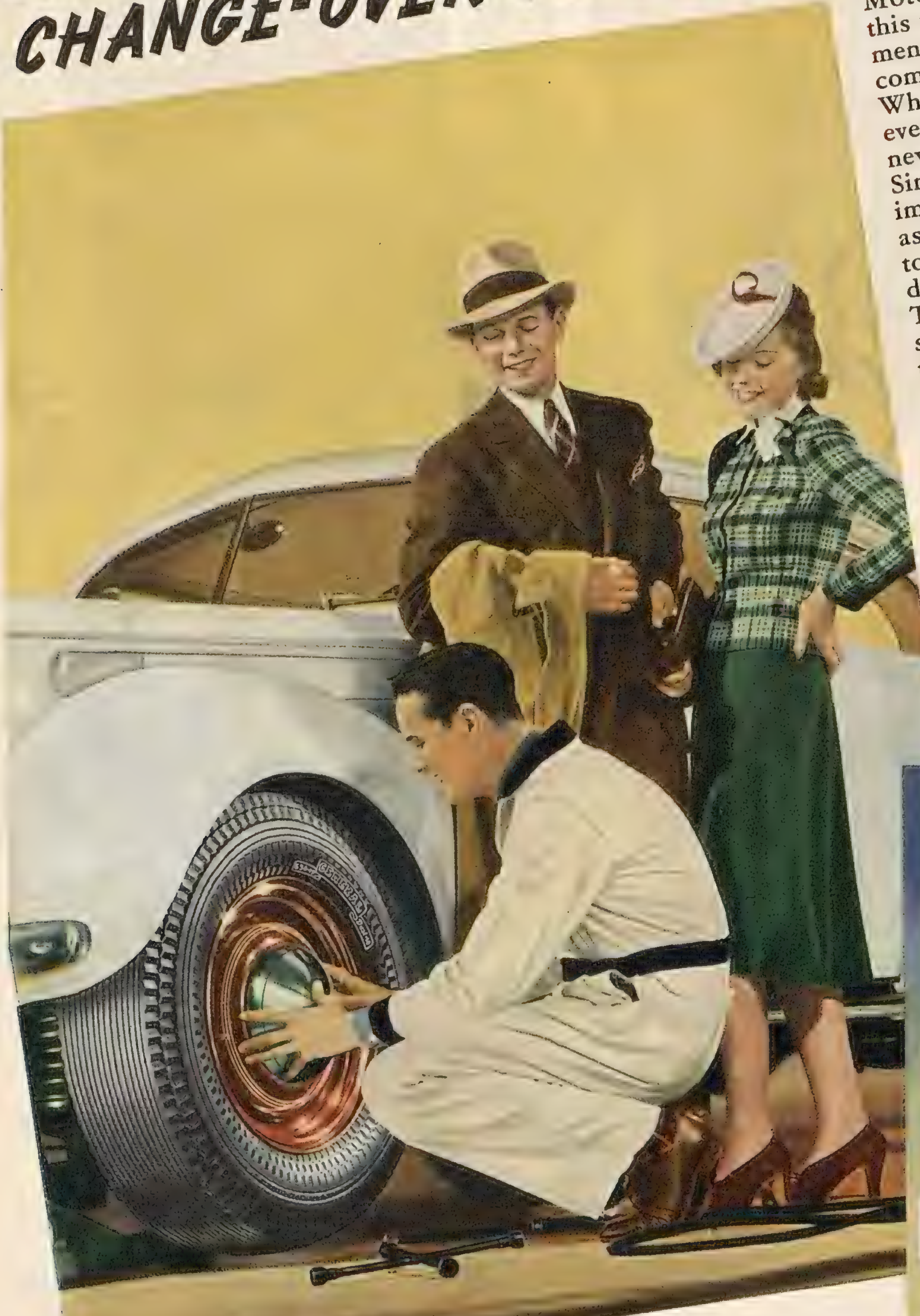
NEW DRIVING CONFIDENCE!

"Even on our brand-new car, it really is amazing what a difference Squeegee-Generals make. I'll admit I don't *like* wet, slippery streets—what woman does? But now I have a new feeling of confidence. And how *easy* they make steering and parking!"

MILEAGE, COMFORT, ECONOMY!

"I practically live in my car—average 100 miles a day—over all kinds of roads. Believe me, I *know* tires. I changed-over to Squeegee-Generals for mileage, but what makes the big hit is their *comfort*, quiet running, easy handling and positive traction."

COMPLETE THE NEW CAR THRILL! CHANGE-OVER TO SQUEEGEE GENERALS



Motordom has outdone itself this year with notable improvements in safety, ease of handling, comfort and style.

Why, then, are more people than ever before changing-over their new cars to Squeegee-Generals? Simply because they offer vitally important things that make them as far ahead of ordinary tires as today's cars are ahead of yesterday's.

The way they stop, quick and straight, *every time*—the new traction on curves—your complete unconcern about blowouts—the low pressure comfort—their utter quietness—their "new car" style—the economy of General's long mileage—these are worth many times the change-over cost—now the lowest in General's history.

See the General Tire dealer or your car dealer. Have Squeegee-Generals from the start.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.
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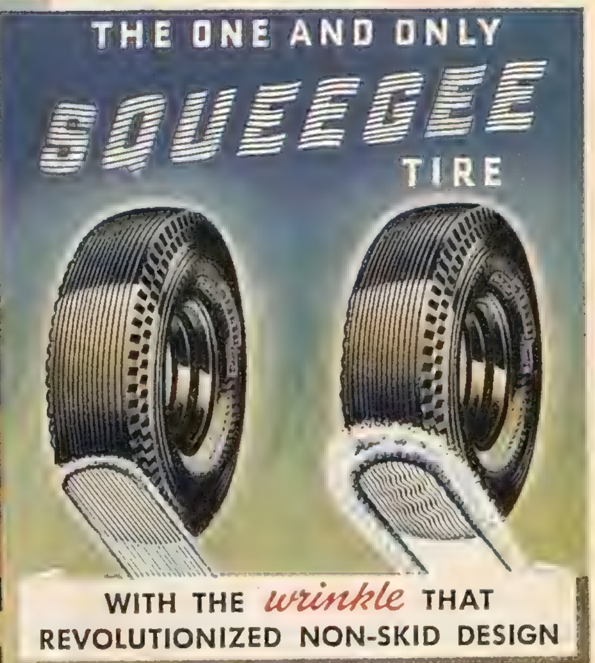
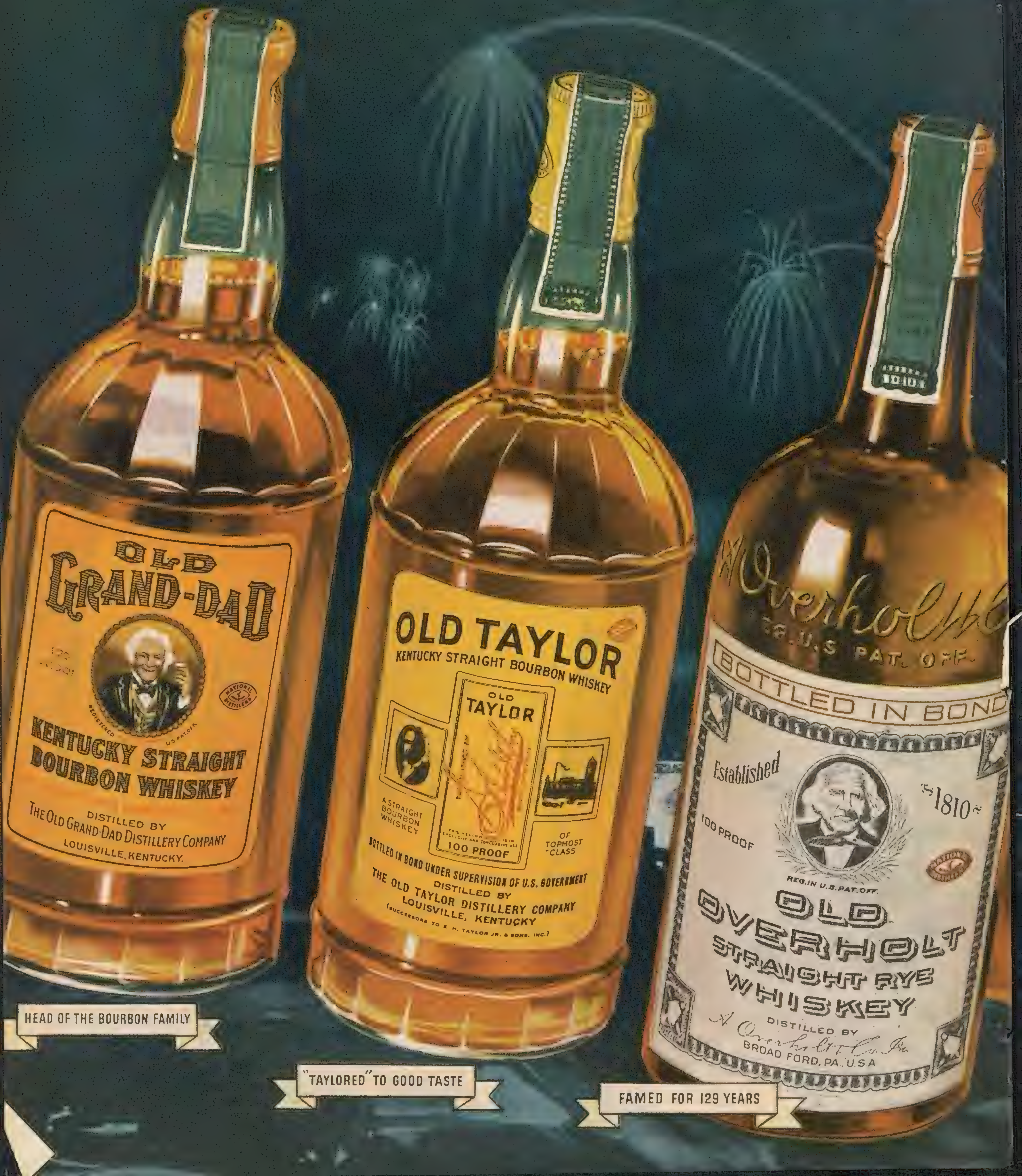


No wrinkle when running (left). Silent riding; slow, even wear. *When brakes are applied* (right), the flexible ribs *wrinkle* into squeegee-action, grip in every direction for a quick, straight stop.

You're miles ahead with GENERAL

AMERICA'S FOUR



OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF
TOPMOST
CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)
Overholt
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established
1810
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD
OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA., U.S.A.

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

"TAYLORED" TO GOOD TASTE

FAMED FOR 129 YEARS

MOST WHISKIES*

Famed Through 50 Years of World's Fairs

MANY World's Fairs have come and gone since these four great whiskies first gained public acclaim.

The oldest of the quartet was already 41 years old when the first World's Fair was held in London in 1851, while the youngest knew high popularity when the Eiffel Tower first beamed on Paris a half century ago.

The excellence of these four whiskies, so zealously maintained through the years, is evident today in the sales leadership that they hold over all other U. S. bottled in bond brands.

All are straight whiskies, each characterized by a distinctive flavor all its own. And they are now priced within reach of almost anyone.

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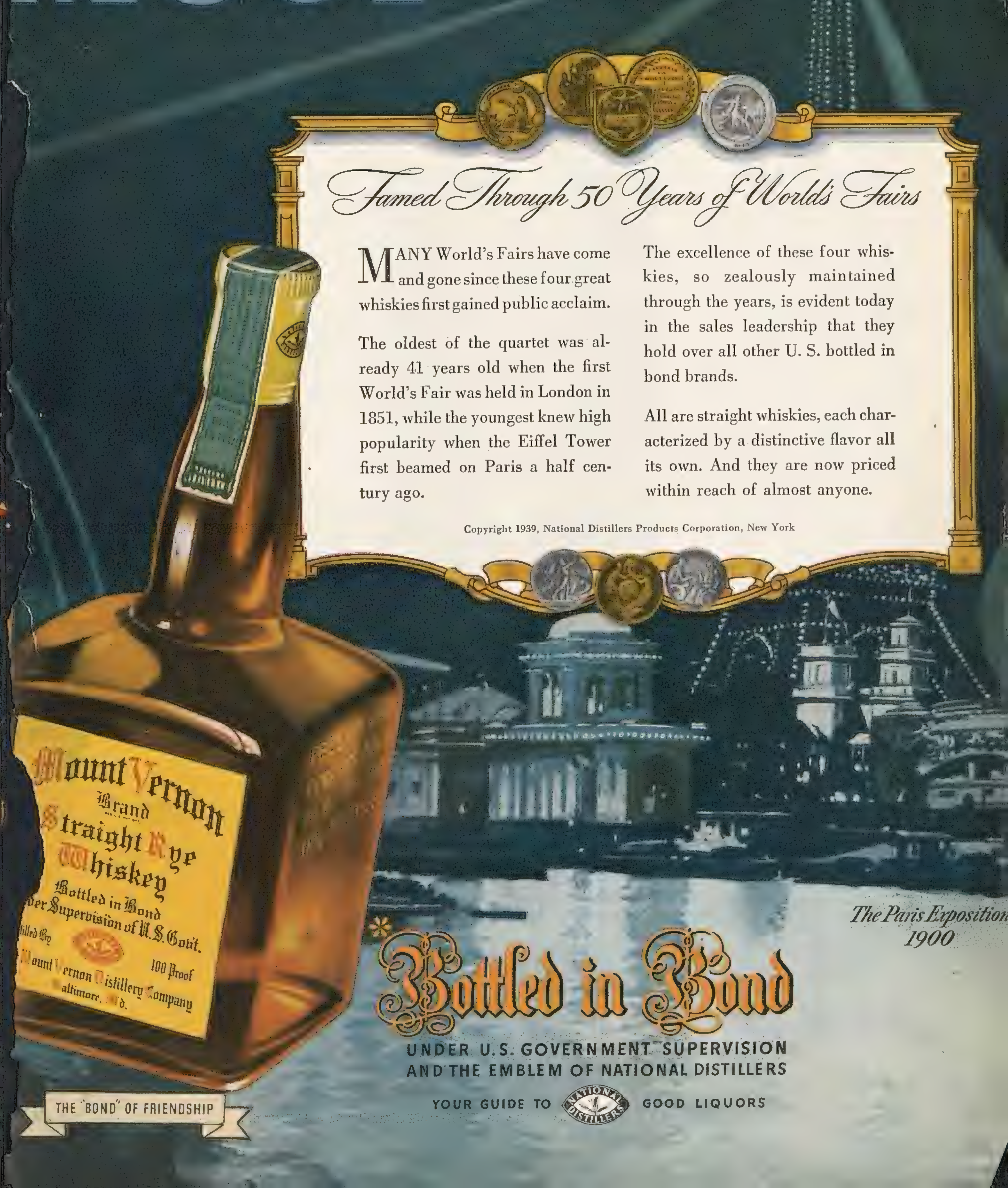

Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
THE "BOND" OF FRIENDSHIP

The Paris Exposition 1900

* Bottled in Bond

UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
AND THE EMBLEM OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

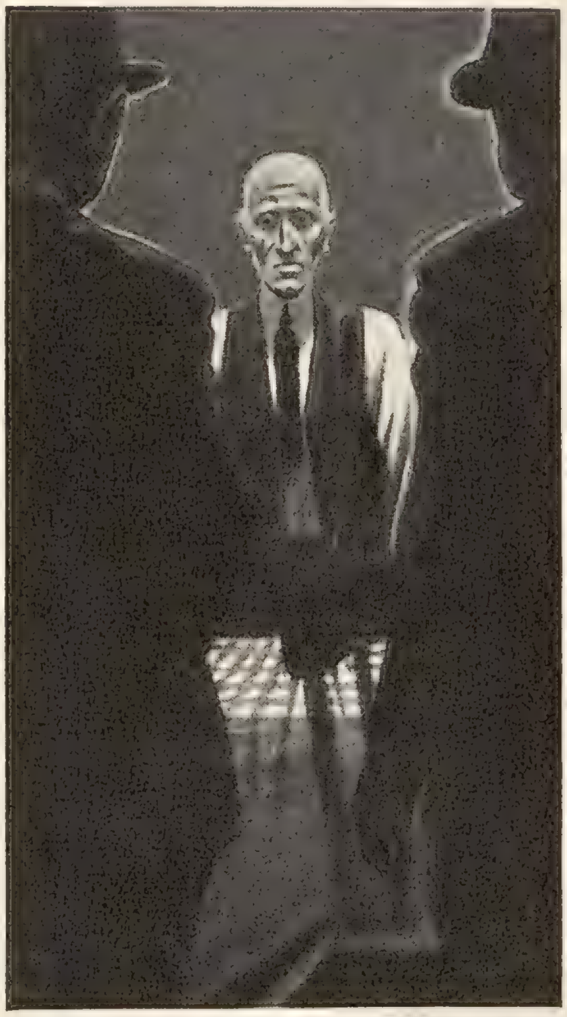
CONFESSIONAL--

Liberty's Short Short

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



THE little man raised dreary eyes until they met the wide, candid ones that smiled at him from across the table. His hands plucked at the edge of the checkered cloth, and he started — without preamble — to speak.

"Amy," he said desperately, "it's a mess and I know it. But what am I going to do? I ask you—what am I going to do?"

The eyes across the table did not swerve in their fixed scrutiny, but the woman's lips, curved so gently, were sympathetic. The little man's head went down upon his arms, and he started to sob—the choking, gusty sobs of a human being pushed beyond the power of everyday endurance.

"When you were sick, Amy," he managed at last, "I got into a jam. You know how things ran up—doctors, nurses, medicines! Not that I begrudged a cent—I'd spend it over again, fifty times—a thousand times. But I ran into debt and I couldn't help myself.

"First off, I borrowed. It went against the grain, Amy, to borrow. You know how we talked, on our honeymoon—that we weren't ever going to borrow. If we didn't have the cash to go ahead we wouldn't go ahead. . . . But your health—that was different. It looked like it was a question of keeping you—or losing you. And there wasn't any argument.

"Of course I didn't tell you that I was running up bills. What was the use? You had enough to bear—you couldn't take any more. With the baby not living—and you with his clothes fixed, and the nursery furniture we'd painted, and all—and then, on top of it, your bum heart. If I'd told you we were down to rock bottom, you'd have chiseled on the doctor's visits, and you'd have fretted—and they said you mustn't fret. You didn't fret—did you, Amy?"

The little man raised his head briefly. He took one furtive glance at the pale listening face across the table, and then his head went back into the shelter of his arms.

"I didn't take much, at the beginning. Only a couple of dollars, here and there. I meant to put it back when you were well again and we were on our feet. But then there was that new treatment, and the specialist.

"The specialist came the day they'd sent me out to make a collection. I told them, back at the office, that the guy got tough—that he wouldn't pay. And I gave the specialist cash—spot cash—for what he did. . . . When he came the second time I gave him spot cash again . . . I'd taken a deposit to the bank that morning.

"I suppose it was easy because they'd got into the habit of trusting me at the office. When I said something they swallowed it. And when I looked sunk, and didn't answer questions as quick as usual, they laid it to worry—they knew how sick you were. I'd worked for them, you see, ever since I was a kid. I went there as an errand boy when I was twelve.

"Doing wrong, Amy, is like a disease. It spreads. First off, stealing is only in your fingers. And then it gets into your brain, and then, before you know it, it's in your soul. . . . After a while I didn't mind it so much. I got to thinking, if the boss's wife were sick, *he'd* take money out of the firm and pay her expenses and think nothing of it. So why should I think anything of it, either? It got so I could lift fifty dollars as easy as if it were fifty cents.

"They didn't notice anything different about me—except that I was thinner and that sometimes I had a button off my coat or a hole in the heel of my sock. (You always kept me so neat, when you were well). It sort of surprised me, in a way, that the men and women a fellow works with notice buttons and socks before they notice other things. . . . But folks are like that!

"If it hadn't been for the auditors, Amy, I'd have gotten away with it forever. And even the auditors didn't suspect *me*. Why, the boss himself said something about Caesar's wife when they found that deposit slip I'd faked! But even though they didn't suspect me, I got right down off of my stool and left. I reckon they thought I was going to the rest room—I didn't even stop for my hat and coat. Because I knew it was time to come clean with *you*. . . .

"I suppose I'll go to jail—but somehow, Amy, it doesn't matter. Not as long as you understand and forgive me. . . . Only this: I don't want you to think that I'm alibiing myself—trying to shove it off on you and your sickness. I guess"—the low voice faltered—"there's a weak spot underneath. If you hadn't been sick, it'd probably have been something else. . . . The only big strong thing about me is the way I love *you*—"

The little man broke off sharply. Through the suddenly thick silence sounded a knock. The door quivered under it. It was a summons! The little man rose jerkily to his feet and ambled across the room. His shoulders—the narrow stooped shoulders of a clerk—were square. His hand, jerking open the door, was steady.

"You've come for me?" he asked of the two on the threshold.

The larger one laughed. "Yeah, buddy," he said. "The game's up." He grasped none too gently the little man's left sleeve—the one that was circled by a black band. "I hope you're not going to start anything."

The little man coughed apologetically. "Oh, no," he said. "You see, there's nothing to start . . . I'm quite ready."

Without pause he stepped over the sill and closed the door carefully behind him. On the table—serene above the checkered cloth — the woman's photograph, in its silver frame, continued to smile softly.

THE END

▲

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.25 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

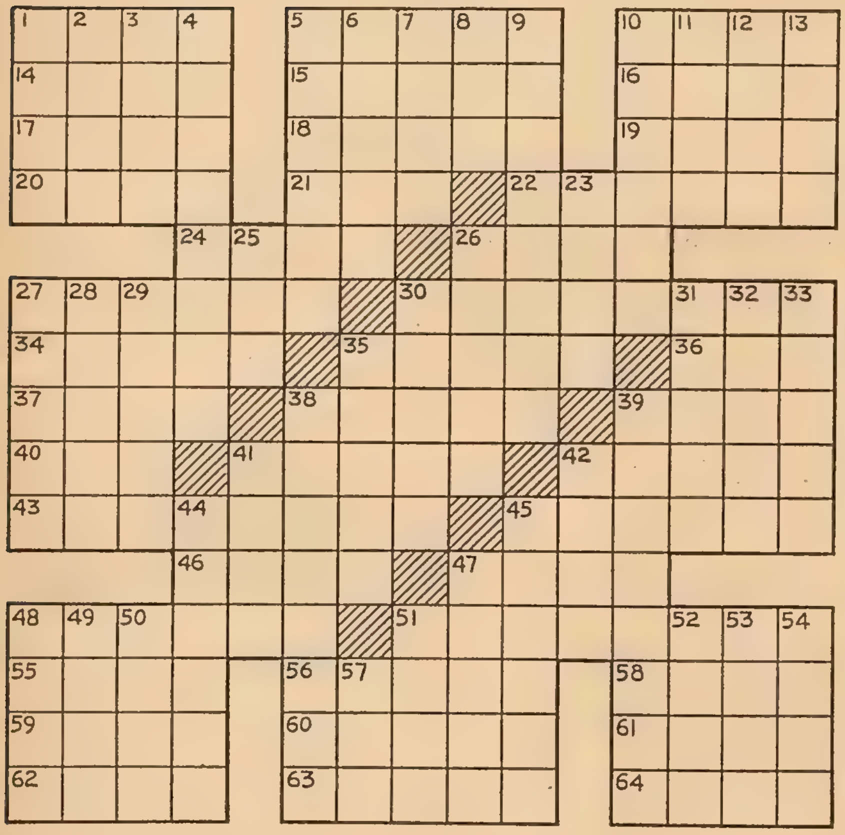
TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin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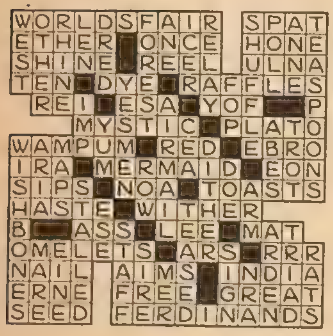
48 49 50 51 52 53 54
55 56 57 58
59 60 61
62 63 64

HORIZONTAL

1 Devoid of hair
5 To speak
10 Conveyance
14 A plant of the lily family
15 A part of something
16 Unit of measurement
17 Agitate
18 Thin rock for roofing
19 To free from pain
20 Sound
21 Pronoun (possessive)
22 Approached
24 Youths
26 A famous actor
27 One of an ancient people of Italy
30 Benediction
34 Region of indefinite extent
35 On the qui vive
36 Deface
37 Formerly
38 Examines secretly
39 Prefix: equal
40 Kitchen utensil
41 Animal
42 Pens for animals
43 One who uses profane language (pl.)
45 Merest
46 Completely absorbed
47 Posture
48 A halo surrounding heavenly bodies
51 Granted a privilege or license
55 Egg
56 Gleam
58 Grow weary
59 High tableland
60 Artist's stand
61 The indigo plant
62 A superficial measure (pl.)
63 A piece of meadow
64 Unaspirated consonant

VERTICAL

1 The inner bark of various trees
2 A kind of singer
3 Lower part of the back
4 Abandoned
5 The uppermost part
6 Tips
7 Beverage (pl.)
8 Prefix: without
9 Goes into again
10 Stains
11 Prevaricator
12 Otherwise
13 Act
23 Point of the compass
25 Insect
26 Half-frozen rain
27 Paces
28 A pointed missile weapon
29 To fasten with long stitches
30 Happiness
31 Counterpart
32 Nostrils
33 Grain for grinding
35 Separated
38 Slow oozings
39 Like an originator
41 A cereal
42 Container
44 Odors
45 Glass container
47 Wing section of an airplane
48 Stupor
49 Above
50 Deception
51 Town in Italy
52 Part of a fork
53 Ireland
54 Printer's mark
57 Authoritative rule


WORLDSFAIR SPAT
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SHINE■REEL ULNA
TEN■DYE■RAFFLES
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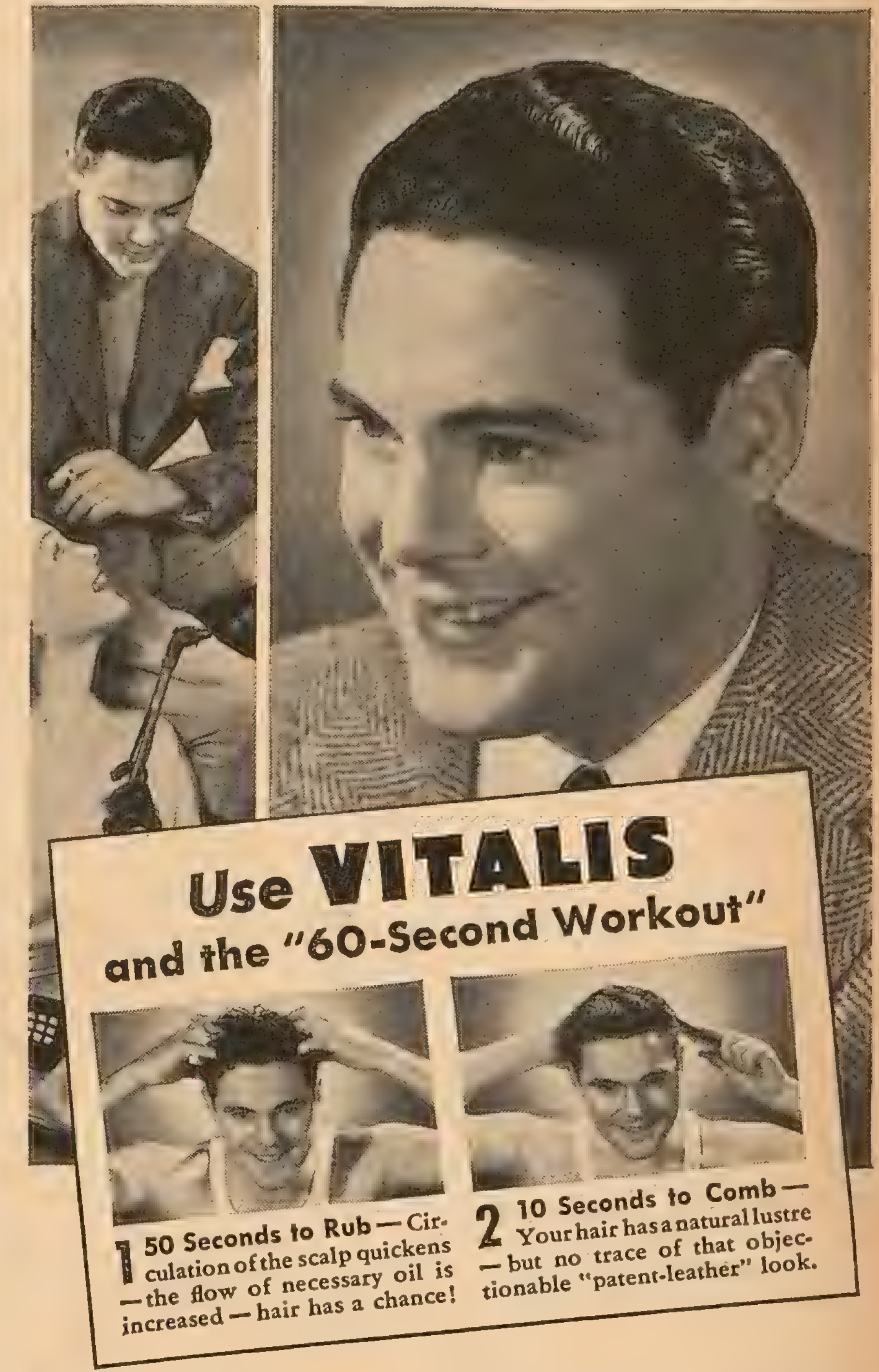
IRA■MERMAID■EON
SIPS■NOA■TOASTS
HASTE■WITHER
B■■ASS■LEE■MAT
OMELETS■ARS■RRR
NAIL AIMS■INDIA
ERNE FREE■GREAT
SEED FERDINANDS

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Well-Groomed Hair is a Social and Business Asset!


Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SUCCESS gets more difficult every year. Opportunities are fewer—competition keener. A man must make every asset count. And that's why thousands use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" for better-looking—*and healthier*—hair.

YOUR HAIR'S HEALTH—With your fingertips, massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Enjoy the exhilarating "tingle" of aroused circulation. Your scalp becomes loose, more flexible, as that tight feeling disappears. And with each "workout" you rout loose dandruff—help prevent excessive falling hair.

YOUR HAIR'S GOOD LOOKS—Good grooming comes naturally with Vitalis. Your hair takes on a rich, fine-looking lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural oils of the scalp. Your hair responds easily to comb and brush—remains in place. And there's never a trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get Vitalis at any drug store today—begin using Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." Have healthier, well-groomed hair—hair that's a business and social asset—admired by men, and women especially.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary individual Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!

VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

Twilight CHEATS

A desperate step, a cruel surprise—New thrills in a brilliant novel of today

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN Martha Lane discovers that her husband, Andrew, is carrying on a clandestine affair with Perry Snow, a beautiful young woman photographer, she makes up her mind to fight to keep him. While she and her three children are convalescing from mumps, she has plenty of time to plan her campaign. Knowing that a wife, tired, plump, and fortyish, has no chance against an enchantress like Perry, Martha decides to go to her sister's home in Florida and make a new woman of herself.

As soon as the quarantine is lifted, Andy, who has been staying in town, comes home full of good resolutions. Although Perry has told him that they can still be "twilight lovers," meeting for a few hours between the end of the office day and dinner, Andy has determined to give her up completely. But Martha's decision to visit her sister changes all that, and Andy is elated that his relations with Perry need not end just yet. He does not suspect that Martha knows about his mistress, and accepts her word that she is going away to rest.

In Florida, Martha diets, flirts, and takes up flying. Then she comes North, without letting Andy know, and goes through a strenuous course of treatments to regain her youth and beauty. She plans to return home, as if nothing had come between them, and charm her husband all over again. But her plans miscarry. Two days before her scheduled return, she runs into Andy in a drugstore. He is angered that she has deceived him, but she finally persuades him to say he forgives her, and they have a gay celebration dinner together.

At home that night, however, Martha realizes that her efforts to win him back have been in vain. Should she give him up, she ponders, or should she destroy Perry Snow and all her works?

PART SIX—MARTHA DEFIES THE LIGHTNING

ANDREW could barely wait to see Perry Snow the next day, and it provoked him unreasonably that she had an out-of-town assignment to photograph a collection of jewels.

As often before, Perry had ordered his luncheon to be sent to his office from a near-by restaurant. One of her many endearing tricks. Always when she had to be out of town, he looked forward with boyish pleasure to her surprise trays. Today it saddened him. The small thermos that held only one cocktail. Tomato stuffed with lobster. Crescent rolls. A baba rhum cake with a thermos pitcher of its hot sauce. Thermos of coffee. A fresh magazine, with pages clipped and marked for special cartoons. A bachelor button to put in his lapel.

He drank the cocktail. And later some coffee. He glanced listlessly at one cartoon and put the magazine aside. The flower went back on the tray.

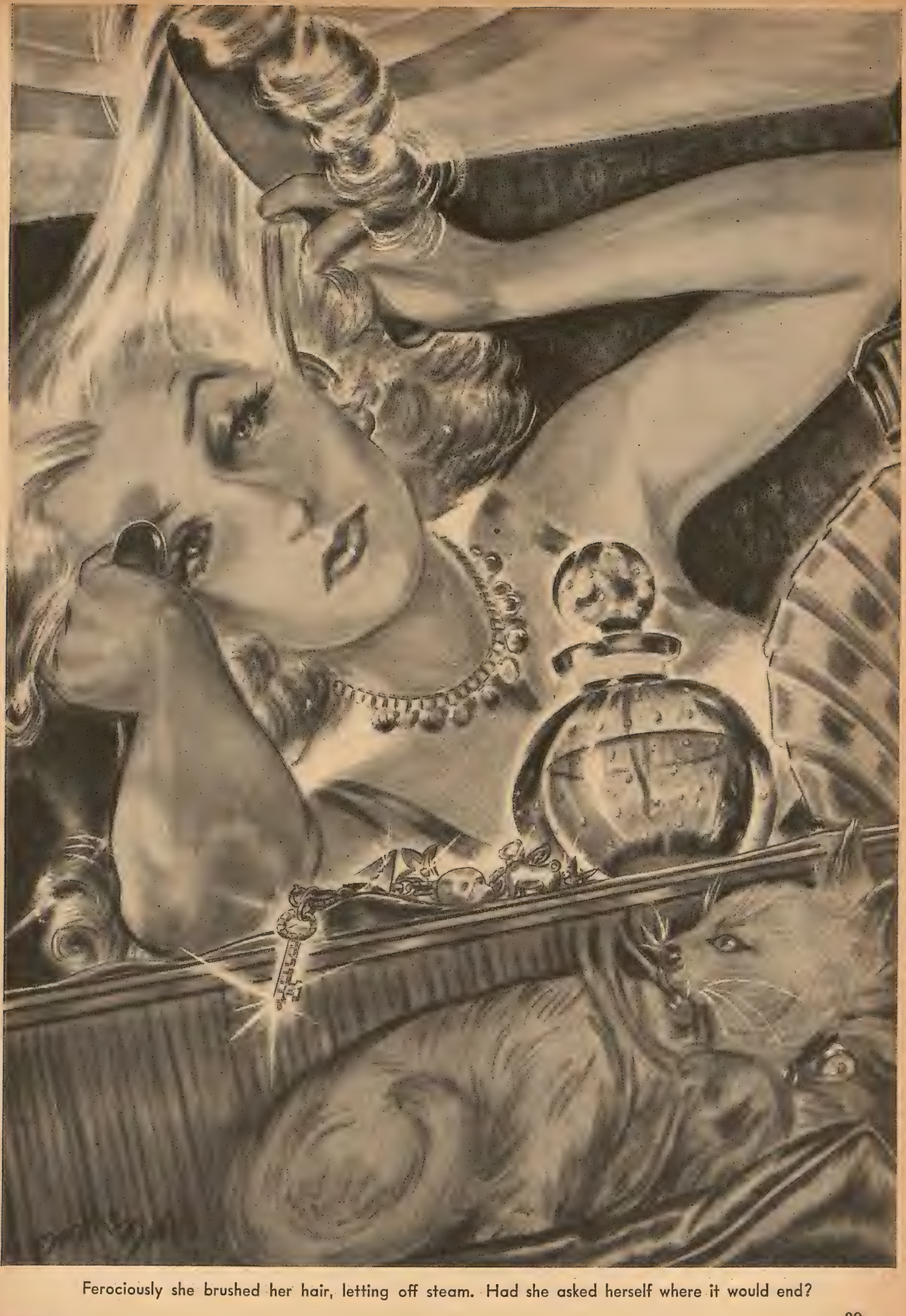
What was he to make of his life? In an approximate five and a half months Perry had become essential to him; and, unquestionably, he to her. If a man found a patch of paradise in his long march through the years, what law or opinion should snatch it from him?

But it was still deeper than that, and Andrew knew it. Knew that there was to be suffering somewhere. And it mustn't be Martha. Martha didn't deserve it. He loved Martha with a fierce protectiveness, and she should never know harm or hell through him if he could help it. But how was he going to stand it? How?

If only Martha were old and knew it. If only women would *get* old as they did in the past. If only they didn't struggle to mimic girlhood. It could fill a man with a pitying aversion that stifled affection, crushed the very thought of intimacy.

He knew (and wished that he didn't) what it must have cost Martha to play the part, the physical part, like an echo of elegance, which she was playing. And against his will, he knew why she had done it. It pressed against his heart, that knowledge, making him writhe with his unworthiness. Poor Martha's last valiant bid for the lost chord of their Liebestraum. He cringed now, as he remembered her coquetry the night before, and scorched himself with the memory that he had not been able to bring himself to respond. The imitation of youth could only provoke counterfeit desire. And since you could not express these things to a woman without stabbing her soul, you merely shed zeal like a flower dropping its petals.

Somehow the situation must be met with Martha. Good taste demanded that they both ignore their plight and nurse their friendship until time, which had brought about the problem, worked the answer. That, as Andy saw it, was the proper course. And in the meantime must he forego what had become parcel of his life? No. It was inconceivable. Less than human to ask. For what harm



Ferociously she brushed her hair, letting off steam. Had she asked herself where it would end?

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, GAL!
Poisonous FATIGUE ACIDS make Muscles SORE!

For Quick Relief:
—Flush them out!

WHY LET SORE, stiff muscles get you down? Go after those poisonous fatigue acids that **make muscles swollen and achy** after unusual exertion. Accepted laboratory tests proved **Absorbine Jr.** speeds the blood through muscles to flush out the acids. **Works fast**—soon you're in top form again. Splash it on after heavy work and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.

For Free Sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

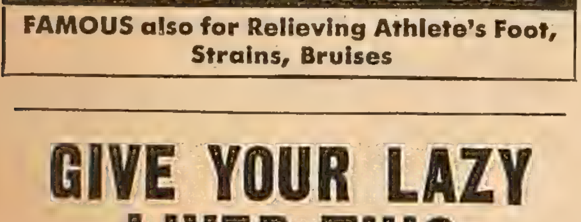
FAMOUS also for Relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



And Sprinkle in the Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Dust soothing, refreshing Foot-Ease on your feet, between your toes. It absorbs perspiration and its antiseptic qualities guard against "Athlete's Foot". **Allen's Foot-Ease** relieves tired, tender, smarting, swollen feet, and eases the pinch and pressure of new shoes. Dance and walk in comfort. Sold everywhere in two sizes. For generous FREE Sample and Walking Doll write Department B. **Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, New York**

could he and Perry be to any one else?

The harness of deceit irked him, yet there was no other way. You couldn't go and honestly explain to Martha, nor, probably, to any woman in the world. You couldn't say: "Let me have your cake and eat mine too." You couldn't even say what you felt most keenly: "In all my average decent and undramatic life, this is my first pitfall, my first encounter with temptation. Stand by me, Martha, while I fight it out. I'm not the Andy you know. I'm Drew now. Possessed. She's in my blood, Martha. I can't stop short, because I'm fevered with it. It's bigger than I am, Martha. I can see that; because I find it's bigger than any honor or my pride."

No. You couldn't say those things.

AT four Perry phoned. She was back in town—happily exhausted and babbling about moonstones. . . .

He left the office early. Breathing with deep-seated relief as he entered her apartment. Feeling a pervading joy flood through him. He mixed Martinis automatically. . . .

For once Perry's amusing chatter provoked him. He wanted to talk. To tell her all that had happened, to ask her clear unconventional opinions on the questions that harried him. But Perry would never permit it. Long ago her rule was made inviolable. He never mentioned his family, his home life, and least of all his wife, in any degree. This world of theirs in Perry's apartment didn't know such people.

Ridiculous. Yet pathetically sweet.

He referred to his watch often, and left early. And merely said:

"Angel, could I see you around five tomorrow? We're back on short rations—for the devil knows how long."

She nodded and made a wistful smiling grimace.

"Come when you can," she said softly. "Come whether I'm in or out—I like to know you've been here."

WHEN the door closed on him, Perry's smile curdled into a grimace. She walked listlessly back to her big studio room. Over her crept that dispossessed feeling that comes to every woman who suddenly faces a canceled evening.

It had come to an end of sorts already. Obviously his wife was back. His whole manner told her: his eyes with the fugitive look, and his mouth with a warden's set. So his wife was back unexpectedly. She hadn't been due until Friday. Had there been any purpose in her coming back sooner? Did she know anything? Was she going to make trouble for poor Drew?

Perry poured herself a Martini. She drank it with the bland disinterest of a baby finishing its milk and breathing into the cup as it considered its surroundings. Because now she was alone. No gay dinner party tonight in this apartment. All her marketing and planning were bootless, and all Azalea's loving work to do duck stewed in orange with a dash of Cointreau. Of course, Perry could work; she had a lot of work to do—mountains of it piled up waiting for her—a job for a nature magazine untouched for weeks, and this jewel collection. But that wasn't the point. His wife was back and their glorious free time was gone and they would be back on "short rations," as he put it: from five to seven in the evenings and an occasional lunch. And this was the start of many long evenings alone.

Petulantly she put down her empty glass and rang for Azalea.

"It's all off for dinner, Zalie. You can take it up to Harlem. I'm going to work all night. So fix me sandwiches and shake up some iced soup for me with the white of egg, will you?"

"Jeepers creepers!" said Azalea.

Perry, halfway up her stairs, paused. "What's that?"

"You better watch out, Perry child." The big black woman shook her head dolefully. "You's gettin' awful unglued here lately. Don't you let no sweet man sour you, honey."

"Zalie dear, go to hell."

"Yes'm."

But the attempted advice added to Perry's growing fever as she went into her bedroom, dumped the white kitten off her vanity bench and began changing from her street costume to a leather slack work suit.

THE kitten leaped to her shoulder and purred noisily around her neck. Perry shivered pleasantly and abstractedly rubbed her head against the creature. She unfastened the charm bracelet Drew had given her and smiled fondly. Always she had discouraged him from giving her things; it was part of her silly pride which protected her from the remote suggestion of bartering love.

Now she examined the miniature reminders of high-spot occasions in their relationship. Her fingers lingered on the tiny diamond key (in exchange for the one to her front door she had given him), and she sighed. She glanced at her wearied features in the mirror and noted the deprived look in her large blue eyes. That was bad. Oh, the whole thing was bad. Loving him like this. Loving him beyond gaiety. She should have broken off the moment she had suspected. . . .

She stood up, lifted the kitten off, and took off her dress. Her eyes noted a letter she had angrily tossed on her vanity that morning. From Doug Randolph. Insolent as hell—and why shouldn't he be, poor faithful devil? He didn't dare voice the matter, but he wrote, asking her for sanity's sake to take stock of herself and give the Lane man up before it was too late. But it's too late already, Doug. *I couldn't give him up.* . . .

She picked up the letter gingerly and, still standing in shorts and brassière, she read it, her cheeks flushing, not with anger, as they had that morning, but with the sense of grief hovering dark and relentless somewhere in the room. . . .

. . . Haven't you asked yourself, Perry darling, where it will end? The last few week-ends I've had with you I can see the growing constraint in you. You're not yourself, Perry. You may not realize it, but your work is losing all freshness and power—just as you are. And you, who are the least inhibited soul I've ever known, are going, I swear, positively prissy. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears that whole last week-end we spent with the Bakers—and they asked me later if you had been ill. For that matter, you look, Perry, as close to a lost mutt as the most beautiful woman in the world is ever likely to get.

Whether you give a damn about me or not ever again, I've got to speak. Whether you call and tell me you'll marry me tomorrow just to save yourself from a fate worse than death; whether you take the veil—or just go on a trip; I'm begging you, darling, to stop—to cut clean. You're not in love with him but with the memory he recalls to you.

Oh, you're wrong there, Doug. So *wrong!*

. . . And for that matter, you're not doing him any good. Not that I wish him any benefits, mind you. He's hardly the same sweet boy his mother knew—or that I met in your apartment last fall. I'm no prude, Perry, and I'm all for fun and frolic, but I draw the line on destruction. And you'll both destroy each other if you don't call a halt. For whether you like it or not, he's at heart a home man—and he has a home.

Don't forget that. He has a home.

I'll be here over the week-end if you want to come horsewhip me for all of this. DOUG, THE PUG.

SHE tore the letter up with fine high rage. Even friendship could go too far, and she hoped he'd suffer like a giraffe with a sore throat.

Ferociously she brushed her hair down to her shoulders, letting off steam. Had she asked herself where it would end? Ah, over and over . . . admitting honestly to herself, at last, where she wanted it to end. What Perry had considered impossible had happened—she coveted another woman's husband. Nothing could be more of a humiliation to her. Chiefly it was that shame which had brought lines, nerves, fitful sleeping, disinterest in work. That—and the growing suspicion that Drew didn't love her with the more nourishing properties of attachment. Yearning, in the past weeks, for the good sound bread of love from a man whom she had taught to bring her terrapin with the song of the turtle in the sauce.

Her room stank in her nostrils. Frantically she recalled her surroundings and found a forgotten cigarette blistering some odorous veneer. It had fallen from an ash-tray groove and burned on unheeded. She put it out, rage and shame stoking her emo-

MOM, WHY DO THEY CALL IT SPRING FEVER?
1 BECAUSE IT GIVES LITTLE BOYS A GOOD EXCUSE TO BE LAZY! THE TROUBLE IS YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH VITAMINS, TOM. REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME?
2 HE SAID WE ALL HAVE TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP. AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT A SCRUMPTIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. I'VE ALWAYS MEANT TO TRY IT. WHAT DO YOU SAY WE DO?
SWELL, MOM!
3 YOU KNOW, MOM, IF I JUST HAD A LITTLE MORE PEP I COULD CINCH THAT JOB AS PITCHER ON THE TEAM!
WELL, TOMMY, YOU'RE GOING TO GET KELLOGG'S PEP EVERY DAY FOR BREAKFAST FROM HERE ON
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP**! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL — CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT **PEP** EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!

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**Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.*

tions. She was becoming a slut. Change in her? Right, Doug, a big change in me. Damned right, he's destroying me. Either I clear out some way, somehow, or go dribbling crazy. . . . But it takes too much courage to clear out. She scrambled into her slacks and sweater.

If only Drew would do something, say something that I could loathe him for. No. Even then, I wouldn't clear out. I'd know his wife drove him to it. I'd forgive him, discount it. Because I love him so. And it would be wrong for me to clear out. He can't do without me now. I'd wreck him as a man. As a fine freeman. What a lovely word, freeman! It had something to do with feudal systems, castes not unlike our share croppers, who came eventually to earn their own land free. A freeman, working for himself. And dear splendid Drew had come, through her, to earn his manhood free of serfdom. A freeman, loving for himself. . . .

Clarion thought. The thought of a fine dramatic fool like yourself. But other people think differently. Drew thinks differently. For the most part, he is too happy, too thrill-drunk to think at all.

He loved her. She knew that. But how? Did he love her, as she suspected and feared, as an alcoholic loves and craves strong drink? Her underweight body shivered. She lit a cigarette and stormed down the stairs. Go on a trip, her heels tapped out to her. Go away.

"Go nothing," she said aloud. "Stay and call a showdown."

Her police dog rose and barked nervously. Knowing his mistress was struggling with some heavy pollution. The whole apartment was tainted with it, and all the animals were restless.

PERRY wet her lips, patted Champ's head, and went into her workroom, closing herself in to seclude herself from the vigilant eyes of her pets. She turned on all the bright overhead lights, noting with satisfaction that Azalea had already left a tempting tray, with a duck leg beside the sandwiches.

She smiled, comforted, and set about with fine resolution, mixing fresh developer. But she had forgotten to order hypo crystals, and the realization filled her with a spasm of rage. "*Your work is suffering.*" She deliberately tipped over a pan and swore a steaming stream as she paced up and down, until she exhausted her repertoire. Then she bit into a sandwich savagely, her brain screaming that she loved her work, only the botanical order was a dribble-puss job. Photographing a collection of cactus. No, cacti. Who this side of sanity liked a cactus, with its sharp needles? The poor little bearded naturalist had talked of them so lovingly; telling her of how they stored up water inside of themselves for the long parched days. He had something there, she supposed drearily, some gewgaw of a philosophy. Preservation of the fittest stuff.

But why preserve a cactus just so it could rend somebody's skin when you tried to place them for camera lighting? Nasty pincushion plants. A porcupine has pins for defense. Certainly. Defense was the only thing. Sometimes you didn't even have to have a sword; you only had to look as if you had a sword. . . .

She straightened up. Madness. She, Perry Snow, a successful woman and young to boot, with beauty, with talent . . . going decently, quietly mad because a man's wife had come home. All right, go crazy, Perry; it just shows you're not fittest and shouldn't survive.

She walked over to the window, tears rolling down her thin cheeks. Where is he? Are they in front of their fire now, planning the spring garden? Is he telling her all about business? Is he feeling guilty as he dodges all the things he dare not mention? Is he at all glad that she is back? Or is he suffering, perhaps, and sweating as much as Perry herself?

Perry turned with sudden resolution. Nuts to work. She'd catch up tomorrow. She had to figure a way to fight for the man she loved. The wife must be forced to face the issues. All very simple if they were intelligent and balanced. Either she must go or Perry would go. Drew must bring that choice about, or Perry herself would bring it about by going directly to his wife.

She'd give them the week-end, but next time Drew came—on Monday of course—she'd call for a showdown.

With which decision, Perry phoned for her masseuse and prepared for a night of retreat for her tired body.

MARTHA had promised the children a happy day, and she roused herself, once Andy had left for business, to give it to them. They stayed home from school and "reunionized." She was hungry for them, and their nestling clinging delight in her return erased her heartache as the first day home progressed. She was their sun, and they her world. She saw all their Christmas presents and their report cards. She heard them play their new pieces and heard about Fred's baseball team and Gloria's St. Patrick's Day charade. They all had a tea party together, with ice cream, and they started plans for the summer garden. And, at Gloria's suggestion, they planned daddy's birthday party and presents. Martha had forgotten—Andy would be forty in another week.

During the afternoon she phoned her mother. Martha listened to advice and held her own counsel, chiefly because to talk would cause her to cry. Martha intended to do or say nothing until after she had given the children a full week-end crammed with laughter and play. She asked Mrs. Littleton to pack her things and send them to Andy's office so he could bring them home.

But Andy didn't bring them home. He had left his office unusually early, it seemed, on a business appointment. He had left before any bags arrived, and why hadn't Martha let him know to expect them?

So—he had seen Perry Snow that afternoon! And his breath reeked of strong mouthwash.

Over those few days of the week-end Martha's whole outlook changed. Because of things the children said. Because of sly references the cook made. And because Martha got a typewritten letter, mailed from New York:

Dear Mrs. Lane:

I hardly dare to write this, but a lot of people's jobs happen to depend upon your husband. You have been away so long you may not know how things have been going. But they are going badly, and if he doesn't stop neglecting his business, a lot of us will be on relief and you and your children won't have much future. A FRIEND.

That came on Saturday morning. Martha read it over and over. Unconsciously memorizing it. Fighting fright and mounting anger. Blast That Woman! She was wrecking him, that's what. And letting him run his business to the ground! Well, Martha would see about that. For four years, once upon a time, Martha had done Andy's work for him. She could do it again, if it came to that. But it mustn't come to that. Andy couldn't be allowed to betray his whole world as well as his wife and his home. Andy mustn't be permitted to bring others' ruin with his own. And he mustn't—not while Martha lived—give over his manhood and decency on the altar of middle-aged gluttony for stimulation. No, Andy. You've had just about your share of wine, woman, and rumbas.

She watched him over the week-end with saddened maternal eyes. For the first time pitying him. Heard the note of forced heartiness. Marked him chain smoking. Saw, without openly noticing, the noon cocktail, the two evening cocktails, and the four or five after-dinner drinks. The man was unable to sit still. He paced. He thought of things to show her. He had new records he had brought home, and a new game to teach her.

He had torn anchor and was riding the waves.

No, Andy. Like it or not, Martha isn't going to leave you. Isn't going to give you up and hand you over. Not to somebody who's done this to you in so short a while. Not to somebody who's thieving all your real worth.

ON Monday Martha went to town.

"My decision is made," she told her mother with a crusading light in her large gray eyes. "I'm going to stick. I'm going to get Andy back. I don't know how. But that's my ticket."

From her mother's, quite impulsively, Martha took a taxi over to Perry Snow's apartment. A colored maid opened the door.

"I want to see Miss Snow."

“You got ’n appointment? I expect her any minute now, but she won’t see nobody ’thout ’n appointment.”

“No? Well, I came here from Mr. Andrew Lane.”

The colored woman’s face broke into welcoming smiles.

“Oh, well. Come right in and wait for Miss Perry. She sure be delighted to see any friend of Mr. Drew’s.”

“Of whom?”

“Mr. Drew. Mr. Drew Lane.”

“Oh! Yes. Most of his friends call him Andy. I take it Mr. Lane is something of a pet of yours?”

The colored woman rolled her eyes.

“Why, Mr. Drew, he’s the lollipop of the world. He’s the sweetest sugar man ever made.”

Martha’s smile quivered. She took a deep breath and walked into Perry Snow’s studio-living room.

Azalea, quite the hostess, followed Martha into the studio room, volubly explaining to the bewildering collection of animals that Martha was a friend and they were to leave her in peace. Martha listened and watched in amazement as the buxom colored woman officiated. The informality and the raciness of speech was a revelation, considering that servants usually adopt the keynote of the household. She could not know that Perry kept Azalea around for laughs.

Martha sat uneasily in the chair Azalea proffered, and refused cigarettes and the offer of tea, coffee, or a cocktail. Her mind forgot Azalea in absorbed contemplation of a silver-framed picture on the piano. Andy. And yet not Andy. Another person called Drew. A big pagan of a man, shirt open, hair blown, his splendidly shaped head tilted in a mood of reckless abandon.

“No, thank you,” she forced herself to say again to Azalea. “Just you forget me and go on with your work.”

No mistaking her meaning, and Azalea subsided. Yet, when the big woman was gone, Martha fought fear creeping over her. She felt trapped. Her eyes moved jerkily over the room. Sensing its beauty, noting one shock after another to her nerves. The enormous white cat staring at her with insolent persistence. A yachting cap on the window bench. Andy’s old brier pipe on a big crystal ash tray. Another picture of Andy on a long table in front of the big window. The Woman was a photographer, of course. She must have made many studies of Andrew. Lounging slippers beside a big chaise longue. Specially built, that chaise longue, no doubt. Martha had never seen one that could accommodate two. . . .

She stood up suddenly and pressed her gloved hand wildly against her mouth. Her eyes bulged frantically. She could not even think to ring for the maid. But, impelled by violent nausea, she tried one door after another, until just off the hall she found a gem of a powder room and lavatory. Its bizarre effect, with Perry’s choicest pictures blown up on the wall, was lost on Martha. She was mercifully ill. . . .

Shaken and weakened, she struggled to put the room and herself to hasty rights. Patch her make-up. . . . She must get away, quickly, before the Woman arrived. She should never have come here. No amount of bathing would leave her as clean as before she had entered this apartment. Hurry . . . hurry . . . and get out. . . .

Martha straightened her shoulders and opened the powder-room door. Now. Get your purse from the living room. Thank heaven the maid isn’t around. . . .

Suppose, she thought, as she picked up the purse, suppose I left something behind. To show her I came. It might be just as effective as talking to her. . . . At least she might be as disturbed as I have been. And then the next step would be up to her. She might try to see me. . . .

She opened her purse and fumbled. And took out her cigarette case with the initials M. L. L. Martha Littleton Lane. No mistaking that. Plus the description of her the maid would give. Shall I put it under his picture on the piano?

At that moment a noise startled her so that she gave a muffled cry. Too late. It was a key in the door.

Martha stood rigid. Hearing the door open. And close. Sounds in the hall. And then—

Andy walked in, one hand smoothing back his hair with his old familiar gesture. He stopped short, lips apart

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Telephone Tales

BY LONG DISTANCE

SAYS BOB MAGUIRE
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I never have to procrastinate.
I cover a multitude of firms
For quality, price and delivery terms.
I close the deal when I find the best
And I get the jump on all the rest.
This puts me in preferred position
Over slower competition.
How do I do it?" he cries emphatically,
"I use Long Distance systematically."

. . .

"And the other key men in our institution
Acclaim the telephone's contribution.
In sales and credit and traffic affairs,
It saves us all a lot of gray hairs."

as if some ejaculation dried on them.

For what nightmare eternity did they stand, stricken, staring at each other? Martha and Andy who had met in high school. Martha and Andy who pledged each other before God's altar when Perry Snow was eleven, wearing pigtails and cutting molars. Martha and Andy who had known hardship together, pain and fear, courage and trust, failure and success and parenthood. Facing each other, shamed and degraded, in the apartment of a woman who had known none of these things, who knew only all the boons that Martha and Andy had forfeited: passion, pleasure, sport, fire, and youth. And Andy had a key to that apartment.

What will happen when the first shock of this unexpected meeting is over? Will Martha's knowledge of his affair shame Andrew into giving Perry up? Or will he turn his fury on his wife for spying on him? There is swift stirring drama in the coming installment. In next week's Liberty!

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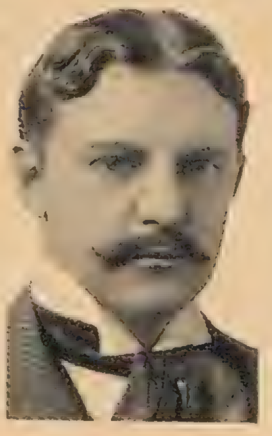
20 QUESTIONS



1—His first name means kingly, and he attained first rank as an American composer of operettas. Among them were Don Quixote and one about a Sherwood Forest outlaw who believed wealth should be redistributed. Who, then, is the subject of this week's early photo at the left?

2—Pumice originally comes from what?

3—Where was Eamon de Valera born?

4—If there are 500 sheets in a ream of writing paper, how many sheets are in a ream of wrapping paper?

5—What normally grows in paddy fields?

6—Who has been dubbed the Gloomy Gus of American literature?

7—When is Mother's Day?

8—A. L. S. is an abbreviation meaning what to autograph collectors?

9—Which is England's second largest city?

10—The wheel base of an automobile is measured from where to where?

11—Among ordinary table foodstuffs, which is the rarest vitamin?

12—What should be done to a nail before driving it into plaster?

13—Can a typist typewrite typewriter if all but one row of keys are missing?

14—Who never grew up?

15—Where is the first floor of a house in England?

16—What is to toenails as a manicure is to fingernails?

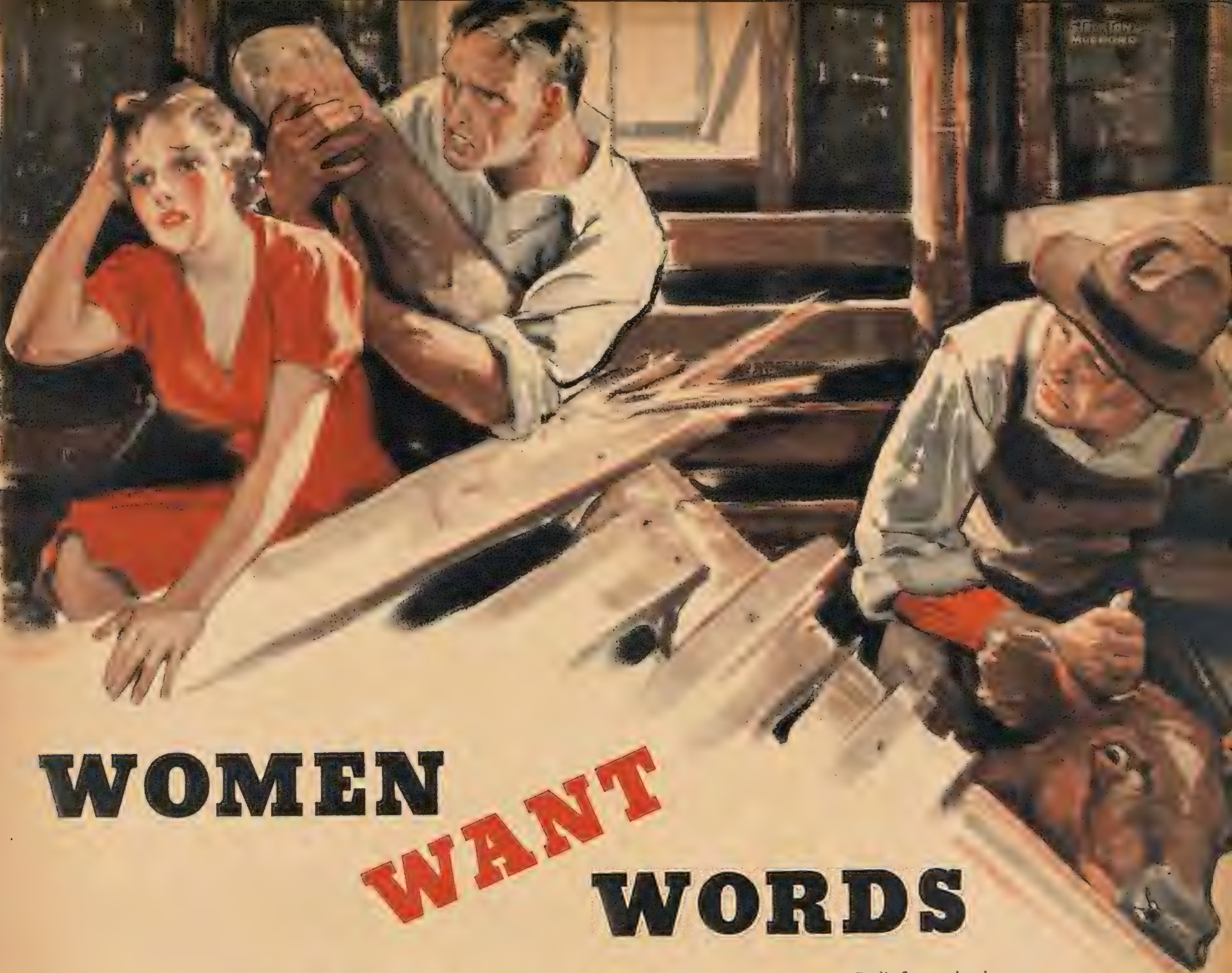
17—Who wrote Beau Geste?

18—Which bathroom fixture, widely used in Europe and Latin America, is little known but chiefly made in the U. S.?

19—What controversial nude did Paul Chabas paint?

20—Who conducts radio's best known vocal chorus?

(Answers will be found on page 62)



WOMEN WANT WORDS

BY ALICE DOUGLAS KELLY

Relief made her gasp as the pressure was eased off her shoulder.

A heart-warming tale of a husband's secret, and a wife's glorious awakening

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

CANDY looked at the great basket of strawberries, then at Joe, her husband, and back again at the berries. The big kitchen was hot, with a combination of early June heat and the cavernous oven where pies and rolls were baking. Josie, the baby, in her high chair, was making an abstractionist landscape on her enchanting face with toast dipped in soft-boiled egg, and Candy's blue eyes were heavy with weariness and dark with some emotion which was not quite anger and not quite scorn but which was touched with both. Her curls clung dankly to her forehead, her slim shoulders sagged.

"You said," she reminded Joe tonelessly, "that I could go to town today. You said I could take the car and drive in with Josie and see mother and hear the Rollickers on the radio, and that you'd come in for supper and maybe take me to the show."

She enumerated deliberately and with a kind of bitterness every detail of the treat for which she had been waiting so long.

"I didn't know Ed was going to have those berries extra," Joe answered shortly. "When our crop failed you know what a sock it was. With these, if you get right to them, we can make anyway half our usual quantity of jam, and I can sell all you put up."

"Easily," Candy agreed, "because I'm not going to put any up."

Joe said patiently, "They won't keep. They're pretty far gone as it is. And people round here are crazy about Grandma's Jam."

Candy looked sorry. "I sound mean," she admitted. "But I won't do it. I can't. You've been promising and promising I could go to town. I've waited and waited and I'm going."

"You can't," Joe spoke curtly but still patiently, "because I've got to have the car myself. There's a shipment of—of goods just come. I didn't expect it till next week."

"You can take the truck."

Joe shook his head. "Rear axle's gone. That rock down by the south gate did for it this morning." His lean dark young face was worn and tired. He had been up since four. He was shorthanded and everything seemed to come at once. The muscle near the corner of his thin good-looking mouth twitched with nerves. "Sorry about today," he said, "but you can go next week."

He turned aside as if the discussion was closed, and something in the unwonted heaviness of his movement cut transiently through the growing fog of Candy's hurt and anger. "Let's not fight," she said equably. "Want a cup of coffee before you go back to the fields?"

Joe nodded, and she poured him a cup of strong hot liquid from the pot which stood always at the back of the big range. He drank standing, and Candy took away the baby's dish, wiped the egg off her face, and kissed her rapturously. "Aren't you the most beautiful thing that ever lived?" she asked her.

"Be-yootiful baby!" the child answered solemnly.

"You'll have her ruined," Joe said, amused.

Candy looked at him gravely. "I don't think any girl's apt to be spoiled around here," she said.

The smile left Joe's mouth. "I warned you," he told her.

Candy started to speak and checked herself. How could she make him understand? How say, "No, you didn't warn me. You told me your family had sacrificed themselves to put you through Agricultural, and that you'd sworn to get Peabody Farms back on its feet again. You said that almost every cent you made for awhile would have to go back into the place; that you were planning all kinds of specialties for the high-priced trade and that the start would be expensive. You said, 'You're so pretty and so little, Candace. Can you take it? Have I any right to ask you to?'

"You sat on my mother's porch and the honeysuckle smelled sweet and the little children I taught came by and called, 'Hello, Miss Candy. Is that your beau?'

"And you laughed and your teeth were white and you were strong and *dear*, and you said, 'Am I your beau, Miss Candy?' and, 'Let's have two or three like those some day, shall we?'

"You said, 'If you'll pull with me, there's nothing I can't do.'"

Well, Candy thought, she had pulled with him. She had learned to cook, not dainty pretty little recipes but big solid stews and roasts for the hands. Huge puddings, great crocks of cookies and doughnuts.

She had kept the picturesque inconvenient old farmhouse immaculate, had churned and carried mash to the hens, and had even milked, the time they were snowed in and Joe had the quinsy sore throat. Josie wasn't three weeks old when she had taken up the grind again, and she had worked like two women.

She didn't remember what it was like to have enough sleep. She had lost pounds. She had no conveniences to speak of; no luxuries at all. The old radio had broken beyond repair and they had never been able to replace it. That, curiously enough, had been the first thing to make her bitter.

The radio had been a companion. They were old friends, all the artists and announcers. They talked to her through her bleak driven mornings, beguiled her while she went wearily about the hot kitchen in the afternoons, gave her variety shows to relieve the oppressive loneliness of the short farm evenings. Hours dragged unbelievably. And they could have gotten another. She had saved the money twice for part of the payments, and twice it had gone for farm equipment and repairs.

Joe hadn't warned her that they would ever be so poor they couldn't afford a radio, so overworked that the forty-mile drive to town would be a rare and carefully planned momentous event. But even this she could have forgiven if it had not been for the really heartbreaking feature of her married life. And about that Joe could not have warned her because he himself was unaware of it. He did not realize that since the first days of their marriage he had shown no tenderness toward Candy. He had never indicated by word or gesture that he appreciated any part of her hard work and sacrifice. He was good-natured, kind enough, always willing to give her a hand when he could spare the time; but he took her labors for granted. A task completed was to him never a signal for praise but only for relief that it left her ready to start another.

That was what had happened about the strawberries.

So that, with a clear conscience she could go into town, Candy had gotten her work out of the way early. When, in three or four minutes, she took her baking from the oven she would have finished.

And Joe had said, "Thank the Lord you got through early today. I got these berries by sheer good luck, and now you can start right in on them."

"I'm sorry about the berries, Joe," Candy said. "But—"

A voice interrupted her: "Do I smell anything baking? Not that I want to hint, you understand."

Candy dimpled. Bruce Carter, the writer who boarded

with them, always amused her. He was a homely pleasant young man whose spirits rose triumphant above rejections, hopes deferred, and almost no money at all.

"In just one minute," Candy said, "I'll give you some hot cookies. Want a cup of coffee?"

She started to lay a fringed napkin on one end of the scoured scarred table, and to get a cup and plate from the cupboard. Josie staggered across the kitchen floor and grabbed Bruce's knees. He picked her up. "Don't bother about me," he said to Candy. "I can wait on myself."

"You sit down!" Candy ordered. "Call this work?"

"To have you work at all," Bruce remarked, seating himself comfortably with the baby on his knee, "is like using a bunch of flowers for a duster."

Joe strangled on his coffee, and Candy flushed. "You'd better use that in a story," she told Bruce.

"I have," Bruce answered. "Every word I utter is potential wealth."

Candy laughed. She took her first sheet of cookies from the oven and lifted half a dozen on to a plate with a thin knife. Then she filled Bruce's cup.

"I thought," he said, "that you were off to the big city to listen to a little traffic this afternoon."

"I was," Candy answered evenly, "but my husband has to take the car."

"Too bad." Bruce put Josie down gently. "Why not let me take you in? I think the thing I laughingly call my car is good for another hundred miles."

Candy hesitated, and Joe straightened up and looked at her silently. Neither he nor she glanced toward the huge basket of fruit still untouched upon the floor. "Why, that's awfully nice of you," she began.

Joe said, "Do you want me to get the sealers down from the garret?"

Color deepened in Candy's thin cheeks, and suddenly she wanted to cry. Bruce, a stranger, was concerned that she should even trouble to get him coffee. He had offered to give up part of his working day and take her to town. And Joe, whom she loved so terribly, and who had promised to cherish her, saw in her resting or having any fun *ever*, only time lost to him and his precious farm.

"I'd love to go," she said crisply to Bruce. "I'll be ready in about half an hour."

Joe said heavily, "I'm going down to the barn. Betsy's acting funny. You want any eggs?"

Candy shook her head. "No, thanks," she said. And added sharply, "What's wrong with Betsy?"

Heathland Betsy was their best cow. They had made unbelievable efforts to buy her, a further one to have her bred to the best bull in the county. Her calf meant interest and tax money. Upon her health would depend a greater profit in the sweet butter and tiny cheeses which were among the farm's most popular specialties. It would be catastrophe for anything to happen to Betsy.

Joe said, "I don't know what's wrong. The calf's about due, and she's restless and off her feed. I'll send for the doc tomorrow if she's not better. We owe him so much I've kind of put it off. And I'm going to have to fire that new man. He's no good and he drinks."

"Of course," Bruce remarked, "if he lives in the country the year round, one can see his point."

Joe grinned. "The stock can't," he said dryly. He tousled Josie's curls absently. "No, you can't go barn now," he said. "Later on." His eyes sought Candy's, but she could not read his expression. She felt vaguely uncomfortable. There was so much to worry him. Maybe—

"Joe—" she began.

But he interrupted her. "If you do go into town today," he said, "can you get back early enough to make up some hot mash for the hens? There's a storm coming and the night'll be cool. I'm afraid for those broilers."

Candy stiffened. "I guess so," she said. "I'll try."

As he went out, Bruce said, "This is no life for a girl like you."

Candy wondered if Joe had heard him. That was another thing. It had been Joe's idea that they take a boarder, an idea which she had hated at the time; and now he seemed to resent the poor man and was barely civil to him. Bruce went on, "I think you're a wonder.

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I've written my girl all about you—what a wonderful worker you are and how brave."

His gray eyes showed honest admiration. Candy said, "I haven't much choice"—and then, lest that seem like disloyalty to Joe, added quickly, "and I like farm life."

FORTY minutes later Candy came downstairs, trim and pretty in her orange-yellow dress and flowered hat. Josie was enormously pleased with herself and with the proposed expedition. She shrieked ecstatically and jumped chunkily up and down. The sky was bruised and heavy-looking and there was a distant rumble of thunder. Candy looked apprehensively at the dark horizon.

Bruce came chugging out of the garage in his dilapidated old roadster, and Candy saw Joe backing *their* car out of the barnyard. He turned it and drove on down to the north gate. Candy bit her lip. Joe never went off the place without saying good-by to her. He must be angry about the berries, and it didn't seem to her as if she could bear to have him really angry with her. It was bad enough for him not to love her any more, but at least they had been friends until now.

As Bruce drove up to the door, she said, "I don't know whether I ought to go or not."

"Always do what you ought not to," Bruce advised her cheerfully. "I ought not to leave the lousy book I'm writing, but I'm going to. And maybe posterity will never even notice!"

Candy laughed. "We-ell," she said slowly. Then she jumped. Olaf, the head farm hand, was coming up from the barn with enormous heavy strides like a plow horse. When he got to the house he was panting. "Mis' Peabody," he said hoarsely, "come on down qvick. Betsy's dropped her calf. The thunder had her terrible scared."

Candy turned pale. "Dead?" she asked.

Olaf shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "Nor he won't be if ve can get Betsy to him. But she's t'rashed aroun' so, she's brought down th' stanchion to one side th' stall, an' she's caught like. Smithers he's dead to th' vorld an' can't help me."

"Can I help?" Bruce asked.

"A stranger'd scare her," Olaf objected. "Better you should go get Doc Hunter. He's off to Longwalls' an' they ain' got no phone."

Swiftly Candy opened the door of the car and lifted Josie in.

"Josie go ride with Bruce," she said. She gave brief directions about finding the Longwall farm, dropped her hat and coat on the porch swing, and, as the roadster lurched into motion, followed Olaf's pounding run to the barn.

In the big box stall the terrified mother was lying on her side, kicking and plunging, trying to escape from the heavy pole which, with part of the wooden side wall, had fallen across her neck.

"The boss tol' Smithers he sh'd put in a new support, when he seen it vas rotting couple veeks ago. I t'ought he'd done it," Olaf growled. "But I been down to th' fields right along. I never notice."

"It wasn't your fault," Candy said. "You sure that calf's alive?" The damp little object lay motionless near its mother's small gyrating hoofs.

"Sure. Jus' veak is all. Look. . . . Betsy don' know you good, does she?"

"No, not to speak of."

"M'm. So, boss . . . so, girl." Olaf laid a great paw on the cow's heaving flank and considered the situation. "See, if you could hold her head vunce, I could prize up th' stanchion, but I dunno vill she let you."

It soon became apparent that she would not, and she emphasized the point with what play she could manage with her horns in the space left to her. "Vell, that ain't no use," Olaf said despairingly. "An' the calf he's about give up too."

"Well, the only thing to do, then," Candy said decisively, "is for you to hold her head and for me to lift on the pole."

"You think you can mebbe?"

"I can try."

Olaf took firm hold of Betsy's horns and toned his rough voice to gentleness. The cow lay still, only her eyes rolling suspiciously. "Get your shoulder in order," Olaf ordered Candy, "und give it all you got."

Candy felt her thin dress give and rend as she slid under the splintery reeking wood, then she set her small feet and strained upward. At first there was no response. She exerted all her strength and a trifle more. Her heart lurched against her breast, there was a sharp pain in her side, and the barn began to go dark and shadowy before her eyes. But she felt the weight give a little and a little more. . . .

"It's comin'!" Olaf said excitedly. "She's comin'. C'n you stick it?"

Candy couldn't speak but she strained a trifle more. She was in agony now; she felt numb and the sweat was streaming down her face, blinding her. Then, mercifully, there was the hollow sound of running steps. She heard Joe's voice. "Here, ease out . . . quick, Candy! I've got it!"

Blessed relief made her gasp and her knees buckle as the terrible pressure was eased off her bruised and aching shoulder. Somehow she dragged herself out from under, somehow took a few uncertain steps to where a pile of clean straw offered a resting place, then she dropped, panting, her eyes closed.

In a few minutes it was all over. Candy opened her eyes and watched the touching reunion of mother and half-comatose child. Still later, as a proud and serene Betsy started munching hay, her son standing at last on wavering legs beside the maternal fount, Candy got up and went over to Joe.

"I'm all right now," she said. Joe ignored her.

"Will you tell me, Ole, you dumb thickheaded son of a so-and-so," he blared, "what you meant by letting my wife try to lift the whole confounded barn? What do you think she is—some field hunky? She might have injured herself for life, you big lunk! She might—"

Weakly Candy intervened. "Betsy wouldn't let me come near her, Joe, and we had to get her clear."

Joe wheeled toward her and Olaf discreetly left.

"We had to save the cow," Candy faltered. Her breath came quickly. Joe looked furious, but there was something in his eyes—something concerned and tender and thrilling—which she had not seen for a long time.

"Damn the cow!" Joe said. "Why didn't Ole hit her on the head?"

"But the farm—the money—" Candy stared at her husband in actual alarm.

Joe grabbed her by both shoulders. "The farm! The money!" he mimicked her. "Are you crazy? Don't you think it's bad enough for me to have to watch you working yourself to skin and bone, going without, scraping and saving and exhausting yourself, cooking for a damn boarder and having the fool pity you, wearing the same dress for three years, looking like a ghost—isn't that enough, you little dope, without my seeing you playing stevedore and cow hand as well? What do you think I'm made of anyway?"

But Candy put a small hard hand across his mouth.

"Oh, Joe!" she said, and her eyes were like stars in a mist. "Joe, you *did* care. You *did* mind my working . . . all the time?"

"Mind?" Joe glowered at her. His face worked suddenly. "Mind?" he repeated. He held her tightly close to his big chest for a second and then released her. "The only reason I've stood it at all without going nuts," he said, "is because I knew that every cent we made brought us nearer to getting help for you and pretty clothes like you used to have. I knew we mustn't fail, because you had to have it easier. And you've gotten so thin lately, you've had me scared to death." His voice hardened and he clutched her. "If you get sick and die—darn you!" he said furiously—"I'll never speak to you again."

Laughter glimmered through the mist in Candy's eyes. She stood on tiptoe to kiss her husband. "I won't," she said meekly. "I promise."

WHEN Joe came up to the house after his conference with the vet and a few apologetic words to Olaf, he carried something large and bulky in his arms. This he put down at one side of the kitchen door and stood speechless.

The kitchen was hot. A big pot of mash thumped and sputtered on the back of the stove, and on the front, water in the giant canner was rapidly coming to a boil. Candy had changed into overalls and a work smock. She had put the basket of berries on the table and she was up to her elbows in red juice as she rapidly picked over and hulled the ripe fragrant fruit. Josie, in her high chair, was gurgling happily over the last mouthfuls of a bowl of strawberries and cream.

Candy's own mouth was red with juice. "I'm eating as much as I hull," she said cheerfully. "You and Ole will have to make out with what you find in the ice chest for supper. And if you'll put the baby to bed I can have all this put up tonight. You'll have to dunk her though."

Dazedly Joe picked up his grubby child. "I'll help you with those when I get her bedded down," he said. And then, "I thought you wouldn't do those," he blurted out. "I thought you felt put upon with so much work."

Candy looked at him in wide-eyed surprise. "I didn't mind the *work,*" she explained patiently. "I told you. It was your never *saying* anything that hurt me so. Words," she elucidated still further, "mean a lot to a woman."

Joe said nothing. He took the baby upstairs, and as he went he frowned and muttered briefly to himself. "I'll be hanged!" he said.

WHEN he got back, Bruce was in the kitchen eating a large cold pork sandwich, and Candy had her first lot of berries on the stove. Joe slid a chair under her knees so brusquely that she sat down with a thump. "Just as easy to work sitting down," he pointed out.

He went to the end of the table and started to work on the berries.

Bruce said, "Don't you two ever rest? What can I do?"

And Joe said, "There's a radio over there, mister. You can rig her up, if you feel like it. That's why I needed the car," he explained to Candy. "I took a chance and ordered one a week ago. Looks now as if Betsy could keep up the payments on it."

"That's fine!" Candy smiled at him absently. A radio was still pleasant to have, but it no longer seemed important. Her world was back in its orbit. She started to her feet. "Goodness, the berries are boiling over!" she exclaimed. But Joe had turned toward the stove.

"If you get off that chair again tonight, I'll slap you down!" he said sharply.

Candy's little face flushed and she smiled through the strawberry stains which decorated her soft skin.

"*Darling!*" she said shamelessly.

Joe halted in midstride and Bruce turned from where he was working on the radio. The eyes of the two men met in the first touch of comradeship they had ever known—a common bewilderment at the utter inexplicability of the feminine temperament.

THE END

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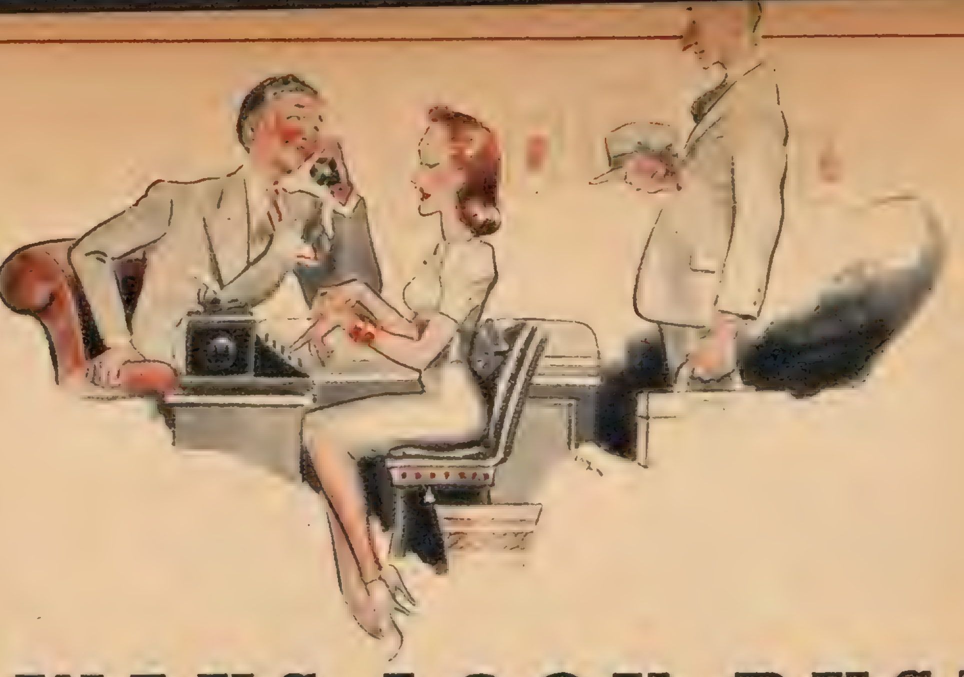


ALWAYS LOOK BUSY

Two-Minute Story

BY RICHARD RODMAN

They tell me the following is an old one—origin unknown. I heard it years ago and I still think it's funny.

GEORGE STANLEY was trying to appear calm, but he really was very excited. For this was his first day in his new office. It was a tiny office at the end of a long corridor, but it had GEORGE M. STANLEY, LAWYER printed bravely on the door, it had two desks, four chairs, a rug, and a typewriter (all secondhand), a telephone (not yet connected), and an attractive secretary who sat with an unchristened notebook in her hand.

"Whatever we do, Miss Higgins," said Stanley, "we must always look busy. I haven't a thing to dictate now, but put some paper in your typewriter, and whenever you hear any one walking down the hall begin typing at top speed—anything you want. And you'd better write a lot of shorthand notes in your book right away, so that it will look legitimate. A busy office looks like a successful office, and nothing succeeds like success!"

He paused and listened carefully. "Quick! Here comes some one now!"

Miss Higgins began to type as rapidly as possible, and Stanley reached for the telephone and began an imaginary conversation as the door opened and a young man entered. Stanley motioned him to a chair and went on talking.

"Yes, Mr. Johnson, we're pretty rushed right now, but I can work it out all right. Yes, three o'clock will be all right."

He hung up the phone and rose to greet his visitor. "And what can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I'm from the telephone company," said the man; "I've come to connect your phone."

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

NEXT WEEK'S COVER

WHY ENGLAND MUST HELP FRANCE by ANTHONY EDEN
Liberty 5¢
MAY 6 1939
WHICH TEAMS WILL WIN THE PENNANTS? LIBERTY'S ANNUAL FORECAST
FILTHY RICH: A New Novel of Love and Money by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

Patricia Murray, winner of a Beauty and Brains contest which gave her the title of Liberty Girl of the New York World's Fair, and also the leading feminine role in the motion picture I'll Tell the World, which is the high light of the exhibit of Macfadden Publications, Inc., in the Communications Building. The picture is to be presented, admission free, in the air-conditioned Macfadden Theater. Miss Murray will make personal appearances with the picture. She is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, where she played in college theatricals. Her professional stage career began at Jasper Deeter's famous Hedgerow Theater near Philadelphia. She has done considerable radio work and is known as N. B. C.'s Television Girl. I'll Tell the World is her first film appearance.

A Colorful Yesterday Lives Again

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, as the dancing Castles, inhabit an eventful picture of lively nostalgic charm

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★★★½ THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Lew Fields, Walter Brennan, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher, Robert Strange, Clarence Derwent, Frances Mercer, Donald MacBride, Etienne Girardot, Victor Varconi, Douglas Walton. Scenario by Richard Sherman from an adaptation by Oscar Hammerstein II and Dorothy Yost. Based on Irene Castle's My Husband and My Memories of Vernon Castle. Directed by Henry Potter. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 93 minutes.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

IF you're just a youthful jitterbug, this—alas!—will be a historical film. But if your memories run back to prewar days, when Broadway was still a street with glamour and romance, well! It will awaken recollections, stir those old memories. For here are the Castles doing the Castle walk, the Castle waltz, the fox trot, the maxixe, the tango. Here is Irene Castle setting the fashions, launching bobbed hair. Here are Irene and Vernon when they ruled the dancing steps of the world in those pleasant days of yesteryear, before they moved to the beat of martial drums.

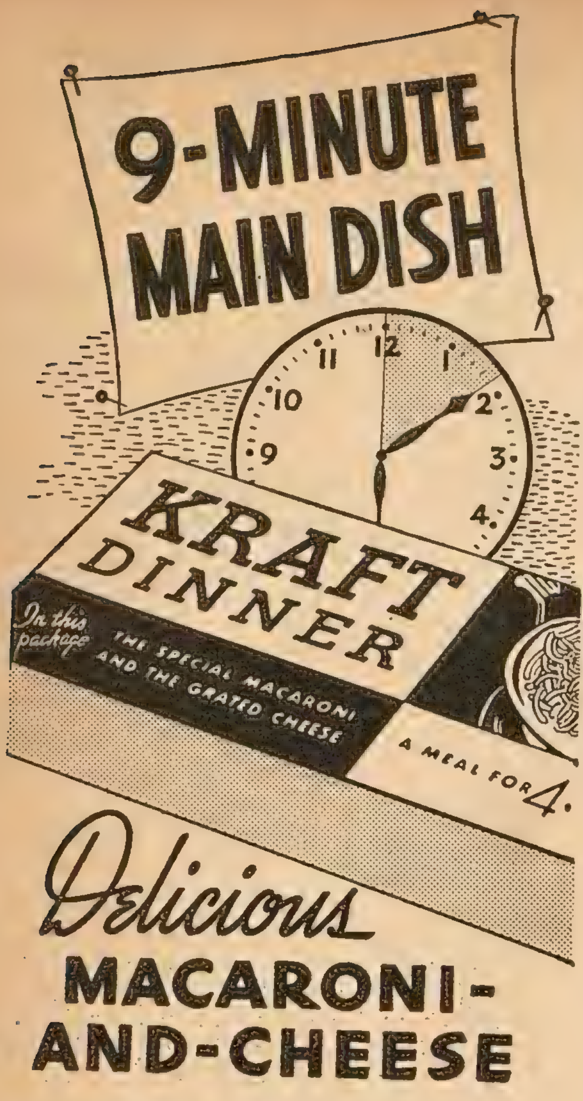
The story is substantially correct for all its movie romanticism. Vernon Castle, a second comic in a Lew Fields revue, by chance meets Irene Foote, daughter of a Westchester suburban doctor, on the New Rochelle beach. In no time at all they are married, in no time at all they are famous. The physician's daughter supplies the initiative that makes the lank blond thin English boy do things. Comes the war—and Vernon enlists. The film carries to that last tragic day of 1918, when Castle, sent to train American recruits, falls to death in his plane at Fort Worth, Texas.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers really never seem to be Vernon and Irene to these remembering eyes—but they dance graciously and charmingly, they are pleasant enough as the young couple taking the world by its feet.

This depends upon the age of your point of view.

VITAL STATISTICS: Wonder if that Paramount test director can ever forget his report on Fred Astaire back in 1933? He said: "Not very good-looking. Pleasant personality. Fair voice. Also dances." Then Fred went to RKO and became a million-dollar name. Fred is going to take a six-months vacation before any more pictures. He's tired. . . . That barbeershop routine is authentic. Vernon did it with Lew Fields in The Henpecks at the old Broadway Theater in 1911. . . . Walter Brennan hails from Swampscott, Massachusetts, attended technical school at Cambridge, planned to be an engineer. Then acting got him. Came the war and two years in France with the Twenty-sixth Division. In 1925 Brennan and an actor named Frank Cooper trudged from studio to studio, hoping for a break. It came first to Cooper, who shifted his cognomen to Gary. . . . That dancing map, depicting the rise of the Castle vogue, was 1,000 feet long and 250 feet wide, had 200 dancing couples. It was shot from a 100-foot-high steel tower. The map was of tempered presswood board. . . . Fatty Arbuckle's 1914 Stutz appears in the film. It was supplied by John W. De Noria, who makes a business of furnishing old and foreign cars for Hollywood films. . . . The beach at Balboa masquerades as

The dancing Castles. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in their latest.



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Eddie Quillan and Douglas Corrigan—who plays Doug in The Flying Irishman.

1911 New Rochelle and furnishes a good character bit. . . . Roy D'Arcy, scoundrel of the old silents, is the pseudo Prussian officer in Irene Castle's studio scenes. . . . A serious boner was discovered just in time. The women extras in the Café de Paris shots, date 1913, were wearing colored nail polish. That was unknown then. . . . Ginger Rogers' dancing dresses were copied from the actual originals, saved carefully by Irene Castle. Most of 'em were designed by Lady Duff-Gordon.

★ ★ ★ THE FLYING IRISHMAN

THE PLAYERS: Douglas Corrigan, Paul Kelly, Robert Armstrong, Gene Reynolds, Donald MacBride, Eddie Quillan, J. M. Kerrigan, Dorothy Peterson, Scotty Beckett, Joyce Compton, Dorothy Appleby, Minor Watson, Cora Witherspoon, Spencer Charters, Peggy Ryan. Screen play by Ernest Pagano and Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Leigh Jason. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 72 minutes.

LIBERTY has a very real interest in this film, for it first presented the life story of the likable kid who took off across the Atlantic in a nine-year-old plane and landed blithely in Ireland, thereby stirring the dreams and the laughter of a tired old universe.

The boy carried a couple of candy bars, a package of cookies, and the sort of courage that braves anything.

Here, in cinematic language—is Douglas Corrigan's story, all the way from newsboy, bottle washer, and mechanic to world hero. And Doug plays Doug. For all his warm Irish smile, Corrigan is no actor. But he isn't bad—and he is real. The film sticks to Doug's yarn and is *sans* romance and the usual film sentiment. The only girls in the picture are two waitresses of an open-face lunch near the flying field, and they mean less than nothing to the girl-shy lad who lives and breathes and eats flying.

VITAL STATISTICS: Doug Corrigan received $50,000 for making this. Studio almost called it Born to Fly . . . Doug's only concession to dramatic art was to have his gold tooth painted white for close-ups. And he wore a heavy facial make-up to hide his blushes in his few scenes with Dorothy Appleby and Joyce Compton. Doug baffled the RKO studio. He never appeared to eat. Seems he partakes of one hearty meal a day and that's dinner. Sometimes goes as far as a second piece of pie. No breakfast, no lunch. That's how he saved money in those dark lean days of his boyhood. He was adamant about two things: no kisses and no love-making. Had it written in his contract. During the film shooting he spent his spare time Sundays overhauling an old 1928 Franklin. Note his hair-trim. He usually cuts it himself. And wouldn't change for all the studios in Hollywood. His famous Curtiss Robin plane has been on view at the San Francisco World's Fair. . . . Paul Kelly owns a forty-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

You supply the stars—we're too modest.

THE PLAYERS: Jed Prouty, Frank Albertson, Patricia Murray, Billy Mauch, Bobby Mauch, Betty Ross Clarke, Marilyn Knowlden, Max Factor, Jr., Clem Bevans, Byron Folger, Ethelreda Leopold. Story by Herbert Crooker. Direction by Lynn Shores. Produced by Macfadden Publications. Running time, 40 minutes.

WHEN you go to the New York World's Fair this year—and of course you're going—you will visit the Macfadden Publications' exhibit. You will find it a friendly haven—and you will be interested in seeing a film made especially for you. It is I'll Tell the World, and it shows, in graphic pictorial fashion, the part advertising plays in your daily existence. Moreover, it shows that what you get out of life really depends upon you and your power of observation.

It is pleasingly acted by a competent cast, headed by Jed Prouty,

Frank Albertson, Patricia Murray, Betty Ross Clarke, and Jed Prouty.

Frank Albertson, the Mauch Twins, and Patricia Murray. The story is by Herbert Crooker, the direction in the capable hands of Lynn Shores. Your Beverly Hills admits to a strong partiality for this picture. The boys who made it and the players who acted in it are all swell folks.

Be sure to see it at the New York World's Fair.

VITAL STATISTICS: Plump Jed Prouty has been in fourteen Jones Family films, so he's expert in playing the worried head of a household. . . . Betty Ross Clarke is in the Hardy screen series. So she's up on her kitchen worries, too. . . . The Mauch Twins (Billy and Bobby) were in Anthony Adverse, The Prince and the Pauper, the Penrod stories—and I still can't tell 'em apart. . . . Little Marilyn Knowlden once married Billy Mauch—in the films, by remote control. Marilyn was the little girl who later grew up to marry Anthony Adverse, Billy was the boy Anthony. . . . Patricia Murray has been NBC's Television Girl. Intelligent and pretty. At the University of Pennsylvania she majored in journalism, but she found time between classes to take part in campus theatricals. Later she made her debut with Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater, near Philly.

Short Comment

★ ★ ★½

Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal). Deanna Durbin grows up, tries to regulate the romances of her two older sisters. Deanna is charming, the comedy is human—but it doesn't quite measure up to her other pictures.

★ ★

My Wife's Relatives (Republic). The Higgins family again in new problems. Amusing, thanks to the Gleasons, James, Lucille, and Russell.

Danger Island (Twentieth Century-Fox). J. P. Marquand's wily Celestial sleuth, Dr. Moto, reveals some astonishing jujitsu holds, and unravels a mystery that baffles the authorities of Puerto Rico. This moves snappily, is well produced, adequately acted. One of the best in the series.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age, The Sisters, You Can't Take It with You.

★★★½—Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, Men with Wings, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, Suez, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

JANET MACRORIE isn't exactly a censor. She's what you might call a shock absorber. At the National Broadcasting Company's studio she functions officially as Director of Continuity Acceptance. It's up to her to read every word of all NBC commercial programs; to spot anything that might shock or offend people, and to keep it off the air. . . . I've just been asking her about the rules upon which she lays down her law. . . . "The radio public," she said, "legislates our rules by writing in and objecting to certain things. We can't be sure until our listeners tell us. For example, nobody seems to feel scandalized by the phrase, 'My life was hell,' yet hundreds raise Cain if they hear a voice say, 'I had a hell of a time.' So *hell of a time* is out! . . . By and large, the radio public dislikes all jokes of the dog-and-hydrant type, all remarks touching physical infirmities, religions, and races. There can be no *Polacks* on the air, and British sailors must never be *limeys*. . . . The personality of the speaker makes a difference, however. Helen Hayes or Lionel Barrymore can get away with lines no other radio performer would dare attempt." . . . Brought up in Scotland, though born here, Janet Macpherson MacRorie admits a private prejudice against stingy-Scotch jokes. . . . Once had to substitute new slang in a hurry after removing the expression, "ants in her pants," from a last-minute script. Made it "*turtle in her girdle*." . . . No complaints received.

☆ Another view of the *shock* question came to me with this true story of a small-town girl who lives now in Chicago, supporting herself by commercial art. Her life is quite solitary—no romantic entanglements—but she works hard and enjoys it. Others from her home town visit Chicago at times, and because she's an artist they think she must lead a wild Bohemian existence, so they expect her to guide them into ravishing temptations. At her small apartment she shows them a man's bathrobe on a hook in her clothes closet. "You see how I'm fixed," she says with convincing embarrassment. "I can't step out with you." Properly shocked, the pests depart, and she goes back to work. . . . There are occasions when the name can be worth more than the game.

☆ Is your face plump or lean, short or long, round or square, oval or pointed? Next time you try on new hats at your milliner's, put yourself in the hands of a saleslady whose face isn't shaped too differently from your own. Human nature being what it is—feminine nature in particular—no girl selling hats can help but be interested primarily in those which suit *her* type of face, and she'll suggest them for you with the best of intentions. They are bound to be wrong for you, however, unless you and she have some facial contours in common. At any hat store it will pay you to have yourself attended to by a girl with a face shaped somewhat like yours.

☆ Not a few ladies grow rather acrimonious in advanced years, but I know one who always says nice things to people. "I'm a selfish old woman," she explains with a twinkle. "I haven't a great deal of time left, and I want to make it as pleasant as I can for every one—myself included."

"No, thank you. I'm just smelling!"

☆ For vacation planning: Janette Cooper Rutledge's new fifty-cent pamphlet, How to Tour the United States in Thirty-One Days for One Hundred Dollars. (Harlan Publications.)

☆ Letter from a young man in Ohio: . . . "I'm engaged to a girl who can keep a whole roomful of people amused by her conversation. Yet as soon as any one else becomes entertaining, she dries up. I can't make out whether she's sulking, or giving the other person a chance. She acts sulky to me." . . . Break her of it, for heaven's sake, if that's what you think. Every good talker should be a good stooge for another good talker. Otherwise clever conversation degenerates into monologue — and a monologist is always a nuisance in amateur company.

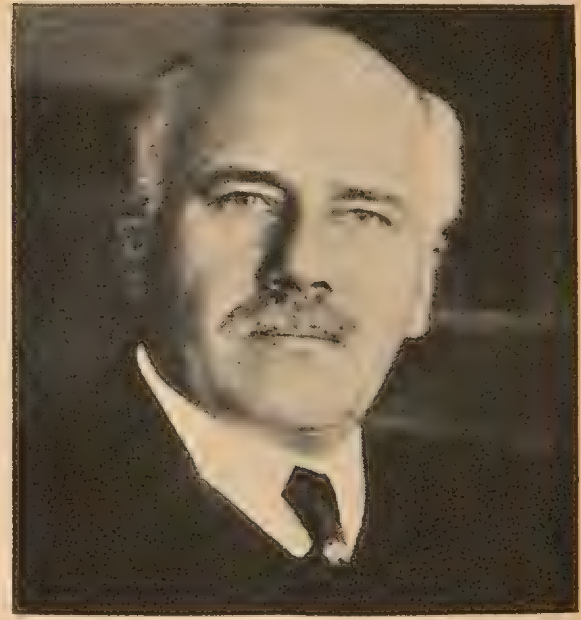
☆ Lamb chops aren't required by law to be Spartan fare. I know a Swiss cook who fixes them as follows—and hip-conscious women forget diet rules when they taste. These *Geneva chops* are too good to be slimming: . . . Use well trimmed rib chops. With a sharp knife make a deep slit in meaty side of each chop, cutting almost to the bone. Insert a slice of canned *purée* de foie gras (inexpensive and widely obtainable), or a stuffing of fresh liverwurst mashed with a little butter and chilled. Brush melted butter on chops; broil one side 3 minutes under strong flame; turn and broil other side 4 minutes. Serve with a purée of fresh green peas to which 1 tablespoon thick cream has been added.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO ABOUT ANTI-SEMITISM?

Vividly, the author of a famous book applies a challenging question to these troubled times

By the Rev. Dr. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?



Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TO begin with, Jesus Himself was a Jew, and could trace His lineage back to King David. He lived all His life, except for the brief time when Joseph and Mary took Him down to Egypt, in a small country among His own people, ruled over by a great military machine called Rome. As a young man He lived in a small town, for the most of His life among the Jews, who never thought of Him in any other way than as a carpenter.

When He began to teach, His disciples were Jews, most of them plain workingmen like Himself. The entire life of Jesus, therefore, was spent among the Jewish people, and His contact with other nationalities, like Greeks and Romans, was only occasional.

If now we are to imagine Jesus coming into the world in which we live, and ask the question, What would He probably do as He faced the terrible conditions that face His own people, the Jews? we ask a question that calls for an outline of His personality and His life purpose.

The entire passion and purpose of Jesus' life centered about human beings. He never mentioned the Roman Empire but twice, and it was materialistic and militaristic, rotten to the core socially, built up on slavery, and without any scruple about taking what it could get.

But Jesus said a little child was so valuable that if any one offended or did harm to the soul of a child, it would be better for that man to have a millstone hanged about his neck and dropped to the bottom of the sea. He placed an everlasting value on a human being when He said a man was of more value than a sheep, meaning by sheep anything material. And even on the cross He turned His face to the dying robber and said one of the most remarkable things ever said: "You and I will be together today in paradise!" Meaning that this dirty, bloody, ignorant robber would be a companion of the Son of God in the other world!

To understand, therefore, what Jesus would probably do about the baiting of the Jews if He were to appear in the world today, we must understand His interpretation of life and His one passion for humanity. For Jesus is the highest example we know of a defender of the individual as opposed to the nationalistic government that places the state above the individual. And we also understand that, while Jesus was a Jew, he thought of human beings entirely apart from their race or nationality. He thought of them all as a part of humanity, as children of the same God and as possible members of the same world-wide brotherhood.

Without any irreverence or any attempt to imagine a miracle, let us suppose Jesus present in our so-called civilization. What would He find going on among the nations today?

He would find the people among whom He Himself was born being treated in the most inhuman manner. Driven out of their homes, their property confiscated, their shops and business places raided and burned, their lives in peril simply because they were Jews. And all this done by governments that have exalted the state above the individual, and denied the existence of a Supreme Being and the teaching of love as the greatest teaching the human race has ever known.

Looking at all this, what would Jesus do or teach?

Would He make a personal visit to Hitler and Mussolini? It is entirely possible to imagine that Jesus might go to the Federal Council of Churches in America, the council that represents many denominations of America, and ask to be sent to Germany and Italy and Russia to meet the dictators face to face. Jesus was a person of the greatest courage. And His personality was so remarkable that men left their fishing and their everyday business when He called to them, and on an occasion when Roman soldiers were ordered to go and arrest Him, they went back to their commanders and said they were not able to arrest Him. And the historian says that the soldiers who were sent into the garden of Gethsemane to arrest Him fell backward to the ground when Jesus confronted them.

So it is entirely possible that Jesus might ask the Federal Council representing the Christian faith of 30,000,000 church members to make it possible for Him to confront the dictators who are responsible for baiting the Jews.

What would happen to Jesus if He met Hitler?

The personality of Jesus was so powerful that it is entirely possible that Jesus, confronting him, might overpower even the egotistic hate he has of the Jews and compel him to make a change in his attitude toward the entire race. Jesus condemned the Pharisees so strongly that His language takes the form of a denunciation that ranks as a superlative in history. There is no question as to the utter indignation Jesus would feel over the action of Hitler, and His righteous anger might have an influence.

Would Jesus be allowed to enter Germany or Italy or Russia? Would He be in any danger of being arrested or imprisoned? My friend Dr. Niemöller is in a concentration camp in Germany for refusing to obey the state's dictates as to the way the churches in Germany shall teach about religion. The Soviet government returns my own books from Russia because they are religious in their teaching. What use would it be for Jesus to visit these totalitarian states in appeal for the Jews?

Well, you answer these questions. But at any rate I have been thinking that Jesus, out of His great passion for the welfare of humanity, would not hesitate to do anything that might bring results. And I doubt if any man living can tell what might happen if Jesus in person met these dictators face to face.

But how about this plan of Jesus? There are 30,000,000 Protestant church members in the United States. What power might they have if they would act together to do something for the Jews who are being driven out of their homes?

I have been thinking that if Jesus did not believe it worth while to face the dictators personally, He would in all probability go to the Federal Council and ask that a great council be called of representative ministers and laymen, to organize groups of men and women to start on a world tour for the creation of world friendship, with special emphasis on the tragic condition of the Jews. These groups would be taken care of, so far as the expense was concerned, by the churches, which are fully equal to it. Various groups would visit the states that are baiting the Jews, and by the very fact of their visit make plain the protest of the Christian conscience of the world.

Think of this for a minute.

The great United States government spends vast amounts of the people's money on naval demonstrations in the Pacific and the Atlantic, with battleships and airplanes, to give other nations an illustration of our military power. How about a demonstration of human friendship emphasizing kindness instead of cruelty, and brotherhood instead of botherhood? I cannot help feeling that such an exhibition with 30,000,000 church members back of it would make a deep impression on the world.

THE Christian conscience is a power.

Friends of mine in Germany and Russia tell me that, in spite of all the fear and repression caused by the dictators who are baiting the Jews and imprisoning Christian teachers, there is a great multitude in whom cannot be killed the inborn instinct for religion and the teaching of Jesus Christ. It is there, slumbering but real, for the time being fearful; but the visits of these Christian groups would make the flame of faith blaze up again. Who can tell what would happen if these world tours of friendship, backed by the power of the millions who have not lost their faith, roused into living flame the multitudes who have cowered under the lash of the state? And, especially, what would it do for the Jews themselves, tortured and homeless and baited?

Fifty years ago the New York Home Missions Council, together with the Federal Council of Churches, organized a committee to discuss all the phases of common dislike of the Jews, and the expenses of the committee were met, for the most part, by wealthy Jews of New York. It was an honest attempt to get at the reasons for antagonism and to create an understanding between Christians and Jews. And the results were very encouraging for mutual friendly relations.

But we have to face present facts.

What faces the world today is the fact that there are millions of human beings being tortured and driven out of their homes and told to find homes elsewhere. What would Jesus teach or do? We may be sure He would not teach the use of force. He would teach the use of emphasizing the Christian conscience of the world. He would appeal to the 700,000,000 men and women of the world who call themselves Christian to get together in a common protest against the treatment of the Jews, and in a common purpose to meet the problem of home finding in the open door of the nations that hold to the democratic form of government. And in the language of Mr. Hull, Secretary of State, in his remarkable world broadcast made last Christmas Eve, Jesus would again cry aloud:

" There are those who think the world is based on force. But the course of history shows that noble ideas and spiritual forces in the end have had a greater triumph. Nearly two thousand years ago tonight there was born a Son of God who declined force and proclaimed the great lesson of universal love. Without force His kingdom lives today after a lapse of nineteen centuries."

What would Jesus teach or do about Jew-baiting?

He would urge the getting together of the Christian conscience of the world in a practical demonstration of human protest against the Jewish tragedy, and I believe that demonstration would be one of the greatest demonstrations for human freedom the world has ever known.

I earnestly hope the Federal Council of Churches will consider this plan as one that Jesus would most deeply wish.

THE END

A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30

IT'S BEEN YEARS! COME TO LUNCH AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF.
WHY, LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M DESPERATELY LONELY, JANE. I GO NOWHERE AND IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE A MAN HAS CALLED ON ME. AND I'M 30. OH, HOW I ENVY YOU!
Jane dares to hint
MEN IGNORED ME, TOO. I'D NEVER HAVE GOT JIM IF I HADN'T FOUND THAT MY BREATH WAS MY TROUBLE, AND BEGAN USING LISTERINE. PERHAPS YOU . . . .
NO, NO! NOT THAT. STILL . . . .
LISTERINE'S WORTH TRYING, ISN'T IT? REMEMBER, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE HALITOSIS. I DIDN'T.
ANYTHING'S WORTH TRYING. I'VE GOT LISTERINE AT HOME... ALWAYS USE IT FOR MY HAIR, IT'S SO WONDERFUL.
The following June
WHO SAYS I'M NOT A MATCH-MAKER...WHO SAYS LISTERINE ISN'T DAN CUPID. LINDA'S MARRYING BOB ON THE 21 ST.
LISTERINE

TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

For halitosis (bad breath) use **LISTERINE**

NEMESIS IN THE SKY

G-men with wings! Another exciting inside story from the records of the F. B. I.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FOR weeks, gentle Catherine Barbeau's nerves had been shattered by the murderous threats of an unseen band. Buddy Barbeau—it was inevitable that a young man with a name like Alexis Cartier Barbeau should be called Buddy by his friends!—had suffered too, and suffered as undeservedly.

He was an attractive figure, Buddy Barbeau, the kind of man women will always love and men will always envy. His apparent nonchalance was due in part to his flair for good clothes and his gift for wearing them. But his tall dark masculine beauty was his own.

Well born, well educated, equally at home in a duckblind or a drawing room, decent-living, democratic Buddy Barbeau was of the flower of our postwar generation. In all his fair young life he had never done anything to deserve the month of torture through which he had just passed.

This is how it was:

On a peaceful October evening of last year, as he was sitting quietly with his mother by the open fire in their lovely home in Silver Creek, New York, a suburb of Buffalo, the telephone rang, and the peace and happiness of the Barbeau household came abruptly to an end.

"I'll take it," said Buddy, jumping to his feet.

"No, son," said his widowed mother, "you're tired. You've been working all day."

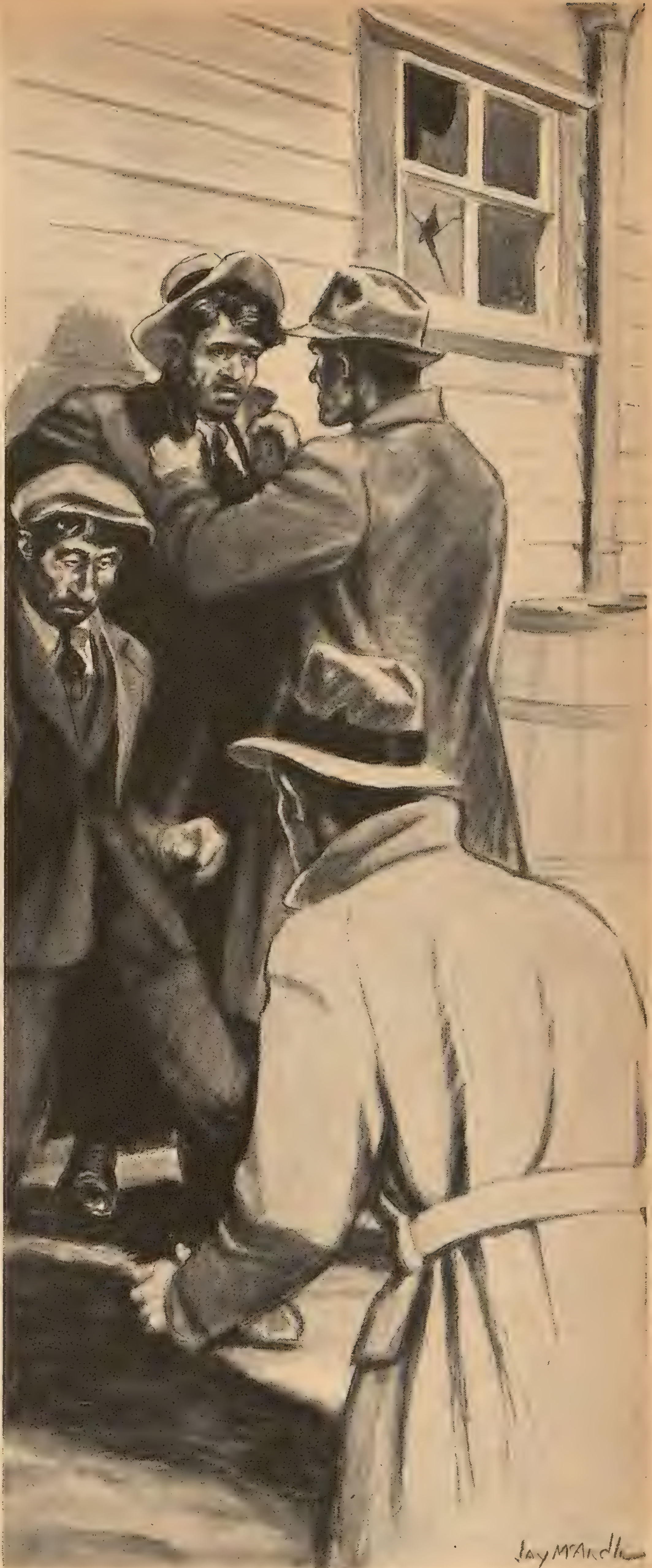
She was too quick for him.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Barbeau," she was saying.

Then came a silence—brief really, but endless it seemed to Buddy Barbeau as he watched the expression on his dear mother's face.

A man who spoke with a heavy foreign accent had just told Catherine Barbeau that if her son did not pay over $20,000, he would be killed.

There was no implication that Buddy Barbeau had done anything wrong for which he was being punished or black-



Two suspicious-looking men came out from behind a farmhouse. The special agents asked what they were doing.

mailed. Here, apparently, was extortion in its simplest and cruelest form—the unprovoked attack of a "have-not" on a "have." But her realization of this fact did not make that mother's heart beat less wildly.

That same night the watchman at the Silver Creek plant of the big farm-machinery company of which young Mr. Barbeau was vice-president, discovered under the door a note instructing Buddy, under threat of mortal injuries to himself *and to his mother*, to get together $20,000 in unmarked five-dollar bills, and informing him that he would receive further instructions as to how and where the money was to be paid after he had inserted in the Buffalo Times the following advertisement:

DONALD, all is forgiven. Come home. Mother.

Buddy Barbeau might have tried to laugh this off if there had been no one in it but himself. But that his mother should be harassed by day and haunted by night—that was too much; and that anything direful should happen to her was unthinkable. So he inserted the advertisement as instructed, and on October 7 received this telegraphic reply:

MEET ME TONIGHT AT SEVEN HOTEL LAFAYETTE
(signed) DONALD

ACCOMPANIED by two officers of the Buffalo Police Department, Buddy went to the Hotel Lafayette at the appointed hour and received a telephone call telling him to go to a bar at the corner of Wilkinson and Niagara Streets. There he was further instructed by telephone to proceed up Newark Alley, near Wilkinson Street, and to drop the package containing the money in the alley.

This he did, but without results. Presumably the extortioners recognized the local officers as policemen. Anyhow, they did not show up to retrieve the package.

A week passed. Young Barbeau and his mother began to breathe more easily. Perhaps their pursuers had given up the chase. Then, on October 14, came another note making the same threats, the same demands, and the same promise of further instructions following the publication of another newspaper advertisement.

Now Mr. Barbeau's first action, upon receipt of the initial message and note, had been personally to notify the Buffalo Field Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. But because the extortioners had, up to that time, sent no interstate messages and made no use of the United States mails, the Bureau was officially without jurisdiction. Now, however, since this second letter had reached Mr. Barbeau by mail, the G-men were definitely in the case.

On their advice, therefore, Barbeau once more agreed to co-operate by placing in the Buffalo News the required advertisement. This time it read:

EDNA, mother very ill and needs you. Dad.

Two days later, in the personal-notices column of the same paper, appeared this answering announcement:

DAD, love to mother. Sorry. Wire general delivery.
Edna.

Whereupon, on G-men's advice, Barbeau wired:

EDNA GENERAL DELIVERY
BUFFALO NEW YORK
UNABLE UNDERSTAND YOUR LAST COMMUNICATION
(signed) DAD

Another letter and another telegram from the extortioners followed, as a result of which Mr. Barbeau registered at the Ford Hotel in Buffalo under the agreed-upon name of Donald Cook. Nothing came of this attempt at contact, however, because the extortioners called up before the new guest's name had been filed with the hotel telephone operator, and were therefore told that there was no such person registered.

Each of the notes which the extortioners sent was in due course subjected to the strictest scrutiny by the laboratory specialists of the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington. In many extortion cases the identity of the sender of such letters has been revealed by fingerprints on the notes, which, when compared with the fingerprints in the files of the Department of Justice, sent special agents speeding directly to the culprit's door. Often, too, the stationery on which the extortion notes are written has been traced through manufacturers and wholesalers to a local merchant, and sometimes to an individual customer.

It was typical of the baffling nature of this case, however, that the notes bore no identifiable fingerprints, and that there was nothing about the miscellaneous scraps of paper on which they were written to give the slightest dependable clue.

Likewise there was nothing in the wording of the notes which remotely suggested the identity of the writers. Usually statements made in such letters enable investigators to narrow their work to certain groups of individuals—business rivals, jealous husbands, women scorned, etc. But these letters made no charges of any kind against young Barbeau or his mother.

The Barbeaus knew of no enemies they had. Alexis Cartier Barbeau, Sr., had always been a highly respected citizen. His widow was beloved by all. Buddy was, as we have come to know him, a good egg.

There was, it seemed, nothing for the G-men to do but wait.

Five more days followed without communication. Then came another letter accusing Barbeau of failing to keep his date at the Ford Hotel, repeating the previous threats, and adding a new one against "that beautiful girl of yours."

Here at last was something which in many cases would have indicated motive, perhaps even identity. The wronged husband, the discarded lover, a previous "beautiful girl" in whom the victim had been interested—some such person would immediately have come under suspicion. But the private life of Alexis Cartier Barbeau precluded any such simple solution.

Buddy Barbeau was the type that was born to number among his friends many beautiful girls. He had very possibly been seen by the writers of these letters with one such or many such. But the sole indication was that the extortioners might be in a position to watch him and observe his associates.

All agreed that he had never been involved seriously enough with any one woman to bring about a situation where she or her lover or her rival or anybody else concerned would be likely to risk long-term imprisonment by seeking either financial or physical revenge.

Once more there was nothing for the G-men to do but to advise young Barbeau to show his willingness to continue negotiations by inserting the additional advertisement in the News which the "beautiful girl" letter had demanded. It read:

ROBERT, Florence is back home. Mother.

THESE reopened negotiations led to arrangement for a second meeting at the Ford Hotel, where the following telephone conversation took place:

"Hello, A. C. Are you ready to do business?"

"Yes."

"Have you the cash and are you alone—not like last time?"

"Yes. I want to get this over."

"All right. Take the five-five train for Erie, New York Central, and stand on the rear platform. When you see a man waving a white flag, throw package."

Special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation immediately made such arrangements as were possible in the short time at their disposal, and the party caught the 5.05 train as instructed. Once more, however, the pay-off was delayed. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the darkness along the right of way, it would have been quite impossible to make out the agreed-upon signal—provided, of course, it had been given.

The distress caused in the Barbeau household by this long series of failures may be imagined.

There was no question about young Barbeau's personal courage. He had proved that in the very beginning by reporting the first extortion moves instead of weakly giving in to them, and later by walking down that dark Buffalo alley where the thugs might have thought it wise to remove one witness against them.

But Mrs. Barbeau's case was the more difficult of the two. She had to sit at home and see her best-beloved go out to meet in strange places the thugs who were threatening his life and hers. She had to wait for his none too certain return. She had to stand up under the news of repeated failure, continued suspense.

Well, human nature can stand only so much. Suppose Catherine Barbeau broke under the strain. What would Buddy Barbeau do then? Would he stick with the G-men? Or would he open private negotiations of his own? Or would he take his mother and flee the country?

In the face of a situation like this, delay might be fatal. The G-men were vastly relieved, therefore, when the crooks themselves, apparently realizing their mistake, promptly wrote another letter naming an earlier afternoon train for the next attempt at contact.

ACCORDINGLY, two days later, November 5, Train No. 43, the 1.14 local, pulled out of the Buffalo station, rolled its leisurely way through the yards, and gained somewhat in momentum as it slid through Silver Creek on its accustomed afternoon trek to Erie, Pennsylvania, while a handsome, apparently nonchalant man stood on the rear platform of the final coach and clutched grimly a small white oblong package.

Two men crouching behind a railway shack at a desolate spot on the right of way about six miles west of Dunkirk stood ready to wave the white handkerchief on the end of a stick—the pay-off signal. As the train lumbered into sight they doubtless thrilled with greedy expectancy. They knew that their hour of hours had come.

What the two men did not know was that it was not by accident that the huge high-winged monoplane which had been circling idly above the Buffalo station was now following at an altitude of 3,000 feet the long straight tracks to Erie.

They did not know that the railing of the train's rear platform, on which the young man apparently stood alone, hid expert operators of photo floodlights and long-range searchlights, whose rays, penetrating the heavy wintry atmosphere, would tell the men in the plane the exact spot at which the pay-off had been made.

They did not know that a high-powered automobile, driven at racing speed, was likewise following the moving train along the highway that paralleled the railroad, and that other cars, with motors idling, were waiting at appropriate intervals for radioed directions from observers in the plane.

But the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice knew about all these things, because its special agents, acting under the farseeing direction of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, had, with their usual meticulous care, planned every one of them.

First of all, they had gone to the Curtiss Airplane Company, which is

Gail Patrick, star of the Republic picture, "Man of Conquest", gets a thrill from . . .

. . . the streamlined mountaineers which climb to the top of Pike's Peak, nearly three miles above sea level. These rail cars and other equipment of the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway are . . .

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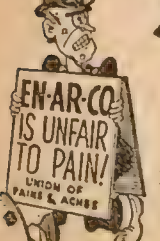

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NATIONAL REMEDY CO. NEW YORK

located in Buffalo, and arranged for the use of the Stinson high-winged monoplane. From the Curtiss Company they had also obtained the services of an engineer, an electrician, and the company's ace test pilot, Lloyd Childs, to accompany the G-man on the flight.

This done, there arose the problem of apprising the observers in the plane of the exact time of throwing out the package. The ship mustn't fly too low or it would excite suspicion and frighten off the crooks. From a normal height, on the other hand, it would be quite impossible to see the waving of a small white flag or handkerchief. Consequently, there began an elaborate series of test flights over the proposed course and the trying out of various signal devices, of which the floodlights and searchlights were chosen as the most practical.

To install this equipment it was necessary to seek the co-operation of the New York Central Railroad, which immediately agreed to attach an eighth coach to the usual seven-coach train, and to keep this last car free of passengers. The railroad also furnished one of its own special agents to accompany one of the Bureau's in each of the pursuit cars along the route.

The question of how best to reach these pursuit cars with radio messages was gone into at great length with the radio experts of the Department of Commerce at the Dunkirk Airport and with officials of the Buffalo Police Department.

Then the thing happened.

Each detail of the plan fell into place with trip-hammer precision.

The extortioners waved the handkerchief. The young man threw the package. The searchlight flashed the signal. The radio relayed the message. The airplane dived. The motorcars converged on the pay-off spot.

And they say that romance no longer exists in a mechanized world!

SO perfect was the timing that all of the cars were under way before the airplane, on its downward plunge, sent them its second message:

"Dark-colored sedan, about 1930 model Ford or Chevrolet, parked on side of dirt road near Sheridan Park, between Routes Five and Twenty. No apparent reason for it being there and no one observed in vicinity."

This information promised to be of great value to the searchers, who might easily miss individuals escaping on foot because of the heavy growth of trees. If, however, they could get to the parked automobile before the thugs got to it to make their getaway, the G-men figured that they would have an A-1 chance to catch their men.

The first agents to arrive immediately undertook this surveillance of the getaway car. But the G-men have learned to take nothing for granted. The culprits might have become frightened and abandoned their car. They might have taken to their heels. So other agents began patrolling the near-by highways at high speed, following in a general way the course of the big Stinson plane, which was now flying close to the ground and around the pay-off spot in circles of approximately one half mile in circumference.

While pursuing this intensive investigation, one pair of officers—there were, you will recall, one F. B. I. agent and one New York Central agent in each car—observed two rather suspicious-looking individuals come out from behind a deserted farmhouse. The special agents asked them what they were doing.

"What's the matter?" answered the taller one in a heavy Italian accent. "Can't a fellow walk down the highway?"

ON closer inspection, however, neither man showed any bravado. They had evidently been running, for they were breathing hard and perspiring freely, although the November afternoon was seasonably chill. There were also scratches and abrasions on their faces which might have been caused by briers encountered in a flight through the near-by woods.

The men gave their names as Anthony Joseph Catalano and Anthony Louis de Pasquale. Catalano said he lived in Buffalo, and Pasquale said his home was in Silver Creek. These were the two towns on the right of way between which the pay-off spot had been located.

Catalano was the sleepy listless Latin type who spoke in phrases as slovenly as his unkempt hair, his unwashed linen, and his shuffling lazyman's gait. His long nose stuck out almost as far as his weak chin stuck in. Without warning he would go off into streaks of hollow giggling laughter. Yet there were occasional flashes of cunning from out those dull half-closed eyes.

Pasquale was by comparison an intellectual giant. (It developed later that he had a mental age of slightly over eleven years!) Physically, too, he was more robust. He said that in his youth—he was now thirty-five and Catalano was thirty-three—he had done a short stint as a professional boxer. He was the exact antithesis of his sloppy companion in dress and manner.

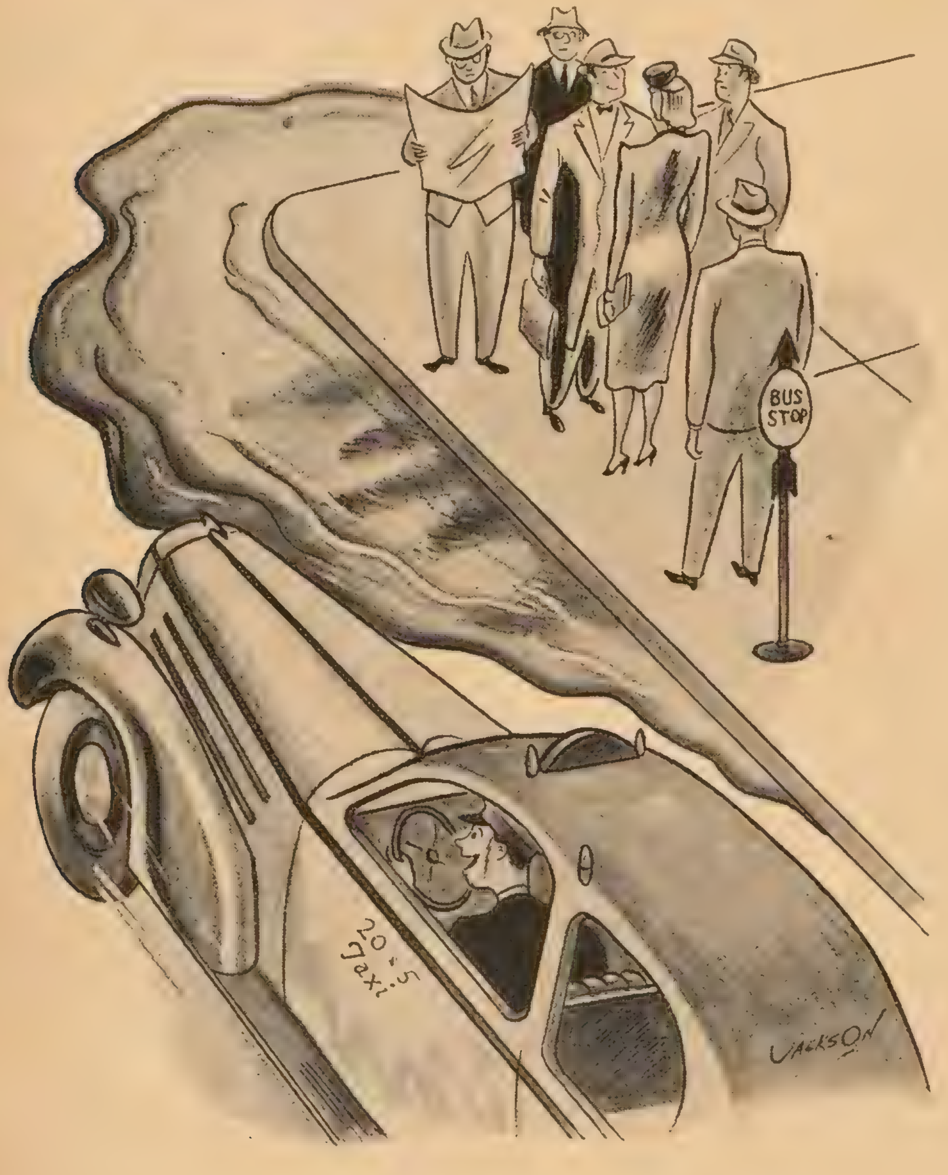
Both men vehemently denied that they were in the vicinity for any criminal purpose, but they told conflicting stories as to what had brought them there. At first they said that they were on their way to visit a friend. Then they said they were looking for mushrooms. Finally they said they were hunting for hickory nuts. (One hickory tree was found in the neighborhood, but for several years it had been dead.)

Now, in the old days, law-enforcement officers might have been willing to let it go at that. Two unpleasant citizens had been found in the vicinity of a crime who were quite unable to account for their presence, and who changed their stories in a most suspicious manner. Obviously they must have committed the crime. Many a case has gone into court on some such bland presumption of guilt, and has been lost because presumption is not evidence.

In the new days, the G-men days, the law-enforcement officers' job has just begun at the point which this case had now reached.

"Sherlock Holmes with modern improvements!" If you think that flatters J. Edgar Hoover, just watch him—next week, in Mr. Collins' account based on F. B. I. records—as he personally solves the Skeegie Cash kidnap!

Naturally, the two suspects were taken into custody. Then began a step-by-step examination of the terrain surrounding the pay-off spot.



"Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Look at that puddle!"

First of all, samples of the soil were taken at the exact spot where the flag-wavers must have stood. Then the space behind the shack yielded a freshly cut stick which might have been used as a flagstaff, and a half-smoked cigar on which the band still stuck; it read "O'Brienette."

Meanwhile, of course, the men themselves had also been searched. Pasquale's clothes had yielded nothing of interest. But in one of Catalano's pockets was found a fresh cigar; it was an "O'Brienette." In another pocket was a jackknife which had recently been used in cutting green wood. In still another pocket appeared a white handkerchief wrinkled at one corner as if recently knotted or tied. And in a fourth pocket was found an automobile ignition key which fitted the 1930 Ford sedan parked near the pay-off spot.

Both men were then fingerprinted and their prints immediately submitted to the technical laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice at Washington; also specimens of their handwriting and samples of soil adhering to their shoes.

The fingerprints in the files of the F. B. I. are so arranged, according to a system created by Director J. Edgar Hoover, that a trained clerk in the Identification Department of the Bureau can tell in less than three minutes whether a newly submitted print is that of one of the 4,600,000 criminals whose fingerprints and history the Bureau already knows.

The prints of Catalano and Pasquale, submitted to this test, qualified at once. In an incredibly short time, therefore, Mr. Hoover had on his desk a complete history of both men's criminal careers.

The crimes for which they had been arrested included disorderly conduct, petty larceny, grand larceny, attempted burglary, and first-degree robbery. At the time of the extortion Catalano was at liberty on a $14,000 bond in connection with the last-named charge, and Pasquale was free on parole after serving four years and nine months for the same offense.

1
WORD!
is all you say to your Ford Dealer when you want to buy a new or used car. Just say—"Universal"—and obtain a low cost time payment plan arranged quickly, confidentially, to suit your purse.
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ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

Meanwhile the laboratory chemists had established beyond dispute that the soil taken from the pay-off spot and some of the soil taken from the shoes of the prisoners were of the same make-up and character; and handwriting experts in the Bureau had shown—there was, as a matter of fact, small room for doubt about it—that the handwriting specimens taken from Anthony Catalano were identical with the handwriting of some of the extortion notes.

Confronted with the mounting evidence against him, Catalano pleaded guilty on December 9, 1938. Pasquale continued his denials and went to trial on December 13, 1938. At the end of Catalano's testimony, Pasquale changed his plea from " Not guilty " to " Guilty." Catalano got five years. Pasquale, as seemed right in view of his stubborn lying, got twelve.

So far as the public knew, the Barbeau extortion case was at an end. The torment to which those two nice people, Catherine Barbeau and Buddy Barbeau, had been subjected was properly avenged. But the G-men were not through. Why? Because the experts in the technical laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in their examination of the handwritings of Catalano and Pasquale and their comparison of these with the writings of the extortion notes, had observed that the first letters sent to Mr. Barbeau were not written by either Catalano or Pasquale. To the G-men, that meant only one thing: there was a third man in this, the most baffling extortion case in recent criminal history.

Up to and through his trial, Catalano had insisted that only he and Pasquale were involved in the plot. Pasquale, of course, had denied all knowledge of the affair prior to his change of plea, and even then was content to confirm what Catalano said.

After the trial, however, when confronted with the evidence uncovered by the technical laboratory of the F. B. I., both men confessed that there had been a third conspirator, one Calo Carlo, who personally wrote the first three extortion notes but retired from the plot after the unsuccessful attempt to communicate with young Mr. Barbeau at the Ford Hotel.

Calo Carlo was no stranger to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in whose files he was listed as having been arrested many times on many charges, among others third-degree assault, first-degree assault, violation of immigration laws, violation of parole, grand larceny, bigamy, and rape.

Special agents of the Bureau, visiting Carlo's place of residence in Buffalo, found a quantity of stationery and envelopes which, on detailed scientific examination and analysis in Washington, proved to be identical in all details with the materials used in the first three extortion notes.

Like Catalano, this olive-skinned, narrow-eyed confirmed criminal of forty-five quickly saw the uselessness of denying the evidence which the G-men were assembling against him, and elected to plead guilty to a charge of conspiracy. He received one year and ten months in the federal pen.

To the layman, the outstanding feature in the Barbeau extortion case will always be that dramatic mobilization of the forces of steam, electricity, radio, aviation, and motorization by which the special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice were able to close in on the extortioners from every side—even from the skies.

There is, however, one other element which must not be overlooked: the never varying fortitude of the Barbeau family in the face of a temptation to yield which must have been well nigh irresistible. Catherine Barbeau and Alexis Cartier Barbeau—they stand forth as splendid examples of that valor in citizenship which the readers of Liberty delight to honor!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—Reginald de Koven.
2—Volcanoes.
3—At New York, N. Y., in 1882.
4—Four hundred and eighty.
5—Rice.
6—Theodore Dreiser.
7—The second Sunday in May.
8—Autograph Letter Signed (all of the letter is in the signer's handwriting).
9—Birmingham.
10—From axle to axle.
11—D.
12—The nail should be immersed in hot water for several minutes to avoid crumbling the plaster.
13—Yes, if the right row remains; in a standard keyboard all the required letters are in one row.
14—Peter Pan.
15—Upstairs, being equivalent to the second floor in the U. S. The floor beneath the English "first floor" is called the "ground floor."
16—A pedicure.
17—P. C. Wren.
18—The bidet.
19—September Morn.
20— Paul B. Taylor

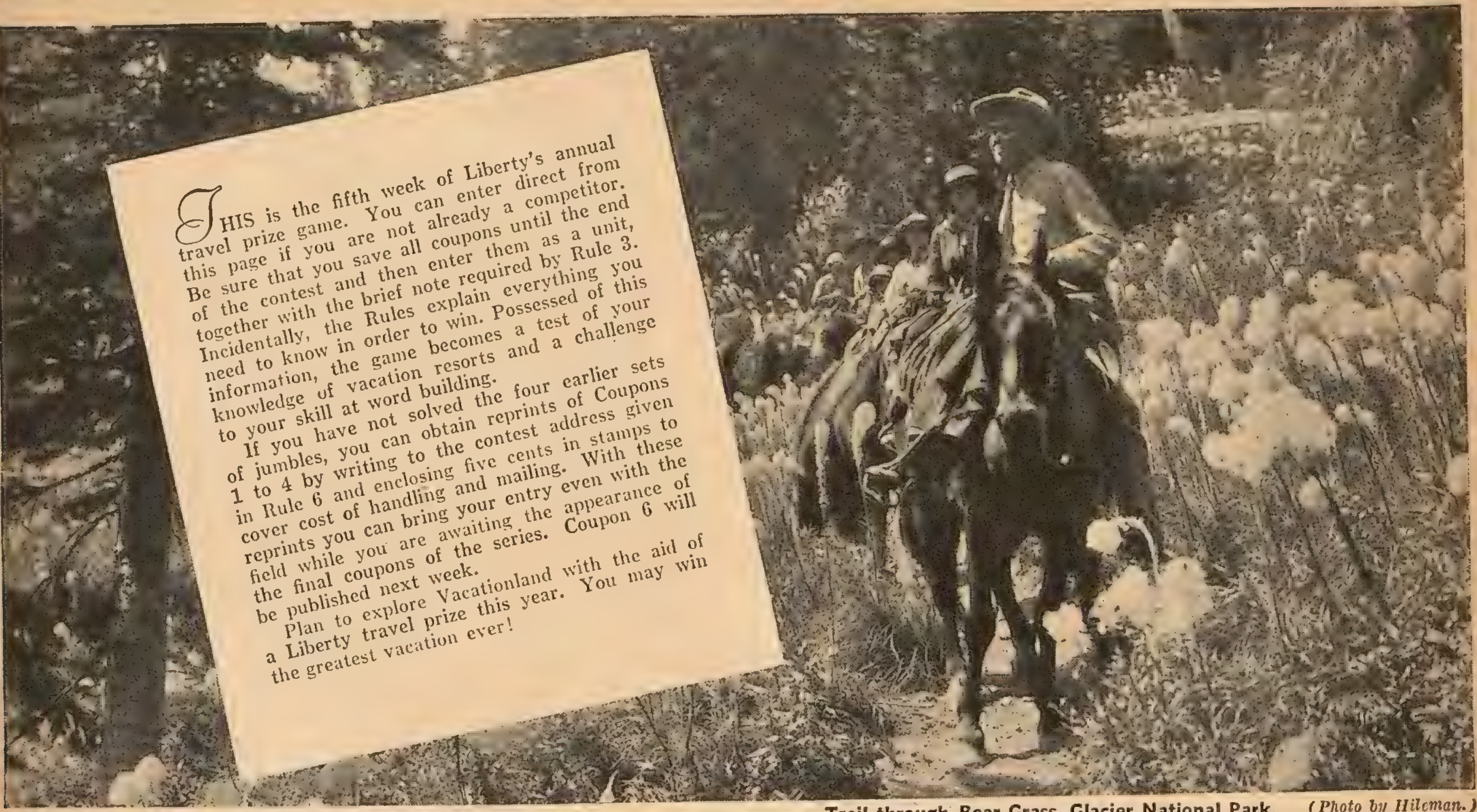
☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **WINE OF GOOD HOPE** by David Rame. The Macmillan Co.

Excellent portrayal of the lives and loves of an English family and their South African wine farm. Absorbing narrative that moves up and down the world all the way from the Cape of Good Hope to Maine.

Explore Vacationland with a Liberty Travel Prize!



THIS is the fifth week of Liberty's annual travel prize game. You can enter direct from this page if you are not already a competitor. Be sure that you save all coupons until the end of the contest and then enter them as a unit, together with the brief note required by Rule 3. Incidentally, the Rules explain everything you need to know in order to win. Possessed of this information, the game becomes a test of your knowledge of vacation resorts and a challenge to your skill at word building.

If you have not solved the four earlier sets of jumbles, you can obtain reprints of Coupons 1 to 4 by writing to the contest address given in Rule 6 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. With these reprints you can bring your entry even with the field while you are awaiting the appearance of the final coupons of the series. Coupon 6 will be published next week.

Plan to explore Vacationland with the aid of a Liberty travel prize this year. You may win the greatest vacation ever!

Trail through Bear Grass, Glacier National Park. *(Photo by Hileman.)*

(Union Pacific RR. photo.)
Bryce Canyon National Park.

(North Carolina State News Bureau photo.)
Fishing at Wrightsville Beach.

(Virginia Conservation Comm. photo.)
Palace of Royal Gardens, Williamsburg.

(Rock Island Lines photo.)
Palms on strand near Santa Barbara.

(Greyhound Lines photo.)
Supercoach on Oregon's Coast Highway.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

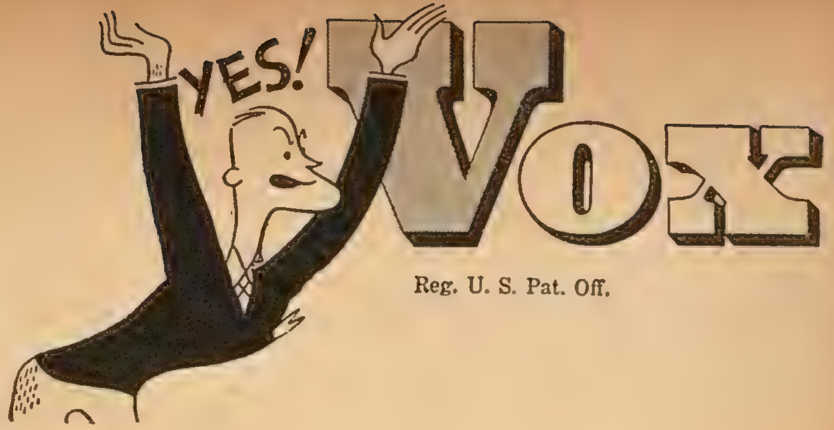
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

No. 5 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

JUMBLE **SOLUTION**

1. GIVERORERU ....
2. ANSEPALOC ....
3. HOMESALEADKEO ....
4. QAMOCUNI ....
5. EGARNYEL ....
6. ATALLTYSKECI ....
7. CYOYTWIKREN ....
8. TINPOORDOFTCOLM ....
9. BASSMEATPROSTGIN ....
10. HAMMLEMKEGAPREGO ....



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

" THE BRAVEST OF THESE "

New York, N. Y. — An elderly baldheaded gentleman, whose reputation for knowing his business has survived for more than nineteen hundred years, once wrote something that millions of Americans have read and remembered: " All Gaul is divided into three parts, one of which is inhabited by the Belgians, another by the Aquitanians, and the third by the Celts, *but the bravest of these are the Belgians.*"

These Belgians are tough hombres. They are very like Americans in a great many ways. They are not looking for trouble. They do not like war and are not trained to admire it. But when war is forced on them, they know what to do about it.

All that Belgium ever has asked is to be let alone. But as a nation it has set an example to the world in its regard for the sanctity of its obligations. When a larger nation forfeited the respect of the world by declaring that its treaties were " scraps of paper," tiny Belgium held that respect at an appalling cost.

If younger American generations have forgotten that, it is well that they should be reminded.

Perhaps it will be possible, a hundred years from now, for historians and military critics to determine when and how the military decision of the World War was won—where the tide was turned. It may have been any one of a hundred episodes or major actions of that war—perhaps one unheralded or scarcely recorded.

But there are those who believe that the tide of battle was really turned when the " dash " through Belgium to the sea and to Paris was slowed to a crawl by the descendants of the men whom Caesar described.—*Winnipeg.*

A NEW MOSES

Erie, Mich.—Amen to Intelligence!! For God's Sake Give Us Intelligence! (March 11 Liberty.) But, dear God, when you are passing the information around, please don't forget good old Bernarr Macfadden. He is a swell guy, a credit to his country, and about the best spokesman that you could employ down here. He knows plenty, but one little item seems to have escaped his attention. Please tell him what you told that early spokesman, Moses (Leviticus 25:23): " The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me."

Show him, O God, that the ownership of the earth by individuals makes masters of the few and slaves of the many. Teach him, dear Lord, that depressions, the impoverishment of labor, and the bankruptcy of capital is the direct result of the collection of that publicly created value, known as rent, by a few individuals among us. Give him a copy of Progress and Poverty, by Henry George. Make him read it, and give him understanding. When you have done this, he will become the Moses of a new era.—*Robert L. McCaig.*

HOW TO FALL

Kansas City, Mo. — This may be mossy but it's still funny. Patrolman George M. Medley, instructing a police class in jujitsu, fell on the mat and broke his collarbone. The lesson for the day was How to Fall and Not Get Hurt.—*Jules Motta.*

CUT-RATE GHOST CHASING

Kennard, Ind. — Can you imagine my surprise on reading Horace Leaf's article in March 18 Liberty and finding that he actually gets paid for chasing ghosts? Now, I've spent half of my life chasing ghosts and never received a dime.

I spent one whole night sitting on a stump in the middle of a dense woods, waiting for an Indian chief who was supposed to lead the way to a buried treasure. Old Chief Gold-in-the-Face never showed up, nor has he ever bothered any one since that time. If you know of any place where I can get in touch with a ghost, please get in touch with me. I have special cut-rate prices for ghost chasing. (Special note to Horace Leaf: I also specialize in chasing bats out of belfries.)—*E. H. Van Voorhis.*

CROSSING THE CONTINENT FOR FIVE BUCKS

Fargo, N. D.—Parcel-post rates for railway passengers were considered last fall. Cross the continent for five dollars. Why not?

With a World's Fair on each coast, try it now, and see railroad business boom.

Some day we'll cross the continent inside (*not* underneath) a safe sub-stratosphere Zeppelin (?) in less than a day for five bucks!—*L. A. Peterson.*

THE WAY IT GOES

New York, N. Y.—How on earth can you afford to publish a story like I Married a Nazi? Of one thing you may be certain: the author of the story does not know German. Every German quotation in his novel contains at least one mistake. " Grünewald " should be " Grunewald " (without the umlaut); " *Geöffnet, Jude,*" means " Opened, Jew "; " Open, Jew," would read " *Aufmachen, Jude!* " The word *Herren*, supposedly the equivalent of " Gentlemen," would require the pronoun " *Meine* " before it, so as to read "*Meine Herren* "; etc. And that's the way it goes all the way through. At least in these externals one might expect such a story to be accurate; but no, even there it proves its lack of authenticity.

This anti-Nazi propaganda is hardly in the interests of the truth or of the peace of mankind, besides striking at the very roots of real Americanism as typified by George Washington's Farewell.

It was bad enough that we betrayed our destiny in the World War for the sake of filthy lucre, but at least we could make amends for it now, instead of continued one-sidedness spelling hatred and hostility to one European group and lickspittledom toward the other. What a pity, what a pity that Mr. Macfadden's name should be linked with this criminal insanity!—*Max Vieweger.*

PAUNCH AND HATS

Chicago, Ill.—Answering Anne Whomae's letter (March 11 Vox Pop), I say the ladies should try to reform their own clothes before telling us males what to wear.

I would rather have the largest paunch in the United States than walk down the street with one of those outlandish creations today's women call hats. My advice to them is to reform their own clothes before starting on us paunchy wool-stocking males. —*H. B. Melby.*

ONLY TRUE ANTIDOTE

Palmyra, N. J.—Being an avid reader of Liberty, I wish to second the letter of C. J. Miller (March 11 Vox Pop), and as a true patriotic son of America ask why Wickets has said that " Fascism is an antidote against Communism " ?

Why did he not say that Nazism is an antidote for the same ailment?

To my mind, neither of these isms is a true antidote; and permit me to say that the only true antidote against any of these overseas isms is " Americanism and Patriotism ",—loyalty to our form of government and what it stands for.

I too challenge Wickets to deny that he is a Fascist or a sympathizer of dictatorship. —*H. S. Way.*

NO FIRESIDES FOR SIXTY

SEATTLE, WASH. — About that letter signed Marcia (March 18 Vox Pop): If she thinks a mother and father of sixty are " ready for the fireside with their memories," I am quite sure that she is not " ready for life " even at her advanced age of twenty-five.

Does she not know that nowadays many of the important things in the world are being done by men and women of sixty or more? I know scores of people in their sixties, and none of them are ready for firesides. They are apt to be running big affairs during the day and enjoying the latest dance to swing music in the evening.

Marcia dear, are you still living in the horse-and-buggy days, or is that age too modern for you?

Please grow up!—*K. E. B.*

PERMISSION GRANTED

KANSAS CITY, MO.—January 14 Liberty had a very interesting and instructive article on television by Lenox R. Lohr. We would appreciate the privilege of reproducing it in full or in part, with proper credit, to be used in a circular that we are sending to our graduates and prospective students.

As you know, television is yet in the experimental stage, and we are very gratified to see your publication giving it this publicity.

We are attempting at this school to give men, young and older, the most advanced instruction obtainable.

We therefore hope that you will grant us this privilege, and you can be assured that we will be very glad to reciprocate in any way that we can. — *C. H. Smith, Dean, Training Division of First National Television, Inc.*

[Permission is gladly given. Also, permission is given to the Strevell Paterson Hardware Company of Salt Lake City, Utah, to reprint Mr. Macfadden's Intelligence!! For God's Sake Give Us Intelligence! And the same to Exposition Cotton Mills of Atlanta, Georgia, which wished to use his editorial Who Are the Real Friends of Labor?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WORD FROM SHANGHAI

SHANGHAI, CHINA — Mr. Wells' Europe Ten Years from Now (January 21 Liberty) is an admirable summing up of the position, with all its ruthlessness in respect of his own country. You find nowhere more convincingly than out here in the East how low British prestige has fallen.

From my own knowledge of the situation as a journalist, I strongly disagree with his view that the Soviet has been materially weakened by recent events, but with the rest of his stuff I concur enthusiastically. — *Marc T. Greene.*

" I DIDN'T TAKE THE JOB "

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Several weeks ago a shady promoter offered me a fabulous salary to act as first " president " of the American Association Against Jewish Monopoly. He planned a gigantic militant organization, thriving on huge donations from narrow-minded people. The objectives of the organization are best gleaned from its title. Several weeks' advance salary, in century notes, were dangled before my eyes.

This man figured that I, as a small-fry writer with a German name, could fill the bill exactly. Unfortunately for him, though I have a German name and naturally I am of German lineage, I am also part Irish and a bit o' Scotch. The best thing is, I am all American — the Weygandts stamped around in the snow with Washington at Valley Forge. Then, too, I believe in tolerance. You guessed it—I didn't take the job.

But the main reason I write this letter to you is that I'm happy about the whole thing. —*Harold Wright Weygandt.*

3 MONKEYS IN NIKKO

PORTAGE, WIS.—The movie makers generally take liberties with history and geography in making their supercolossal features.

Hence it was not surprising to find William C. de Mille placing the three monkeys (see, hear, speak no evil) in a Chinese locale (February 11 Liberty). The fact is, the monkeys are carved in one of the beautiful temples of Nikko in Japan. I saw them myself. —*Frank B. Kraus.*

THINKING BASE

DULUTH, MINN.—A great many times during the years I have been reading Liberty I have felt the urge to express my approval of editorials or articles contained therein.

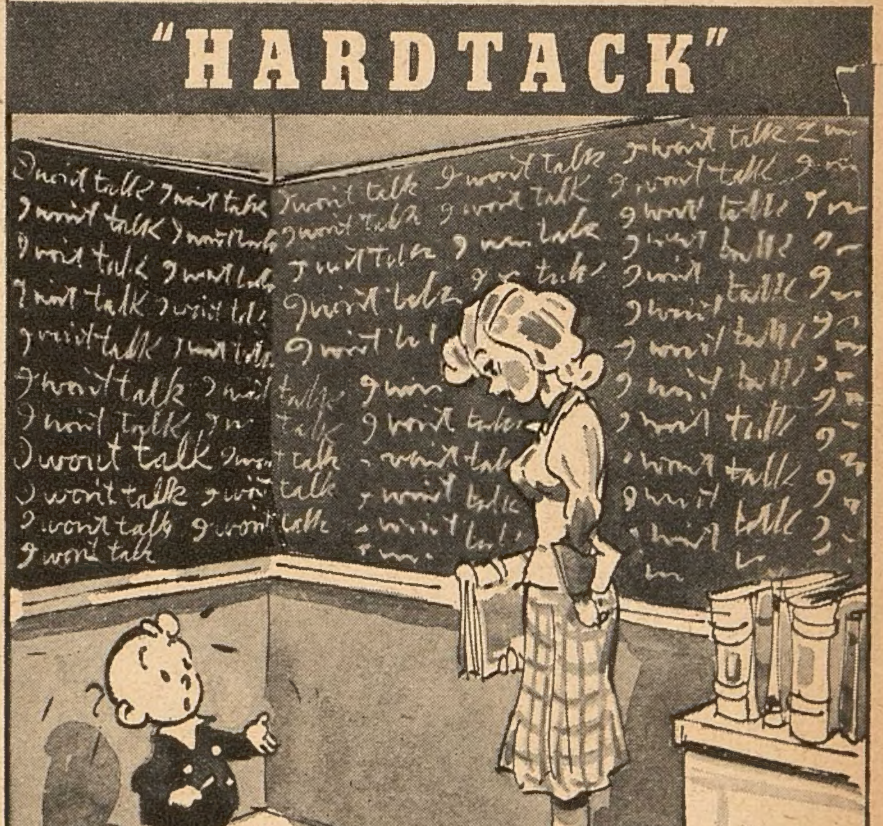
After reading Is Our Press to Remain Free? by George E. Sokolsky (March 18 Liberty) I must make my feelings known to you.

The meddling with existing basic business such as this article exposes has already extended into too many other fields. Liberty is rendering democracy a great service by its vigilance.

The future of American democracy will never be in jeopardy while publications such as yours give so many millions of readers good material upon which to base their economic thinking. — *Arthur N. Thomas.*

BLANK WANTED

ROYAL CENTER, IND.—The more letters the merrier! Why not put a Vox Pop blank with plenty of room for a letter in each copy of Liberty over a period of eight or ten weeks?—*Eddie Porter.*



"HARDTACK"

" I made a mistake, Miss Perkins, and wrote it 1,000 times instead of 500. Can I keep the other 500 for a rainy day? "

Lowell Thomas Entertains a Stranger

FULTON OURSLER

A STRANGE thing happened at a New York dinner party recently. The dinner party was given by Lowell Thomas, radio commentator, author, world traveler, and a favorite among Liberty contributors. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas felt that they owed a number of return social engagements and decided to bring all their friends together in one happy evening. The number of guests finally reached two hundred. The dinner was served in the Jade Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. The seating list read like an index to the Hall of Fame. There was hardly a name or face there unknown to the front page. . . . Between courses there was some brief and novel entertainment. This innovation was prompted by Lowell's experience that one is often seated beside a stranger at a large dinner party and one finally uses up all available topics for conversation, so that, before the roast, the two strangers have come to loathe each other. So the thoughtful host interposed six minutes of breath-taking African moving pictures between oysters and soup; an opera star sang between soup and fish; and thus new topics of conversation were provided with each serving. . . . Among the guests was that distinguished Orientalist, Sir Ronald Storrs. He, as you recall, was the first Civil Governor of Jerusalem and Judea under the British Mandate. He it was who introduced Lowell Thomas to Lawrence of Arabia, just as Lowell Thomas introduced, through his book, Lawrence of Arabia to the world. . . . About fish time, Sir Ronald approached Lowell and said:

" Who is that gentleman in Arab costume sitting at the other end of the room? "

" That," replied Lowell, " is a great hero."

" Does the sheik speak English? " asked Sir Ronald.

" Not a word."

" Ah, then," said the amiable Orientalist, " he must be very lonesome. I'll go over and talk to him."

So the British statesman approached the dark-faced man in Arab costume and greeted him in Syrian Arabic. The Arab shook his head. He did not speak Syrian Arabic. Sir Ronald tried him in the Palestinian dialect, in Egyptian Arabic, in Bagdadic, all without response. . . . As graciously as possible, Sir Ronald saluted once more and went back to his cooling filet of sole.

LATER ON between the roast and the salad, Donald Baxter MacMillan, the explorer, rose to speak. And this is what MacMillan said, in effect:

" Friends, I have something special to tell you and only a few minutes in which to get it over. Most Americans think that Admiral Peary was the first man to reach the North Pole. In this most Americans are wrong. The first to reach the Pole was not Peary but his assistant, who carried the ailing Peary a good part of the way and who was himself the first to stand at the Pole and lift the American flag. That assistant, though deserving of honor and recognition, has received no honor and no recognition. He has no degrees conferred upon him by colleges, no medals from scientific societies, no dinners have ever been given for him. The reason is that he is a Negro. But tonight I must tell you that you have sat at table and broken bread with a Negro. Our host dressed him up as an Arab so that you would not know until now. He is Matt Henson, the first man ever to stand at the North Pole."

Good work, Lowell.

WE THINK YOU will find next week's Liberty full of good works too. There is, for example, a brief but penetrating and important article by Captain Anthony Eden, WHY ENGLAND MUST HELP FRANCE. No one has written with more discerning frankness about Great Britain's foreign policy than Captain Eden in this miniature but powerful article. Then there is a new novel by that certain rich man's son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. The title he has chosen is, of all things, FILTHY RICH, and it is the story of a poor young man and a rich girl. We hope you like it. Another article of national importance is Walter Karig's interview with Senator Wheeler on that gentleman's policy about the railroads. He minces no words in telling what he thinks should be done. This article should be read carefully by all Americans who realize how intimately associated are the railroads with the prosperity of every one of us. And then, in the following week's issue of Liberty, the same thoughtful Americans should read the other side of the story, which we shall also take pride in publishing. Strange as it may seem to some of their detractors, the railroads also have a side of the question; and, as you shall see, it is a good one. Here again Liberty gives both sides of the case. Read the first one next week. . . . Jerry D. Lewis makes his annual prediction of which teams will win the pennants in the National and American Leagues. Harry Hershfield, that veteran of the comics, creator of Abie Kabibble, New York's funniest after-dinner speaker, brings you a grab bag of laughs in his BEST GAGS OF THE SEASON. Read this article, and you will have enough funny stories to tell at your dinner parties—or any other place—for the rest of the year. Phyllis Duganne has a lovely short story called ROMANCE DEFERRED, and William C. Bogart spins a yarn called THE CONDEMNED WORE RED, with all the excitement of the New York World's Fair as its background.

There is another true detective story from the G-men's files by Frederick L. Collins, installments of WORLD'S FAIR GIRL and TWILIGHT CHEATS, and many other interesting features.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

■

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
R. C. KAUFFMANN

Buried Treasure That YOU Can Find

How to Choose the Right Vocation
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